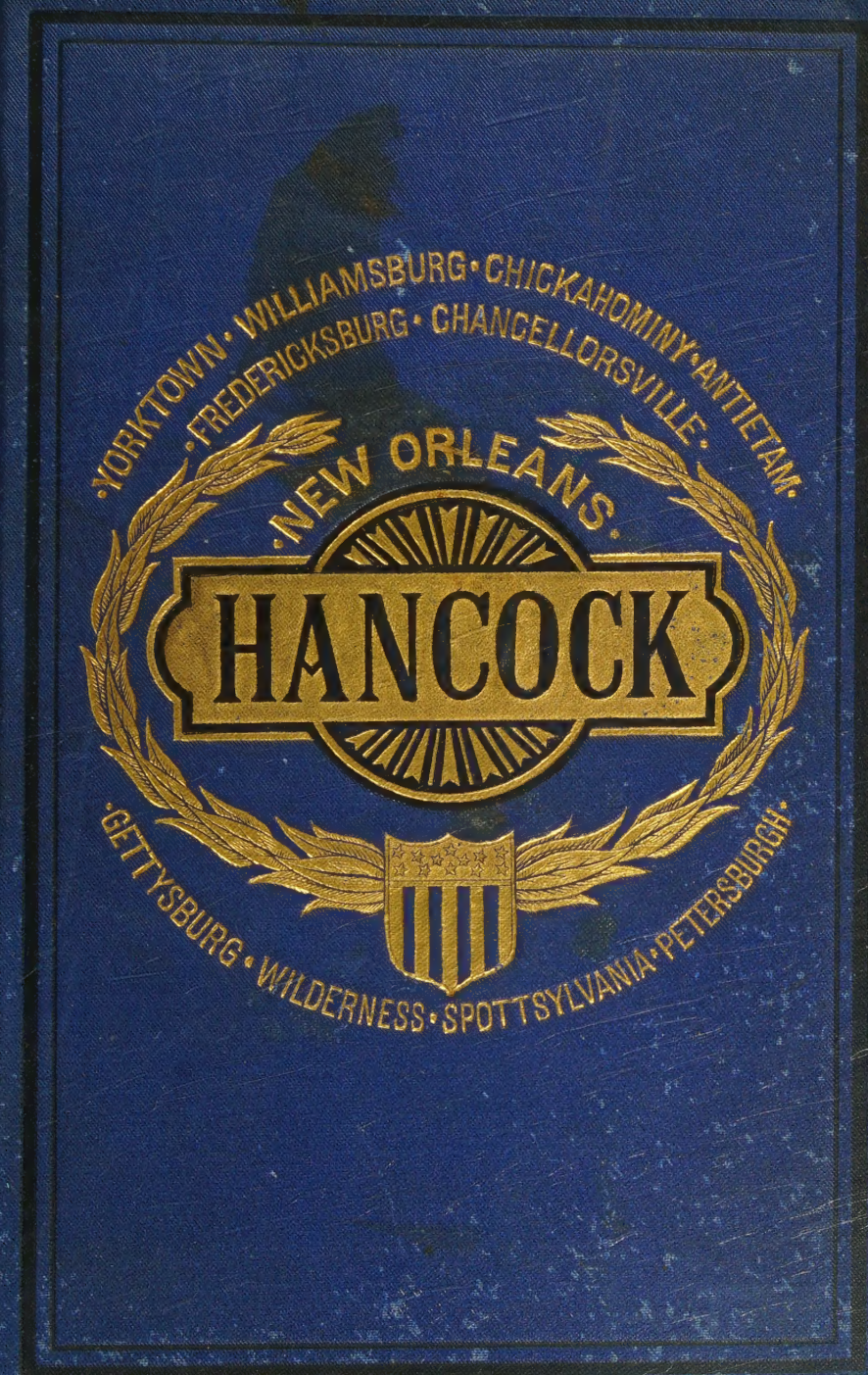
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HANCOCK
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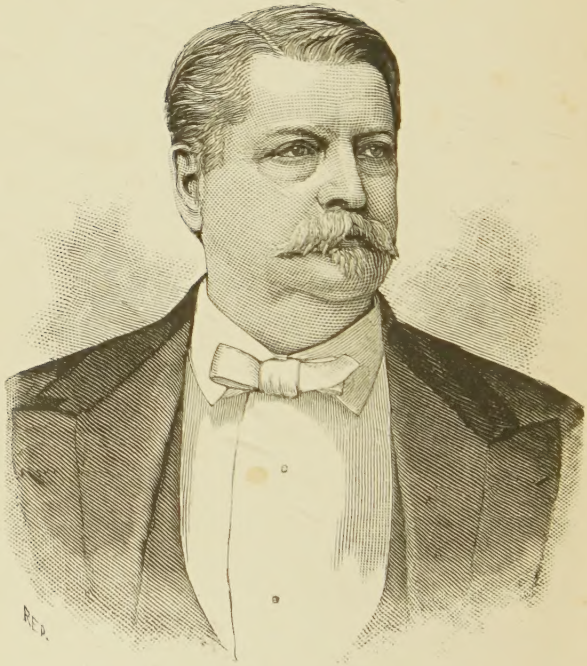

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A

LIFE

AND MILITARY CAREER

OF

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

This Work comprises his Early Life, Education and remarkable Military Career, which has made him Senior Major General of the Armies of the United States, and the choice of the Democracy of the Nation for the high Office of President. It also contains a succinct Biographical Sketch of

Hon. WM. H. ENGLISH.

The whole very carefully prepared from the most authentic and official records

By Hon. JOHN W. FORNEY,
Forty years a journalist.

ILLUSTRATED.

PUBLISHED BY
W. H. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

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Duke. The affair cries haste.

First Senator. You must away to-night.

Othello. With all my heart.
The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.

—*Othello.*

PROLOGUE.

I MAKE no apology for this book. It has already had the double advertisement of praise from friends and abuse from foes, and if that does not secure it a fair clientage, no explanation of mine will. My chief motive is to help once more to put an American into the Presidency who will honestly lead the American people away from quarrels into comradeship and confidence. Such a man is the soldier Hancock.

Believe me, I have no other aspiration in writing his life. I do not want any of his offices. Never having been a candidate before any administration of the general government for place, I have simply, in order to maintain my independence, resigned most valuable positions voluntarily tendered to me by other Presidents. I can safely make this statement; and as for money, I have never learned to steal it from the Government, though I dearly love to earn a fair living by honest industry in my own chosen profession.

The little organs and placemen of a party just ushered into being one year after I myself co-operated with it to put down human slavery, are now as much disturbed by my refusal to follow that party into the very sectionalism I have always despised, and are as angry as so many disturbed mice in a rich cheese because they say that I have left the ring Republicans. As I never belonged to these rings, I cannot therefore be accused of leaving them. In one thing I am consistent at least, and that is in sincere love of my

country; and I will join any side or drop any side, if by so doing I can get the American people to be good to each other, to be grateful to those who have served them, to put the best men into office, to help our youth to be honest and manly, and have pluck enough to drive out of positions of trust a set of mercenaries as utterly disqualified for public responsibility as any men that ever lived. I think it is high time for our country to realize that the parrot politicians, running up and down the land, shrieking Republicanism and abusing honest people because they will not bow to such temporary fantococcini,* are mere impostors, and no more genuine in their professions than a set of play actors trying to show that they are real kings, when they are simply paste, spangles and feathers.

General Hancock seems to me to be the constable to clear out these intruders. At all events, let us give the bold soldier a full chance. I believe in him thoroughly, and have always believed in him. I knew him as boy and man, in peace and war, and his father's associates in Montgomery County were the friends of my youth. I do not condemn him because he was born in my State, for I have a Scotchman's love of home; and I would not shoot him because he continues a Democrat, when I know that without Democrats we should have been beaten in the civil war.

This is the general scope of the volume now committed to the public. It has been quick work; and when I recollect that one distinguished American has been toiling nearly twenty years on the life of Voltaire, that another started on the biography of General Grant twelve years ago, and has only printed one volume, and that another ten years ago advertised an elaborate memoir of Thaddeus Stevens, and has not yet issued a single page of it; if this campaign life of Winfield S. Hancock, the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, is a little defective, I cannot be blamed.

Very sincerely,

J. W. FORNEY.

* Fantococcini. Exhibitions and dramatic representations, in which puppets are substituted for human performers.— *Worcester.*

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WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHY.

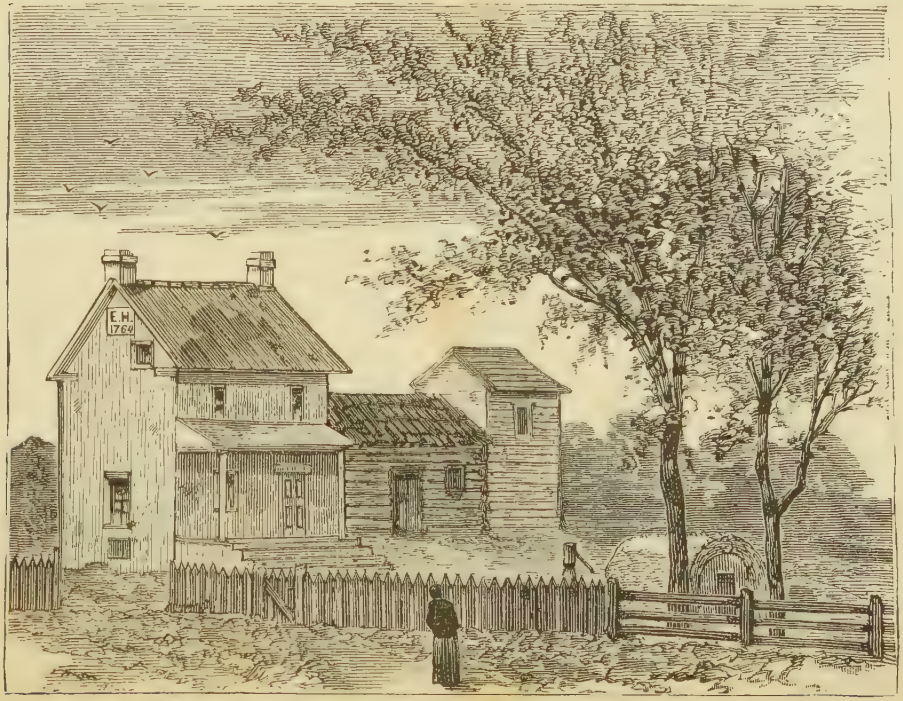
HIS BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

THERE are some maxims that grow more precious with age because they seem to apply more forcibly every day to the ordinary transactions of life. One of these is that of the ancient philosopher who declared that most history was false except in its dates and names, and that much fiction was true except in its dates and names. The life of WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK is an experience that sometimes reads like romance and reality combined. It is a succession of lessons to young and to old, and we can read none of it without feeling that Hancock was raised among good people and by careful parents, who had instilled their own domestic methods into his early training. The impression his experience makes upon me revives another saying of the great Roman

freedman, Terence, who, more than two thousand years ago, wrote, "I am a man and have an interest in everything that concerns humanity."

The ancestral homestead of General Hancock, on the maternal side, stands in Montgomery Co., Pa., half a mile east of Lansdale and about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. The old portion of the house was erected in 1728, and the new portion in 1764. In this house the mother of General Hancock resided at the time of her marriage to the General's father. The county in which this historic homestead stands was named after General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, and whose monument stands in St. Paul's Churchyard, New York. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Hancock—father of General Hancock—was living in what was afterwards the birth-place of General Hancock, some three miles east of Lansdale. It stands about half a mile east of the Square, and it is a solid, well-preserved building, of fine appearance.

When young Hancock was a year old, his father removed from this old mansion to a house of less pretensions, somewhat nearer to Montgomery Square, where he resided and taught school under the same roof. The school-house residence is still standing, but greatly altered in appearance. Two years later, young Hancock's father removed to Norristown, and there taught school and practiced law till he died, at the age of sixty-seven years.



THE MATERNAL HOMESTEAD AS IT APPEARED IN 1764.

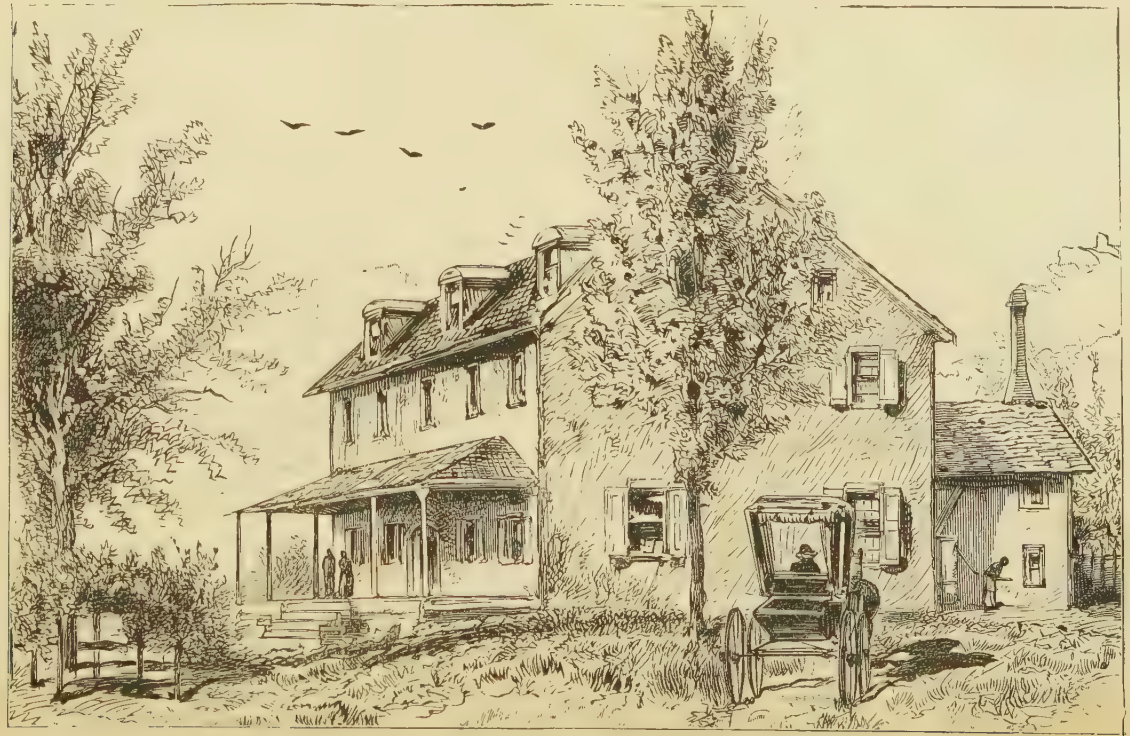
The ancestors of General Hancock, on both sides, belonged to families of revolutionary fame, and were engaged in all the wars, from the French and Indian, before the Revolution, down to the war of 1812.

The father of General Hancock married against the will of his guardian, who was a Quaker, and joined the Baptists, to whom his wife belonged, and became a deacon in the Baptist church at Norristown. He was a constitutional man and a Democrat, but not a politician, and never sought or held any political office. When his son, the present General Hancock, at the age of sixteen, went to West Point, the Quakers attempted to induce the sister of his father's guardian, Miss Polly Roberts, to cut off young Winfield in her will, as the profession of a soldier, educated as a man of war, was not to be encouraged. She remained steadfast, however, until General Hancock had graduated and gone to Mexico and become engaged with the enemy, and, as she supposed, had "killed people." Then the "Friends" said it was impossible she could bestow a legacy upon a person who was killing men by wholesale, and this prevailed. Winfield was cut off in the will. But, as she suspected that the "Friends" wanted her money, she provided for the younger brother in place of Winfield.

In this old homestead his grandfather died, at 84, and was buried in the churchyard at Mont-

gomery Square, and his father before him died in the same house. This very house was attacked by Indians and bravely defended by the women.

Nature cast Hancock in a mould of rare comeliness. He seems to have been physically fashioned for a soldier. Now in his fifty-seventh year (born February 14, 1824) he stands six feet two inches, nearly as tall and as broad as the gigantic hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, Winfield Scott, after whom he was named; and he resembles in speech and bearing that impressive and courtly soldier, who died at West Point, where Hancock was educated, on the 29th day of May, 1866, in the eightieth year of his age. Doubtless Hancock's father and mother, Benjamin Franklin and Elizabeth Hancock, were largely influenced by the fascinating incidents of the brilliant hero, who was still suffering from the wounds he had received in repelling the second British invasion of our northern frontier—then bearing the golden honors of Congress, after declining the generous proffers of high political office from the administration of President Monroe. All unconscious of the future military renown of their son, they called him Winfield Scott. His twin brother, Hillary Hancock, a member of the Minnesota Bar, is living much respected in the beautiful city of Minneapolis, Minnesota; his youngest brother, John Hancock, who was also in the army of the Potomac with the General, is now living in Washington City, D. C., an officer



General Hancock's Ancestral Homestead.

of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. These three boys were the only children.

The father, Benjamin F. Hancock, a respected member of the bar, died at Norristown, in his sixty-eighth year, on the first of February, 1867, and his mother, at an advanced age, died in the same town, two years ago. They were always worthy members of the Baptist churches of Norristown and Bridgeport.

The rapid growth of our country is one of the strongest arguments in favor of republican institutions, and the essential changes of government at different periods, not only diffuse official prizes among the masses, but also make them better acquainted with each other. Peculiar exigencies alone, maintained one party in power, consecutively, for more than a quarter of a century. Alternation in administration, and not mere rotation in office, is the salt that savors and saves at once. The distribution of public trusts among the people, not the wretched plan of removing subordinates at the command of every machine despot, is after all the highest conservatism. West Point and the Naval School are the real colleges of free government. Their acolytes come from all ranks of society, and from all parties and sections; and while they are thoroughly educated, the course of instruction stimulates gentility, emulation, and manly comradeship; and above all, pride of country. The modern magicians, steam

and electricity, add to this individual and general knowledge; and at the end of every decade the citizens have a better knowledge of each other, as well as of the vicinities in which they were respectively born and lived. A boy raised in one place, trained to duty in the army and the navy at another, sent abroad by government into distant sections and seas, becomes, not simply a student of men and manners, but a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world.

General Hancock was one of the cadets, who have made their native places as renowned as themselves, and there are many who would like to know something of his birthplace, as they study the interesting story of his life. Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, so called after General Richard Montgomery, the Irish-American General, killed at Queenstown, in 1775, only nine years before that county was taken from the larger district of Philadelphia, is one of many places that preserve the memory of that true-hearted martyr of the cause of human liberty. More than any other people, ours cultivate the habit of calling their sons, their shires, their towns, their counties and their states, after the great men who have figured conspicuously in science, literature, and arms. So that while the subject of our sketch bears the proud name of one of the greatest soldiers of the second generation of our civil existence, the district in which he first saw the light

of life, bears that of another eminent hero of the generation which began two years after the Declaration of Independence. I count over sixty Montgomerys in the maps and gazeteers, North and South, to designate towns, villages, counties, and states in this country, a fact which proves that gratitude for bravery is indigenous in the American heart, and springs eternal in the American bosom.

HIS NATIVE COUNTY.

Montgomery County, where Hancock was born, is one of the loveliest in the State. Nothing could be sweeter in spring and summer, and bolder and more picturesque in winter, than the valley of the Schuylkill river. That useful and historic stream forms the south-western boundary; for some distance passing through broad cultivated fields, with substantial stone houses and villas: here and there an elegant country-seat; then sweeps past bold bluffs of rock, almost denying a passage to the railroad, and then rushes by bright and busy manufacturing towns, its own waters helping to drive the machinery. There are other streams applied to other practical purposes. The mineral wealth, limestone, and marble, supply valuable material to the markets of Philadelphia, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Iron ore is mined in large quantities; copper in limited amount, has been found in one part of the coun-

ty, while its agriculture and manufacturing resources add to the power of the county. The cash value of the land is estimated at over fifty-one millions of dollars, and the farm products in one year, are estimated to be worth about ten millions, while its many woolen, cotton, and iron mills are famous all over the country. The able editor of the *Norristown Herald*, my friend, Morgan R. Wills, Esq., has printed an excellent picture of the history and resources of this interesting region.

Hancock's native county is rich in Revolutionary memories and materials—in facts and legends: it is sacred ground—Valley Forge, a spot made memorable by the great encampment of Washington's army, in 1777, where they suffered incredible horrors during that terrible winter, is only six miles from Norristown, where Hancock was born. In that gloomy crisis in our American affairs, Washington himself wrote: "There was little less than a famine in camp. Part of the army had been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days; yet naked and starving as they were, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they had not ere this been excited to mutiny and dissension." Within a few years Valley Forge has become the property of the people, purchased, furnished and decorated by the leading citizens of Pennsylvania.

What is now Montgomery county, Pennsylva-

nia, was originally settled by Welsh and Swedes, and in the upper part by Germans. Subsequently came the Quakers, the Welsh and Swedes, and now their descendants are found all over the district, which is itself composed of eleven boroughs, thirty townships, fifty-four election districts, with a population of about ninety thousand souls.

When I think of the men of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, they seem to pass before the mirror of my memory like the familiars of my youth. I knew many of them, including the descendants of the old families, just as to-day I can mentally hold converse with the leading minds of both parties in all the States and Territories of this Great Republican Empire. I hold in my hand an admirable book just out, prepared and edited by a citizen of Norristown, M. Auge, "Lives of the Eminent Dead and Biographical Notices of Prominent Living Citizens of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania," and with this for my torch and teacher I light up the past and linger upon the present with all the pleasure of the spectator pondering in a great picture gallery. These were the men who went before and walked at the side of General Hancock's ancestors. Every county has its own record, and such is the fortunate condition of our people under republican institutions, aided by scientific discoveries and modern inventions and a thousand adaptabilities, the results of our admirable system of universal education, that the

record of one county has become interesting to all others; and he who reads the annals of a northern or southern state or district, frequently recognizes unforgotten names and events. Here we have David R. Porter and Francis R. Shunk, Democratic Governors of Pennsylvania from 1838 to 1841 and from 1844 to 1848, both natives of Montgomery County. Here I find excellent sketches of Jonathan Roberts, John B. Sterigere, Jacob S. Yost, Benjamin Markley Boyer, Joshua Evans, Cadwalader Evans, Joseph Fornance, Jacob Fry, Jr., James Boyd, George Bullock, Peter F. Rothermel, J. F. Hartranft, the Corson families, the Woods families, Samuel Allen, David Crouse, Owen Jones, Charles Cutler, Daniel O. Hitner, E. F. Acker and John Friedley; a long catalogue of men, most of them dead, some living, members of all professions, every one of them known beyond the borders of Pennsylvania as men of mark in their day and time. The great picture of the Battle of Gettysburg, now at Memorial Hall, opposite the Permanent Exhibition Building, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, was painted by the Rothermel, whose name I have just written.

But it is not only in art and arms, in the learning of the Bar, in the inspiration of the Pulpit, and in the great historic deeds of the past that this single county of Pennsylvania is rich. There are manufacturing centres where skilled labor has won some of its proudest triumphs. Conshohocken, the

great iron manufacturing centre, a few years ago a comparative village, now with a population of six thousand, with an annual product of from three to four millions of dollars—this and other great centres show how rapidly, in connection with mental development, the material growth of a great county increases with years. Montgomery County was also the home and almost the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, the astronomer and philosopher; where Charles Thompson, the great secretary of the first revolutionary congress, had his residence—in Lower Merion Township, Montgomery County—and where he died in 1824, in the ninety-seventh year of his age. Here too lived Richard Penn Smith, well beloved and remembered in Philadelphia and elsewhere for his genius and genial nature.

THE MUHLENBERGS.

But no names awaken a deeper and more permanent interest than the Muhlenbergs. How often I have dwelt upon the interesting and attractive story of these wonderful men!—these fighting priests, profound scholars, and natural leaders. Long ago, in my youthful days, these romantic lives came to me, as fascinating as the absorbing pages of Robinson Crusoe or the Arabian Nights, or Riley's Narratives among the Arabs, or the pious legend of John Bunyan. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the founder of the family, was a

Gottingen student, born in Hanover, Germany, who lánded in this country in 1742, and founded a Lutheran Congregation at Trappe and New Hanover, Montgomery County, marrying the daughter of Conrad Weiser, the celebrated Indian interpreter. And here were born to him the three noted children, Peter, Frederick Augustus and Henry Ernest, all distinguished clergymen. One of his daughters was the mother of Governor John Andrew Schultz. His sons born at Trappe were educated in Germany. They were a wild set, these early Muhlenbergs, brave, original, imperious, all of them Democrats, fighting and preaching for patriotic ideas when they were young and defending them when they were old. Peter, preacher as he was, had a congregation at Woodstock, Shenandoah County, Va. In January, 1776, he pronounced a sermon on the "duties men owe to their country." He preached, adding "There is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to fight, and now is the time to fight." Then he descended from the pulpit and took off his gown, which covered a colonel's uniform, read his commission, ordered the drummers to beat for recruits, and within a few days recruited three hundred men from his own churches, enlisted for the revolutionary war. It was not long until he had a full regiment mustered into the service. He fought in Georgia and South Carolina, at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, at Valley Forge, in

the battle of Monmouth and at the capture of Stony Point. He was at the taking of Yorktown in 1781. Then he came back, not to the church but to the Trappe in Montgomery County. He was chosen as a member of Congress, member of the State Legislature, serving several years in each, and was finally United States Senator. In 1803 he was Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, made so by Thomas Jefferson, which he held until 1807, when he died at the age of sixty-two. The *Aurora*, the Democratic organ of Philadelphia, said "In private life just, in domestic life affectionate and sincere, his body lies beside his father's at the Trappe Church." It is this great man's statue that Pennsylvania, by Act of Congress, has selected to place in the Hall of the Old Representatives at Washington, side by side with that of Robert Fulton, the great engineer and inventor, born in Lancaster County, very near Montgomery—the sculptor of Muhlenberg being Blanche Nevin of Philadelphia, and that of Fulton being Edward Roberts of the same city.

The second son, Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, was not less brilliant and distinguished than Peter. Educated at the University of Halle, Germany, he returned, and established a church in New York, but soon entered politics, also returning to Trappe, Montgomery county. He was in the State Assembly in 1779, one of the Judges of the county, then Register and Recorder, then

Representative in Congress, and afterwards the great Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States.

The other brother, the Rev. Henry Ernest Muhlenberg, was born in Trappe, Montgomery county, November, 1753. He was ordained, and acted as assistant pastor of a Lutheran church of Philadelphia,—and a patriot, a man of science, a linguist. He removed to Lancaster, where he remained at the head of a Lutheran church for thirty-five years. The third generation of Muhlenbergs I knew and honored: Henry A. Muhlenberg of Reading, Dr. Frederick Augustus of Lancaster, and the eminent scholar of the same name, one of the professors in the University of Pennsylvania,—the first two gone, the last surviving,—filled high positions in public, and have always been eminent for their virtues.

MADE A CADET AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

It was among such scenes and men, many of the latter known to himself, and those not known to him, frequently spoken of by his father, that young Hancock approached manhood. A proud father and fond mother saw their three boys growing in grace and strength. In 1840, Winfield was just sixteen years old. It is not flattery to say that he was a handsome boy, if you may judge by the picturesque soldier now before the country, as the candidate of the great party,

for the highest gift of over forty-eight millions of people. The member of Congress from the district, in that year, was Joseph Fornance, a Democrat like Hancock's father, who had, at that time, considerable influence in Washington. A mild, yet conscientious lawyer, he wielded a large influence in society and at the bar. It fell to his lot, under the law of the government, to select a cadet to West Point. For some years Winfield had become quite a soldier boy among his school-fellows. He was a lad of spirit and natural elegance of manner, vigilant at Sunday-school, (his father was a Sunday-school teacher,) and a leader among his mates. His parents were sincere Christians; morning and evening they had their family prayers. Winfield acquired a sort of chivalry, and more than once assumed the championship of weaker and younger boys. The lads of the village organized a volunteer "soldier company," and Winfield was unanimously elected captain, when he was only twelve years old, and to this date it is remembered in Norristown, how well the drills, parades, inspections, reviews, battles, and camps of these little men were conducted under the command of their graceful boyish chief. He had learned at home that obedience was not only a virtue, but a duty. He, and his brother Hillary, worshipped their mother. I wish I could say that the influence of home in these latter days is as controlling as it was fifty

years ago, and I hope there are still hamlets and country-sides where the simple, gracious, indulgent, yet courageous ministrations of a dear mother are as frequent and effective as they were in 1835 and 1840. Is it because women are less amiable or emulous to excel in piety and devotion, or because their children are more eager to rush all unprovided and unarmed and inexperienced, into the wild and terrible attractions and dangers of life? Assuredly, admiration for the sex is not dead among men, and ambition to excel no longer a passion. Yet without pausing to decide the problem, it is useful and certainly pleasant to recur to that gentle household in Norristown, of which the presiding divinity was the sweet mother of the Hancock boys. Her authority was the law. And so in the discipline of his little soldiers, whenever an offence had to be punished, the case was referred, by Winfield, to the mother of the culprit, and she, as the supreme court of the occasion, generally cured the delinquent.

It was perhaps these early American inclinings that attracted a friend of Mr. Fornance, the member of Congress from the district, to Winfield. But there is a curious incident connected with his selection to West Point, that may be related here: Appointments to the Military Academy, like those to the Naval Academy, have always been attractive to American youth. Some years ago a practice had grown up under which members of

Congress were not themselves indifferent to temptation, and even to bribes, when they came to distribute this peculiar patronage. A few exposures, however, seemed to have put an end to the wretched business, and now our Congressional statesmen have adopted the better practice of opening a competition to these great national Academies, by which the best pupils in our common schools may be examined whenever a cadet to West Point or Annapolis must be appointed. In this way there is little danger of corruption or inferiority. Forty years ago a Philadelphian came to Norristown with his son, intending to make a residence preparatory to his application for the waiting cadetship. His movements soon became known to an old friend of mine, long since dead, who had himself been in Congress and had special reason to distrust the Philadelphian. This reason was his knowledge of a transaction in which the latter was a principal. My old friend had sold this man a valuable horse under the plain condition that the noble animal should be treated well and only put to light work. In his day and time my friend had been the leader of the Democratic party of Montgomery County, and many a night he had been carried through the townships by this faithful steed, arousing the unterrified, or attending to his own heavy law business. He loved his old horse; he trusted his Philadelphia acquaintance. But what was his

amazement, on visiting the city some time subsequent to the sale, to find his favorite trotter hitched to a heavy loaded dray, and an angry driver lashing him with brutal ferocity. The poor animal had been sold by the man who had promised to be kind to him. It did not take long for the original owner to buy back his favorite horse at a high price. But he did not forget the bad faith of the Philadelphian, and when he found the latter had changed his residence to get his son into West Point, he at once resolved to see if he could not checkmate him. Joseph Fornance was the sitting member. The other veteran politician lost no time in letting him know the horse story, and the scheme to obtain his recommendation of the other boy. The next day after his interview with the member of Congress, my friend consulted Winfield's father and mother, telling them that he thought he could secure his selection as a cadet to West Point. They were much surprised, but needed little persuasion, especially reinforced by the earnest appeals of their son to consent to the suggestion. Thus giving the boy to his country to begin a career, which progressed so favorably and ended so brilliantly. My devoted friend died in 1852, leaving an ample fortune; and his first executor was Winfield's father, Benjamin Franklin Hancock.

And now we find young Winfield Scott Hancock an entered cadet at West Point. Forty years have produced a magical change in man-

kind. The Military Academy has had a tremendous experience since the Montgomery boy crossed its threshold. Of his comrades, those who preceded him, and those who followed, many are gone and forgotten; yet there is eternal youth and life in the liberty many of them perished to preserve. Cotemporaneous with him at the Academy, were many cadets who afterwards became distinguished. Among others were Horatio G. Wright, A. W. Whipple, Nathaniel Lyon, Schuyler Hamilton, John F. Reynolds, Don Carlos Buell, Alfred Sully, John Newton, W. S. Rosencrans, John Pope, Abner Doubleday, N. J. T. Dana, George Sykes, Lafayette McLaws, James Longstreet, W. B. Franklin, C. C. Augur, Ulysses S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, W. F. Smith, Fitz John Porter, John P. Hatch, Gordon Granger, George B. McClellan, J. L. Reno, D. N. Couch, T. F. Jackson, and George Stoneman. Established by the wise prevision of Washington, West Point is a school that has proved its value to our institutions in many fields of science and of strife. The novitiate of Winfield was crowned by the respectability of his examination, and the average excellence of his standing in the graduating class.

IS MADE LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY.

The studies and service at West Point cover four years of time, and on the 30th day of June, 1844, he graduated. He was first designated as a Brevet

second Lieutenant in the 6th United States Infantry, July 1, in the same year, and on the 18th of June, 1846, he secured his commission as full second lieutenant in the same regiment. He was then 22 years of age.

In 1846 no man or woman in this country had any conception where the next thirty years would carry our country; and when young Lieutenant Hancock was sent into the Red River of the South, in the wonderful region of the Washita, there was every chance that he would fall a victim to the yellow fever, or perish under the tomahawk of the savage. The annexation of Texas had been assured by the bravery of Sam Houston and his associates, and afterward by solemn treaty with the United States; but the mighty empire could not be successfully and solidly sealed to the great Republic, without the war with Mexico in 1847–'48. So the young soldier had not long to wait before he was summoned from his remote western post to join the American army under Gen. Scott, which had just entered Vera Cruz, and was already co-operating with the army of the Centre under General Taylor. It was after the bloody victory over Santa Anna at Buena Vista; and the whole nation watched the issue of the grand movements between the Gulf and the city of Mexico with palpitating hearts. Who that lived in those days can ever forget the excitement with which "one victory trod upon another's

heels, so fast they followed?" Our small army—small, when we compare it with the vast hosts that fourteen years later rushed to uphold and defend the Flag—was then united against the foreign foe. North and South, East and West, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, and Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire and John A. Quitman of Mississippi, Robert Patterson of Pennsylvania and Thomas Hamer of Ohio, Garland of Virginia and Geary of Pennsylvania, fought side by side in patriotic emulation. Our boy-lieutenant fought at Churubusco, Molino del Rey (the king's mills) and the hill of Chapultepec, and with such gallantry that he was breveted on the field, and honored by the thanks of his native state, expressed to himself and his associates by the legislature of Pennsylvania.

This first step in the life of the new soldier was part of a career to which the Democratic party of the United States can always look with honor. The war with Mexico was denounced by the Whigs as unjust and unconstitutional, and yet, judged by the harvest, was most important in its influence upon our destinies. It secured Texas to the United States, forced the acquisition of California, and rounded our mighty domain by an ocean-barrier in the far west, and made the occupation of the Pacific coast and the construction of the continental railroad across the Rocky Mountains inevitable measures of national defence

against all enemies, external and internal. The Mexican war was only the beginning, the preparation of a dazzling as well as dangerous experience. Hancock could not read his own future. The capture of the City of Mexico was followed by the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo.

AFTER THE MEXICAN WAR HE IS ORDERED TO CALIFORNIA.

On the 17th of September, 1848, and the close of the war, more brevets crowned his impetuous bravery; and still associated with the gallant 6th Infantry, he was stationed at Fort Crawford, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where he remained till 1849. The ancient hunting grounds of six powerful tribes of Indians, afterward a territory, and finally a State, with a population of a million and a half, Wisconsin is one of those republics, which has grown up since Gen. Hancock entered the army. In 1840, when he became a cadet, it had but 31,000 souls; in the same year Minnesota was not yet even organized into a territory, and in 1880 the whole state had a population of but 6,077, now over a million; in 1840, Michigan had 212,-267 people, now over a million and a half. In 1840, Illinois had 476,183; in 1880, three millions. In 1840, Iowa had 43,112 people; in 1880, a million and a half.

The rapid development of the empire of the West carefully studied by Hancock during his six years

residence at Jefferson Barrack, twelve miles from the city of St. Louis, on the Mississippi river, was made interesting by his marriage on the 24th of January, 1850, with Miss Almira Russell, daughter of Samuel Russell, a prominent St. Louis merchant. They have had two children, a son and a daughter; the former, a married man of thirty, has been staying at Governor's Island, with his wife and two children. The only daughter of the household died some years ago, and the loss is still felt by the General and his wife.

After his service at Fort Jefferson, Gen. Hancock, now Captain Hancock, was stationed at Fort Myers, near San Augustine, Florida. This was in 1856; he remained there till November of the year, when he was ordered to the United States territory of Utah, part of the command of Gen. Harney, on his expedition to Kansas and the regions beyond. From Utah he was transferred to Benecia, California, and after that to Los Angelos, in what is called Lower California, and remained there till 1861.

It will be seen that since his station at Prairie du Chien, Gen. Hancock resided in the South, in Missouri, in Florida, at Salt Lake City, had witnessed the early struggle between slavery and freedom in Kansas, had crossed the Rocky Mountains ten years before the Pacific railroad was completed, and landed on the shores of that California, which he aided to acquire in 1847–48, by his services in

the Mexican war. He had therefore in the course of eleven years passed from the extreme Southern shore of our Atlantic possessions and pitched his tent almost on the Northern verge of the Pacific. Here we have a varied experience. It is the vulgar practice of some of the party people to say that Gen. Hancock is not a statesman; that he has seen no civil service, and that he has been supported by the Government.

These are the scandals of men who claim to be Republicans, *per se:* the organs of a party made by the citizen soldiers of a great country; the echoes of partizans enriched by the opportunities for the plunder of the war: and worse than all the politicians, twice saved from defeat by a regular soldier, General Grant. There is not a volunteer soldier, not a living veteran, not an intelligent American in any part of the country that will not turn from this treatment of General Hancock with loathing. Even the partisan will not deny that this life in different latitudes and among different peoples, with varied habits, was in itself a liberal education; and perhaps if General Hancock did not acquire the art of sentence making, and the talent of receiving his pay as a member of Congress, and also heavy fees for pushing jobs through his committee, he may, nevertheless, be as fit as Jackson, Harrison, Taylor or Grant, to conduct the Presidency. Certain it is, his party will not be called upon to defend him against the unanswerable and

unanswered charge of being paid twice for his public services; once his legal salary and again an illegal fee for serving contractors for public work, to be paid out of the National Treasury. Another critic says General Hancock is "in no proper sense a citizen of Pennsylvania; he is not in sympathy with their interests, he is not in any way identified with her prosperity, and he never has been." His duty called him from home, and from 1844 to 1865 he really had no home; his absence was to fight for his country, sometimes the Mexicans, sometimes the Indians, and finally the Confederates; his life in constant danger all those times, and three times wounded, once almost to his death. Yet this history and this service are perverted, not only to show that he has lost his citizenship by his self-sacrifice, but by so doing he has proved that he has no interest in his native state.

To reach Benecia, California, at one time the capital of the Golden State, standing on a commanding eminence, at the junction of the Strait with the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, Captain Hancock crossed a large portion of our North American Continent. Here he gathered much knowledge of the difficulties subsequently encountered, when the Great Pacific Railroad was begun, examined the climate, mineral treasures, mountains, rivers and inland seas of that wild and interesting region, enduring with his command much suffering, and was

particularly interested in the extraordinary appearance of the country around Benecia.

In a few months he was transferred to the old Spanish town of Los Angelos, or the town of the Angels. Here he was stationed for two years in his responsible position in the quartermaster general's department of the United States. And here may be said to have begun that part of his career, and that part of the career of his country, which introduced our great civil war.

HIS FIRM SPEECH FOR THE UNION.

In 1872 I had the pleasure, in company with Col. Thomas A. Scott and a large party, to visit this exquisite coast range of mountains, San Diego with its beautiful bay, Santa Barbara and Los Angelos, and I found that Gen. Hancock had left behind a memory in which he was cherished by something more than friendship by the people of all parties. How different from the high mountains around Benecia, with its jagged sides, blackened by fissures and caverns where the spent volcanic action of countless ages has left its deep lines on the rifted chasms! Los Angelos reminded me of the most delightful climate of Italy. In addition to the hospitality of the people, the eloquence of the men and the beauty of the women, there was something in the atmosphere of the plains, cooled by the breezes from the mountains, which resembled the wonderful transparent, whole-

some perfumed temperature of the country around Nice, Heyeres, and Cannes in Southern France. Like the volcanic soil of Italy, the natural production of Los Angelos includes a variety of different seeds and fruits, potatoes and oranges, corn and figs, wheat and lemons, pears and pomegranates, melons and dates, tobacco and grapes, sugar-cane and apples. And to complete the comparison, you see hills still white with dissolving snow, while the declivities around you are variegated with enchanting flowers. Here, to Southern California, as well, indeed, all along the coast, reaching San Francisco itself, and even Sacramento and San Jose, vast hordes of people, north and south, were attracted; chiefly by the wonderful stories of the exceeding salubrity and beauty of California. They floated in after the acquisition of that great empire under the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, and when, in the same year, Gen. John A. Sutter announced that gold had been discovered on his lands, on the American River, by James W. Marshall, a laboring man, that thrilling news spread widely, and the immense emigration of 1849 came,—a resistless exodus from all parts of our country. Gen. John A. Sutter, although born in Switzerland, February 15, 1803, spent the last years of his life in Litiz, Lancaster County, only a few hours ride from the native place of Gen. Hancock, and died on the 18th of June, 1880, in the city of Washington, and was buried at Litiz.

This American migration to California was from the North, the South, the New England States and the Middle States, made up of people with all their prejudices and their interests keenly alive. These multitudes were conscious of the fact that that splendid out-post of our new domain was the rich prize of the American conquest of the Mexican arms. Although paid for out of the National Treasury, it was a cheap outlay, considering the magnanimity that prompted the government, and the incalculable consequences of the purchase, morally, socially, politically and financially. Of this migration the best remembered were, David C. Broderick, William M. Gwin, Gen. Stoneman, W. C. Ralston, Miles Sweeny, Leland Stanford, Peter Donahue, Milton S. Latham, George W. Barton, Edward C. Baker, Calhoun Benham, Joseph C. McKibbin, Gen. Banning, Joe Hooker, Gen. John C. Fremont, Rodman M. Price, Carlisle Patterson, Collin M. Boyd, Gen. H. Gates Gibson, Paul C. Upham, Admiral Dupont, Gen. Nagley, A. D. Stevenson, Ulysses S. Grant, Philip Kearney, Edward C. Beale, Com. Stockton, Bayard Taylor, Alexander Wells; and the list could be elaborately extended, although the reader will notice that a minority only are left alive.

The men around Los Angelos, where Gen. Hancock resided for two years before the war, were bold, original and daring characters, the democrats generally with southern sympathies, and the Re-

publicans in 1858 and 1859, comparatively few. In 1876, the survivors visited Philadelphia to celebrate the Centennial; and their great commemoration on Saturday, September 9th, of that year, in the Pacific Coast Centennial Hall, was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who were present.

At Los Angelos, Captain Hancock received the news of the incipient demonstrations against the Union in 1860, and it was at this critical moment that he displayed, alike his patriotism, his magnanimity and his toleration. Abraham Lincoln had been elected president of the United States in November, and it was about Christmas time when Hancock heard the fact. He had never taken part in the divisions of the democratic party, but he saw that these divisions could only end one way, and that was the defeat of the old organization to which his fathers had been attached. Enough for him that it was a constitutional election and that the republican candidate was fairly chosen. Born a Democrat himself, and never denying his attachment to that great party, he threw himself boldly into all the discussions of the hour; and while maintaining strict guard over his own temper, stood firm and fast to the old flag in the midst of the tempest of passion and fanaticism.

On the 4th of July, 1861, he made an address at the first union meeting in Los Angelos, Califor-

nia. It must be recollected when this speech was pronounced that the whole of that part of the state was over-run with secession sympathisers. When it was delivered he had heard of the preparations for rebellion; but from the North he had no distinct information that the dissolution of these states had been really contemplated. There was no telegraph wire at that time between the east and west, absolutely no communication except across the plains and around by the Isthmus of Panama to San Francisco. This magnificent utterance was the simple enthusiasm of his heart at the moment.

He spoke as follows:

We have met to commemorate that day of all among Americans, the most hallowed and cherished of the national memories of a life-time—the 4th of July, 1776,—that day when the reign of tyrants in the colonies of America ceased, and the reign of reason, of fraternity, and of equal political rights began.

Who on this continent does not know of the great event which transpired on that day—the anniversary of which we are met here to celebrate—that event so interesting to all Americans—the declaration of our national independence, and who among us would wish to see the day approach when that occasion should cease to be commemorated? I will not believe that any can be found so destitute of patriotic pride as not to feel in his veins a thrilling current when the deeds of his ancestors in the battle of the Revolution are mentioned.

Can any one hear the great events of that contest related without wishing that his ancestors had been personally engaged in them?

Who of us can forget the names of Lexington, of Monmouth, of Brandywine and Yorktown, and who can regret that he is a descendant of those who fought there for the liberties we now enjoy? And what flag is it that we now look to as the banner that carried us through the great contest, and was honored by the gallant deeds of its defenders? The star-spangled banner of America, then embracing thirteen pale stars, representing that number of oppressed colonies; now, thirty-four bright planets, representing that number of great states. To be sure,

clouds intervene between us and eleven of that number, but we will trust that those clouds may soon be dispelled and that those great stars in the southern constellation may shine forth again with even greater splendor than before.

Let us believe, at least let us trust, that our brothers there do not wish to separate themselves permanently from the common memories which have so long bound us together, but that when reason returns and resumes her sway they will prefer the brighter page of history which our mutual deeds have inscribed upon the tablets of time, to that of the uncertain future of a new confederation which, alas, to them may prove illusory and unsatisfactory.

Let them return to us. We will welcome them as brothers who have been estranged, but have come back. We have an interest in the battle-fields of the Revolution in those States, not second to their own. Our forefathers fought there side by side with theirs. Can they, if they would, throw aside their rights to the memories of the great fields on our soil on which their ancestors won renown? No, they cannot! God forbid that they should desire it. To those who, regardless of these sacred memories, insist on sundering this union of States, let us who only wish our birth-rights preserved to us, and whose desire it is to be still citizens of the great country that gave us birth, and to live under that flag which has gained for us the glory we boast of, say this day to those among us who feel aggrieved: Your rights we will respect; your wrongs we will assist you to redress; but the government resulting from the union of these states is a priceless heritage that we intend to preserve and defend to the last extremity.

Hancock did not long remain in California after this noble speech. He at once solicited employment in the Union army, and reported for duty in Washington, in September of 1861, when he was thirty-eight years of age. His politics are found in a letter to a friend in Pennsylvania after the outbreak of the rebellion, and these are his exact words: "My politics are of a practical kind; the integrity of my country, the supremacy of the Federal government, and an honorable peace, or none at all."

Unlike other officers of the regular army, who fled their posts, Hancock stood firm. One in whom I trust as I would trust few men, writes me as follows from San Francisco under date of July 5, 1880. "God bless you for your dispatch to Dougherty, and your support of Hancock; I am, like you, a Republican of the Lincoln, Douglass and Broderick stripe." And he continued:

"Well do I remember young Captain Hancock, in the old Spanish town of Los Angelos, in Lower California, when the news of the Rebellion crossed the continent in 1861. Poor Broderick had been shot by Terry in a duel, in the September of 1859, and we were cut off from nearly all intercourse with our homes in the North. Hancock, as you know at that time, was in the United States Quartermaster's Department, under that good old soldier, General Casey. He did not stop to count the cost to himself. He is really a very good speaker, and he had to deal with a very peculiar people. The emigrants in that part of California, many of them from the seceded and disaffected South, were very uneasy. They sympathized with secession, their hearts were with the South, and if Hancock had not been a real patriot, if he had not been reared among good people in Pennsylvania, all that was needed for him was to encourage them by his coldness, or drive them to violence by his sympathy. In this far distant stronghold at that time, he upheld the flag of his country, the integrity of the Union, and the rights of man."

RETURNS TO WASHINGTON AND ENTERS THE ARMY AGAINST THE CONFEDERATES; MEETS MR. LINCOLN.

He first offered his services to Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, but before an arrangement could be consummated he was recalled to duty in the regular army, and immediately assigned to the post of chief Quartermaster on the staff of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumpter, who

ROAD BETWEEN YORKTOWN AND WILLIAMSBURG.

had been placed in command of the Union forces in his native State of Kentucky. While preparing to comply with this order President Lincoln, on the 23d of September, 1861, commissioned him as Brigadier General.

I remember the day of his appointmen as Brigadier General, on the formal recommendation of General McClellan, and his assignment to the division of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Baldy Smith, lying across the chain bridge near Lewinsville. His first general command consisted of four splendid regiments; one from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from the backwoods of Maine, and one from Wisconsin.

It is, indeed, interesting to know that his very first command included troops from widely different States, and this distribution marked his whole career; thus making a constituency as wide as the country itself. During the early period of his service in the regular army, including his participation in the Mexican war, his life on the frontier, and his final relations with the quartermaster's department in Lower California, he had made himself thoroughly familiar with the officers and men representing the old Southern States—and now his military constituency was distributed through New England, through the west, New York, and his own native commonwealth of Pennsylvania—and as you follow his life, down to the close of the rebellion, down to

peace between Grant and Lee, it may be said that there is hardly a county, and certainly not a State in the Union, in which General Hancock may not count military intimates and cultivated friends.

After General Hancock assumed this command, an event took place in the City of Washington, so sad, so touching, and at the time so tragic, that I feel like recalling it here. General Edward D. Baker, while Senator in Congress from California, was killed on the 21st of October, 1861, in the battle of Ball's Bluff, and as he, like poor Broderick who died two years before in a duel with Judge Terry, was the friend of General Hancock, I recall some of the words spoken by Baker, on August 1st, 1861, in the Senate, two months before he died. It was after Baker's death that General Hancock, looking upon the dead, before and around him, used these words: "Soldiers, these are terrible gaps that I see before me in your ranks. They remind me and you of our dead in the field of battle, of our wounded comrades in the hospitals, of kindred and friends weeping at home for those who filled the vacant places that once knew them, but shall know them no more forever. Are you willing again to peril your lives for the liberty of your country? Would you go with me to the field to-morrow? Would you go to-day? Would you go this moment?" There was the pause of an instant, and then a unanimous shout from the thousands of the line.

Only a few weeks before, Baker, in the Senate of the United States, in reply to Breckenridge, spoke as follows: "This threat about money and men amounts to nothing. Some of the States which have been named in that connection, I know well. I know, as my friend from Illinois will bear me witness, his own State very well. I am sure that no temporary defeat, no momentary disaster, will swerve that State, either from its allegiance to the Union, or from its determination to preserve it. It is not with us a question of money or of blood, it is a question involving considerations higher than these."

At that time I was Secretary of the Senate of the United States, and at intervals the Union Generals came in to confer with their Representatives, their Senators and their friends. General Hancock was always a favorite and conspicuous figure and a well beloved friend. I know the fervent admiration he excited among the statesmen, as I knew the deep trust and respect entertained for him by his soldiers. He saw Mr. Lincoln frequently, and was always a favorite at the White House, never mingled in political cabals, never had what was called a party, and had no more idea at that time of being a candidate for President of the United States than of being placed in command of the Confederates. He was a particular favorite of Pennsylvania troops, and his tastes were all military. A most attractive man, in the

society at the capital, he was a universal favorite. Nearly all the other Generals had their cliques and their champions, but this dashing soldier seemed to have no other ambition than to support the Union, to obey the orders of his chief and to see after the comforts of his men.

Of all those who figured in that tremendous drama, most are gone. Sherman, and McDowell, and a few more are left, somewhat advanced in life. Many were killed in battle; many have died in the hospital; many have been retired; and like the myriads they led in victory and defeat, the great majority sleep their last sleep. Hancock survives, among the last of the old army of the Potomac, and in a few years, he will have passed his grand climacteric.

Many were the incidents crowded into that part of his career. Society in Washington during the war, especially while the great hosts on opposing sides were watching each other, was a strange medley—so different from the men and women who clustered to the capital in the former days of peace, and who have followed the close of the war. There were long months of inaction, during which the chiefs were called to the capital, either for consultation or relaxation, and it was during those days that I had the pleasure of meeting the great soldiers and statesmen who figured in the decisive events in and around the capital.

One evening before the death of General Baker, at one of the parties in my quarters on Capitol Hill, General Hancock himself being among my visitors and guests, I induced the accomplished Senator from California to read for me the beautiful verses written by him some years before; and if the reader can recall the life of the handsome Senator and his untimely fate, he may conceive the impression which these beautiful lines made upon the company:

"TO A WAVE."

"Dost thou seek a star, with thy swelling breast,
Oh! wave that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below,
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
Canst thou speak of navies that sunk in pride,
Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
What trophies, what banners are floating free
In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar,
Of banner, or mariner, ship, or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free;
How vain are the questions we ask of thee.

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
I, too, am a wanderer driven like thee;
I, too, am seeking a distant land
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAR.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK'S father was in the best sense of the word an honest, upright lawyer, and much of the General's easy speech and pleasing address grew from his home tuition. "The boy is father to the man:" and the aptitudes that come from such association are always felt for good or evil. Receptive in a large degree, no word dropped from the lawyer was lost in the waiting ears of his eager boy; and when Benjamin F. Hancock described the romantic career of these travelling, and preaching, and fighting Muhlenbergs, he found greedy listeners in his three sons. To this day they are the unforgotten memories of the Trappe, where their family settled, and several of their posterity lived, loved, and died. David Rittenhouse was another household idol, and his memoirs filled a large space in

the family annals. These were followed by the story of the honorable life of Francis R. Shunk, the German Governor of Pennsylvania, and his cotemporaries. Such characters, all of them national and renowned, including the gossip of the veterans of two wars, rapidly formed a broad and general philosophy in the mind of the young cadet. Here we discover why in after life General Hancock fought for the Union without hatred for the South, and why he remained to the end a member of the Democratic party. It was his constant presence in the army that kept him out of party politics at home, and it was his recollection of the lessons of home that made him ready at any time to die for the Union. Grant became a Republican in 1868 because he was forced into civil life. Had he remained in the army he would have been as judicial in his relations to party as Sherman or George H. Thomas; and it is history that when General Grant was first approached to accept the Presidency, the only fear of the Republicans was that the Democrats would get him first. Twelve years ago the most popular and available men to the Republican politicians were the Democrats who had co-operated with the Republicans. That was only four years after the Rebellion was crushed, and they were fearful that they had no man but Grant to save them. Now when peace and oblivion to gratitude have come, the same Republican politicians throw Grant over-board, and falsely insist

that Hancock will ruin the country, because he remains a Democrat, exactly what Grant was before he consented to run for the same office in 1867. In that year when I wrote out the record of General Grant on politics, the Republican leaders were ready to take him on any platform if only he would save the Presidency for them. The year after that, 1868, they feared that Andrew Johnson had so utterly demoralized their party, that nobody could save it but Grant. They were literally begging at his feet for his consent. He was indifferent to the place, and so content with his position at the head of the army, that it was only when he saw they had no other place to go that he yielded to their importunities. They had none of the fear about his Democracy they now express about the Democracy of Hancock. His soldier record was all the platform they wanted. His old Democracy would please the Democrats of the North, and his magnanimity to Lee at Appomattox in 1865, would please the South. That was all they asked in 1868. Now everything is forgotten, including his services to them in 1872 when he defeated Greeley for them, and they fly into a passion because the Democrats have done what they did, take a Union soldier on his Union record alone. And in this the Confederates give the very best guarantee of Democratic fidelity to that Union, and to all the resulting obligations in the Constitution of the United States.

Nothing in the history of our civil war is more interesting than the supposed opinions of the officers of the regular army. General McClellan had to suffer from the suspicion industriously encouraged by his adversaries, that he was a Democrat, and although his father, a celebrated doctor, George B. McClellan of Philadelphia, was an active old line whig, and in 1844 one of the idolaters of Henry Clay, yet the circumstance that his son had been educated at West Point led a large number of the extreme anti-slavery politicians at Washington, to class him among the Democrats; and it was a fashionable thing at that time, to insist that every regular was either doubtful or disloyal. However unjust this suspicion, it was much encouraged by the withdrawal from the service, on the plea of State Rights, of men like Robert E. Lee, Joe Johnson, Longstreet, Stonewall Jackson, John B. Magruder, and many more, all, or most of them, West Point men. At the same time it opened the door to the admission of much other material, men who tried to compensate for their inferior military experience by their somewhat noisy political professions. General McClellan soon found himself among a nest of hornets, and it is simple justice to say, that many of his misfortunes, alike as a soldier and a statesman, resulted from the political intrigues and misrepresentations by which he was surrounded. I resided at Washington during all the

years of the war, and for ten years after the war, and there is no recollection of my life so full of compensation, as the fact that I never yielded to any of the intrigues or combinations against any of the soldiers of the republic. The exception to the rule—I mean the exception to the rule of political Generals,—was Winfield Scott Hancock.

HOW THE SOUTH SUFFERED FOR AN IDEA.

General Hancock was appointed Brigadier General by President Lincoln on the recommendation of Gen. McClellan, on the 23d of September, 1861. He was in the young prime of life, and he was needed in Washington. There is a baleful theory much insisted upon now, and for the first time, that Winfield S. Hancock, because he was a Democrat, deserved no credit for standing by the Union, and because also his State had declared for the Union, and there is a malign intimation in the party mind to-day to forget brilliant and unselfish service, in the consideration of this hateful and most discreditable suspicion. I cannot conceive anything more galling and insulting than this aspersion to the brave soldiers, Republicans and Democrats, who fought for the Union. For the men of the South who were carried away by the doctrine of State Rights, I have always had the largest indulgence. They were educated in a school, all the more fascinating because it had many devotees in the Free States. I, myself, can well re-

member when to believe in the sovereignty of the State was so far a Democratic doctrine, that it only needed the attempt to apply it to the sanction of human slavery, to prove its hideous enormity. Indeed, until General Jackson, in 1830, under the influence of that innate patriotism which belonged to his character, declared that love of the Union was a supreme duty, and that state pride, however worthy, was subordinate to the higher obedience to the love of country, the Democratic mind had never been fairly brought face to face with this dangerous truism.

"State Rights" to use the great words of Daniel Webster, in his reply to Hayne in 1830, in the Senate of the United States, referring to unkind feelings between the two sections, "are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles, since sown; they are weeds, the seeds of which, the same great arm of Washington never scattered." And yet it was this delusive doctrine that carried away many of the bravest and best men of the South; that filled hundreds and thousands of graves, that prolonged the war, and that is to-day the cause of so much humiliation and suffering all through that section. Because it was honestly believed, because it was bred in the bone and in the blood of these southern statesmen and soldiers, shall we therefore consign them to utter and irretrievable damnation? This is the spirit of something more than intolerance; it is the spirit that would condemn a

fellow-creature for believing in a different religion: it is the spirit that has filled the prisons of all the ages, that has supplied victims for the faggots and the scaffolds of the past, and that from the time of the great Sufferer for mankind, has always stimulated the tyrant and the bigot.

Gen. Hancock was happy in the gentle education of home, happy in a love of country unpoisoned by dangerous theories.

I could name many instances of brave men who went forth to suffer and to die for the doctrine of State Rights, and knowing myself how I was rescued from their influence—perhaps because I was born under the same institutions that saved Gen. Hancock from them—I can make all allowance for my fellow-citizens in the South. Let me mention one case:

When the war broke out, a gallant soldier serving in the far frontier, a citizen of the State of Maryland, carried away by this state allegiance, seeing the progress of the strife, for the moment forgot that he had been educated at West Point, and reared under our free institutions, impulsively wrote to his brother in Maryland, enclosing a letter to the Secretary of War, resigning his commission in the army. He thought Maryland had gone out. That brother happened to be a violent secessionist, and without thinking that his kinsman had a large family depending upon him and that he had acted without thought, he hurried to Wash-

ington and deposited the resignation with the Secretary of War. The next day after this hasty letter was sent by the absent officer, "consideration came to whip the offending Adam out of him," and he wrote another letter recalling the first, which arrived too late, but fell into the hands of his excellent wife, who immediately rushed to the capital and called upon me. I was then secretary of the senate. I knew the gallant soldier who had been misled by this delusive doctrine, and together with his wife, called upon Mr. Lincoln, and asked the restoration of the officer. That great man always receptive and forgiving, and indulgent, seeing the case through the clear eyes of his honest nature, placed himself at once in the position of the impulsive soldier, and said, "I can do little, because his place has been filled, but this I will do: I will nominate him for a lower grade, and you must see that the Senate confirms him." It was a long struggle, and for two long days and nights in midsummer the confirmation of this officer was doubtful. There was very little mercy then for such mistakes. Many of the Southern officers had gone over to the Confederacy. Some were foolish enough to accompany their resignation with bitter abuse of the government, and even in my official household I found men, still my friends, who would not take the oath of allegiance, and rather than take it, fled at midnight into the hostile lines. But actuated by that spirit which has always

animated me, I labored for the confirmation of my friend, and with the aid of Ben. Wade and Charles Sumner, secured it. I cannot, of course, reveal what took place in the executive session of the United States Senate, but I remember that when I came back to my rooms on Capitol Hill and found there the family and children and relatives of the mistaken soldier, I was rewarded for my exertions by their abundant gratitude. And to complete this pleasant incident, the restored officer is now on the retired list, one of the most distinguished soldiers in the regular service.

When Charles Sumner startled the country by his bold declaration in favor of the destruction of all battle flags and mottoes, intended to perpetuate the memories of the civil war, he proved he had not read history in vain. And I can well remember the impression that magnificent magnanimity excited among all thoughtful men. It is in view of such a fact, that I recoil from an elaborate recapitulation of the events of the campaigns, in which Gen. Hancock distinguished himself. Nearly all our histories have been written in such periods of passion, and still so abound in invective, that I am tempted to a more philosophical review; and indeed it is hardly possible in such a biography as this, to go over the tragic events of the past, so recent, without renewing unprofitable and tormenting memories. And there are still so many disputes between the con-

federates themselves, as to their part in the great drama, and so many controversies and court-martials between the Union officers and men, that I refrain from any full and technical description of battles, which may only revive disputes, and encourage animosities.

Gen. Hancock was promoted on November 30th, 1863, a Major in the regular army, for his meritorious conduct in Yorktown, Virginia, having previously shown conspicuous gallantry in other brisk engagements.

HANCOCK WAS SUPERB THAT DAY.

I remember the battle of Williamsburgh as if it were yesterday. It was an initial fight and an initial victory, preceding the marvelous alternation of defeat and triumph, a sort of unconscious vestibule of the long conflict that lay in the future. It was here that Hancock made that brilliant charge that must forever associate his name with peerless valor.

In the battle of Williamsburgh, the enemy had massed a strong force on his front and had made several chasms in his nearest ranks. Riding to the centre and quietly passing the words "fix bayonets," he paused at the chosen point, waved his hat, and gave the memorable order to his soldiers, "gentlemen, charge." The brilliancy with which that courteous order was obeyed can never be forgotten. The enemy was swept before it

like chaff before the whirlwind. Officers, men, horses, and artillery, were borne back in confusion and dismay, rendering the rout of the foe one of the most signal ever witnessed on the field in any war. The enemy was flanked on their left and rolled over the earth like a parchment scroll. This striking movement was made on a stormy night in a drenching rain. Morning rose with a bright and bracing air, but the enemy had fled. Count De Paris, one of the sons of King Louis Philippe, who has written a splendid history of our civil war, witnessed that brilliant achievement. The leader on the opposite side was Gen. Longstreet, who had been a lieutenant with Hancock in some of the several fights in Mexico; and another confederate commander was Early, who also had been his fellow-officer in that same war. This brilliant success of Hancock was gained with the loss of not more than 20 killed and wounded, but the falling back of the enemy gave to the Union Army a thousand wounded and three hundred uninjured rebel prisoners; seventy-one large guns were captured, many tents, and a great amount of ammunition.

The relations between President Lincoln and General Hancock were always friendly, and naturally so. Lincoln's chief sentiment was an all-pervading desire to bring the Southern States back into the Union; and although Hancock never talked politics, the fact that he was known to be a

BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES AND FAIR OAKS.

BATTLE-FIELD OF THE SEVEN PINES.

Democrat made him particularly acceptable to the great President. Hancock was very young at the time he was placed in his command on the Peninsula, but his manly support of the government in California made him a very interesting person to Mr. Lincoln, and while other more prominent generals were involved in political discussions, this young soldier was content to listen to what his elders had to say. It is well, at this time, to recall these interesting facts, not only for the sake of history, but to show that the policy of conciliation was the guiding star of Abraham Lincoln's whole administration. He never concealed it, and if he were living to-day, he would be precisely in the line with such advanced magnanimous statesmen as insist that the time for extreme measures has long since passed away, and that nothing is necessary to restore the South to full companionship and confidence with the North, but to fall back upon the deathless example of the martyred President. It is strange how his moderate course has won upon the consciences of men; it is interesting how all merely radical measures have fallen into disuse.

Men of Mr. Lincoln's first cabinet, like Seward, Chase and Wells, however at the beginning of the war they may have favored extreme measures, soon came to take more comprehensive and rational grounds, and although most of these men are dead, yet together with their contemporaries,

Sumner, Fenton, Greeley, Trumbull, the three Blairs, the father, Francis P., and his sons, Montgomery and Frank, and Eli Thayer, one after another, they finally agreed that there could be no lasting peace between the South and the North unless we made allowances for the peculiarities of society, the terrible accidents of carpet-bag rule, and the essential unpreparedness of the suddenly manumitted colored race; and precisely as these influences operated upon Republicans, such as I have named, precisely as they swiftly served to modify Northern sentiment, so in time they controlled and changed, alike the thoughts and actions of reflecting men in the South. There is, therefore, as much difference between the two great political parties in the United States to-day as there was between these same two great parties and the organizations from which they sprung twenty years before the beginning of the rebellion. Nobody believes in the savage remedies and revenges and retaliations that were so popular during the civil war, or if there is such a conviction, it is confined to the mere tricksters of party, who still hope to fan the dying embers of hate into a flame for the purpose of plunder, and the greed of power.

If the men who down to the last insisted upon the merciless punishment of the South were among us to-day, they would be startled by the changed conditions of society, by the great influences which make peace, not only the order of the day, but the

surest method to promote and to perpetuate national prosperity. The South so fully yields to the justice, to the inviolability of the abolition of human slavery, to the necessity and the irrepealability of the new amendments to the national constitution, and to the fact that universal suffrage could not be resisted, as a part of the bargain to secure universal amnesty, that there is no man bold enough to undertake to disturb these sacred covenants at this hour. In fact the country to-day stands precisely where Abraham Lincoln desired to place it, and if he could have fashioned the subsequent policy of administration, or if he could have commanded the settlements upon which we are all now resting, in advance of his death, they could not be more in accordance with his example.

Gen. Hancock, as an early disciple of Abraham Lincoln, as one whom he frequently consulted, regarding him rather as a young protege than as one of the politicians and statesmen at the other end of the capital, is therefore the candidate who, more effectually than any other, embodies the policy of peace, justice, generosity and forgiveness, so wonderfully illustrated in the life and death of our martyred Chief Magistrate.

HANCOCK'S APPEARANCE IN BATTLE.

In all these struggles, in 1861 and 1862, General Hancock had necessarily to win his conspicuous position by complete subordination, and by con-

tinuous, and arduous and active service. When General McClellan used the phrase describing his bearing at Williamsburg, "Hancock was superb," he gave the keynote to many subsequent compliments and commendations; and perhaps his picturesque appearance induced the country to adopt a word, which that splendid orator, my friend Mr. Dougherty, employed with such effect at Cincinnati, when he nominated Hancock for the Presidency on the 24th of June, 1880. His erect and commanding carriage and his classic personality make him not only an object of interest to the stranger, but had much to do with his signal influence over his troops. He always remained mounted on the battle-field, and no one who ever saw him on such occasions could forget his knightly figure and chivalric bearing, as he rode along the lines encouraging his men to stand fast and give no ground.

Before the resistless sortie at Williamsburg, Hancock was comparatively an unknown subordinate, but after that, his name was heard from Maine to California. Marshal Macdonald, at Wagram, did not do a more wonderful thing, than when Hancock dashed forward on his horse, with head bared, swinging his hat and shouting to his men, "Forward! Forward! For God's sake, forward!" On came the shouting, firing, confident Confederates. It seemed madness to attempt to stop them. But not a second intervened when his own brigade saw

Hancock blazing before them; then they followed with a thundering shout that drowned the crackling musketry, and with lowered bayonets, moving along with the line, as perfect as though the men were on parade, drove the enemy, won the fight, and settled the destinies of the day. And it is casting no reflection on other Generals to say that four out of five of them would not have crossed that ravine with such a force as Hancock had with him to meet the fierce impetuosity of the enemy.

It must not be forgotten that this was the initial period of our civil conflict, and that many of the soldiers who were most censured, among others General McClellan, fell before the criticism of the war, and before the over-anxiety of the people to hasten the overthrow of the Confederates. General Hancock expected these difficulties, perhaps on account of his extreme youth, but this gave him facilities for trial and for self-examination; and thus while McClellan and others were suffering from their somewhat sudden pre-eminence, Hancock was, so to speak, unconsciously schooling himself for a great destiny. It is the experience of all humanity, that men must grow into greatness like trees into stature. His subsequent conspicuous services at Golding's Farm, Garnett's Hill, White Oak Swamp, and other engagements, during the seven days fight, closed with the victory of Malvern Hill.

The manner of Hancock in battle has been frequently described. He was always among his men, riding up and down his line of battle, encouraging them by voice and by example, sharing their danger and exposing himself more than themselves. He was always at the critical point at the right moment of time. The soldiers knew they were fighting under his eye, the eye of one who never knew fear himself and would tolerate it in no one else. On the 28th of June, 1862, at Garnett's Hill, Hancock was again heavily engaged, as he was at Savage Station on the 29th, and at White Oak Swamp on July 30th, of the same year. In this latter engagement his brigade sustained, without flinching until ordered to fall back, the fire of sixty pieces of artillery, from a position on the other side of a ravine. The enemy could not be attacked, and no reply, except by two or three of the Union batteries, could be made to their tremendous bombardment. General Hancock's brigade held their position throughout the day, repelling the infantry attacks of the enemy successfully until the immense wagon trains of our retreating army were out of the way.

Gen. McClellan, the President and Congress, for these distinguished services, promoted Hancock to the rank of Major-General of volunteers, and brevetted him as major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the regular army, and the words of these

honors were for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the Peninsula Campaign."

After this, the campaign against Richmond was temporarily abandoned and the army of the Potomac transferred from Harrison's Landing to the north. Hancock took part in the campaign in the ensuing August and September, having been moved to Centreville to the support of Pope. He commanded his brigade at South Mountain, when McClellan was restored to the command of the army of the Potomac. He was eminently distinguished in the victory of Antietam, and was placed in control of the first division of the second army corps, when the gallant Richardson fell mortally wounded. After the retreat of Lee across the Potomac, Hancock led the advance from Harper's Ferry to Charleston, striking the enemy's line, and driving him with sharp fighting. He moved with his division back to Fredericksburg, and on December 13th took part in the desperate assault on Mayre's Heights. In this terrible encounter he seemed to bear a charmed life; he came out of it slightly wounded, but with his uniform perforated with the enemy's bullets. When Gen. Hooker made his calamitous attempt on Lee's lines at Chancellorville, in May, 1863, Gen. Hancock had some hard work to do. His division was unmoved amid the ruin that followed the rout of the eleventh corps; he was among the last to leave the field, retiring in splendid condition, and forming the

rear guard of the defeated army. Hancock's division repelled every attack of the enemy, and often were opposed to many times their number. As usual he would ride among his men, holding them by his presence. He received no wound, having however his horse shot under him. A short time after he was put in command of the second corps, in which for nine months he had been a division commander. Great was the rejoicing of all the officers and privates when this tribute was paid to him by the government; and it came in time, occurring on the retirement of Gen. Couch on the 10th of June.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEATH GRAPPLE.

Now both sides were preparing for the death grapple. Lee was starting on his long threatened invasion of the North, and the race between two of the grandest armies of the world began for Washington and perhaps Philadelphia. At no period of our history were so many points threatened at once by an invading army. Forty millions of people stood by like spectators on surrounding ramparts, watching the unparalleled conflict about to occur in the unrivaled amphitheatre, the lovely valleys of Adams County, Pa. It was not yet known where the tragic duel would take place, but the combatants and the audience, the armed thousands, and the unarmed millions, the native and the foreigner, soon saw that whoever won the

mastery at Gettysburg would have the control of the proud future. At first the solicitude was painful in Baltimore and in Washington. But soon these vast opposing columns, began to converge to a point on the main road through Cumberland valley, which crosses the Susquehanna at Columbia, runs along the valleys of Lancaster, and again through the magnificent rolling country of Chester County. The objective point began to appear, and Philadelphia, the second great capital of our country, was the prize for which the Confederates were aiming; and it would require all the skill and resources of the Union army to rescue it from such a fate. The change in the command of the Union army, by which Hooker was superseded by Meade, added to the joy of the enemy, as an indication of weakness and uncertainty in the administration.

Before this act in the great drama of our civil war opened, I was in Washington, and had varied occasions to meet and confer with President Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Secretary Chase. There was no doubt in their minds that the success of the confederates at Gettysburg, would be the fall of Washington, the surrender of Baltimore, their occupation of Philadelphia, and possibly the loss of the great city of New York. All these men were thoughtful and conservative; indeed the weight of their responsibilities made them moderate. There was no room in their hearts for revenge or

for rhetoric. The peril of the country was never more portentous; the government itself hung suspended upon the events of a few days; and if in that hour, while Grant was environing Vicksburg, Porter with his fleets hanging on the Southern coast, New Orleans having just surrendered to our arms, the flag of the confederacy had risen over the flag of the Union at Gettysburg, the sun of the American Republic would in all probability have gone down forever. These were hopeful men also. I had seen Mr. Lincoln, when our hosts were falling around him like leaves in October, when despair had settled upon our councils, and the confederates were rejoicing at the prospects of our national overthrow, and I never saw him give way. He rested so supremely upon the justice of our cause, that even in the midnight of general despair, he saw the star of hope, and never let go his hold upon the returning reason of the South. But on that day, a week before the great contest took place at Gettysburg, while there was confidence and courage, and a supreme reliance upon God Almighty, there was the evident conviction that the decisive hour had come.

What, if at that time, somebody had suggested to Lincoln that he could not trust his great Generals, because they had been reared in the Democratic church? Bear in mind that Meade, and Reynolds, and Sickles, and Crawford, and Hancock were all Democrats, so far as politics had entered

into their patriotism. They had been reared as Democrats; Meade was a Southern man, with the best feelings of home towards the South; John Reynolds, the father of John F. Reynolds, had been the editor of the old Democratic organ, *The Lancaster Journal*, when James Buchanan left the Federal party and joined the Jackson party, fifty years before. General Hancock never concealed his political faith, and General Sickles had been the Democratic Representative in Congress of New York, for years. It is true, that was not the hour to think of the politics of our fighting men, but had that thought been suggested, it would have dislocated and demoralized the army, and the Confederates would have triumphed; but it never was breathed to Mr. Lincoln. The men who talk of Hancock's democracy as a crime to-day, were unknown in 1863.

If this was the sentiment in time of war, of highest and truest statesmanship, why shall we not make it the sentiment in time of peace, when in addition to the forgiveness of our own people, we are called upon to unite our republic?

I wrote these words from Washington to the *Philadelphia Press*, over my own name at that time, June 2d, 1863, "This is the Republic's hour of anxiety. The war has moved and shifted over mountains and rivers, until now it is converged upon the borders of a free state. It is a matter of general information that Robert E. Lee and his followers

have set forth on the task of invading Pennsylvania, and they are now in northern Maryland, and the field of Antietam is at this time, in all probability, the bivouac of the Confederate army. Their advance guard is in Pennsylvania, and the beautiful valley of the Cumberland is now channeled and torn with the heel of an invading army. I do not care to read events as a mathematician, or an engineer, and therefore, I must say that the time has come when the people of the North must rise up from maps and books, and look at these events as grievous dangers. For the present, our hope is in the valor of the army of the Potomac, and the volunteers in and around Harrisburg. I believe they will be able to stay this tide and turn it back; but if they fail—and men as numerous and as brave have failed before—Philadelphia and New York will afford an easy and magnificent booty."

CHAPTER III.

HANCOCK'S GENIUS FOR SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY.

IT will be perceived that Hancock had to fight his way to fame. Older officers were in command when he came, burning to win the laurel, and even the brilliant success he had already achieved, his individual courage and unprompted inspiration were not always visible through the conflicts of others; and therefore, not having much patronage at court, so to speak, and never electioneering among the busy partisans of the capital, he was impelled to that isolated policy which made what he did so marked and so original that it could not escape notice, and rapidly won the admiration of the impartial public, and all judicial observers.

The invasion of Pennsylvania was the idea of General Robert E. Lee himself, the confederate chief; and Hancock's part in repelling it, after his brave record in McClellan's army, was one of those opportunities which never come to any but brave and bold men. He was still subordinate, but the death of General John F. Reynolds, on the first

day of the battle of Gettysburg, gave Hancock one supreme command, and enabled him to decide the fortunes of a desperate struggle.

Here let me for a moment dwell upon the new argument of the enemies of General Hancock, the partisans who insist that Hancock deserves none of the high consideration claimed for him, because he did nothing more than his duty, and because also General Garfield did the same! It is the evil practice of these times, that men at one interval, spontaneous in awarding unspeakable honors to those who serve them, soon fall from this generous tone and begin the work of depreciation and contrast. Hence it is, that whereas the whole body of the people of Pennsylvania unconditionally awarded to General Hancock the praise of having saved the stricken field on the 3d of July, 1863, since his name has been associated with the presidency, they not only boast of their desire to forget that he ever fought for the government at all, or if he did that the only effect of his behavior was to lose his citizenship in his native state, but finally that he did nothing but his duty and that others had done better or as well. These men seem to forget that opportunity, after all an incalculable advantage, is nothing unless instantly improved, unless genius sees the vital point and knows exactly where to strike. Fortunately for Hancock, to use General Grant's very last remark in reference to him, he was not only a gallant

fighter but he made few mistakes and encountered rare defeats: "He was a man who never faltered in the performance of his duty, and seldom, if ever, made a blunder."

History shows that Hancock always improved his opportunity, in what seemed to be the fatal hour. He always struck when the enemy seemed about to win. Mark his decisive and prompt action, when he quietly directed his men to "fix bayonets" and as swiftly rushed them forward as the enemy were shouting what they supposed their resistless cry of triumph, and mark again other opportune moments on other historic fields. He had to win his spurs very slowly. He was rarely the favorite of party or administration. He preserved his subordination to his superiors, and maintained the kindliest relations to his men. He had little else to help him but his own courage, his experience, patriotism, and the steady friendship of Abraham Lincoln.

Many opportunities are presented to public men, soldiers and statesmen, and often neglected. Henry Clay was the victim of lost opportunities; if he had been nominated for President in 1840, he would have won the day. Daniel Webster was another victim of lost opportunities; if he had identified himself bravely with the Democratic party in 1830, when for a moment he stood by Andrew Jackson, on the proclamation against

nullification, he would probably have been the democratic president, and elected instead of Martin Van Buren, in 1836. Daniel S. Dickinson would have been nominated as the democratic candidate in 1852, in place of Franklin Pierce, had he not, at the critical moment, magnanimously declined the honor tendered to him. William H. Seward would have been nominated as the republican candidate for president in 1860, but for his quarrel with Horace Greeley. James Buchanan himself, could have saved the country from the terrible catastrophe of civil war, if, in 1858, he had bravely repudiated the Lecompton fraud, and trusted himself to the support of the proud and chivalric men of the South. Hundreds of similar instances could be found in history. Hancock seemed to have the intuitive gift of appearing at the right moment, or striking at the crisis, and of being called for when every one else seemed to have failed or fallen. It remains for unjust and malignant politicians, themselves, at the time he rendered the vital and the saving service to his country, clamorous to be first to approve and applaud, now to show how bad, busy, and brutal they can be! forgetting not only their selfish justice to him in July of 1863, but trying to show that the people were as ungrateful as themselves. How utterly illogical such malignity! These men not only forgot the most conspicuous bravery, and the most unspeakable unselfish-

HOSPITAL AT FAIR OAKS

BRIDGE OVER THE CHICKAHOMINY.

ness, but they possess that dangerous art given to small minds, the art of finding the most trifling excuses for the most appalling treachery. In one breath they swept away the whole of Grant's record, on the foolish pretext that he wanted to be chosen President for a third term. And in satisfying themselves with this pretext, they really secure a large degree of party sympathy, and at the same time carry their own malignity so far, as before the close of the contest in Chicago, in 1880, to induce many people, the same now who clamor against Hancock, to believe that Grant had done nothing more for his country than any other man could have done!

The great dramatic philosopher, Shakspeare, while illustrating the vice of ingratitude, refers, in better phrase than I can use, to the ease with which, when a man desires to do a mean and unmanly thing, he can provide himself with a philosophy to justify his guilt. Reasons for wrong are as plenty in his path as blackberries.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY OF THE LOST CAUSE.

But no men engaged in a great movement ever lost so many opportunities as the authors and leaders of the Lost Cause. Tracing their emotions in the light of their successes and defeats, there is something inexpressibly sad in the overthrow of the great expectations with which they entered upon their stupendous attempt to sever the

American Republic. The period for bitterness and recrimination has passed, let us hope forever, but there is still left a valuable philosophy in their example, valuable alike to us and them. It is no part of my province, in recalling the story of one of the great actors on the Union side, and indeed it would be impossible to do it in so short a space of time, if it were my province, to recapitulate all the vast advantages that destiny placed in the hands of the Confederates, and which fate took away from them. They had many rare auxiliaries, enthusiastic troops, scientific leaders, brave and reckless, prudent and sagacious leaders, many of them whose lives had been spent in their own state legislatures and in the Congress of the United States, many men of large wealth and culture. And while they fought on their own soil, with an accurate topographical knowledge of all the byways, and passes, and hills, and roads, and mountains, yet from the first what they won was only temporarily won; what they occupied was briefly held, and at last for every step forward they were forced to take two backward. It was the lost cause from the beginning, a summer of bright hopes, a winter of exhausted opportunities.

A library could be filled with all that has been written about Gettysburg, and to this day there is much more contest in Confederate circles in regard to the motives, mistakes, and achievements of the leading men than there is in the North; and

naturally very many estrangements and enmities have been the result among men, who began by fighting in a common cause, and closed by quarreling in an uncommon way. In fact there is always difficulty in describing a battle. Those who mingle in the fray are too much occupied in taking other persons' lives and saving their own, to gather, much less retain the evidences of the general action, while the mere observer, be he never so vigilant and careful, can at the best comprehend only a part of a great scheme of strife; and it is memorable that those most competent to judge are in nearly every case most silent. The true soldier never boasts, and hates to be tantalized by talk, recoiling as much from the gossip of others as he shudders at the effort to make himself a gossip. Grant is almost costive in his military conversations; and Meade, a wonderful colloquist, became almost saturnine when called upon to speak of himself.

The incident related of Wellington, who indignantly refused to touch a snuff-box made for him from Napoleon's arm chair, unless it might be considered that he displayed the trophies of Waterloo, is altogether characteristic of his class. If therefore I commit some mistakes natural to such a confusion of tongues, and to such a medley of claims and to such a catalogue of quarrels, I will be no worse off than those who have longer time to weigh their standard stories of the war.

As William Swinton expresses it in his brilliant "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," "Gettysburg is itself the real high water mark of the rebellion. For not only was the invasion in a geographical sense the most forward and salient leap of the Confederate army, but it was upon that field that the star of the Confederacy, reaching the zenith, turned by swift and headlong plunges toward the nadir of outer darkness and collapse."

The Confederates were in the highest spirits before they determined to advance their standard upon the soil of Pennsylvania. Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville are simply synonymous of Union disaster and gloom. 'My God! my God! when will this terrible slaughter cease,' was the exclamation of Abraham Lincoln when the details of the terrible slaughter of Hooker, in 1863, were brought to him. And it is natural to conceive how, as one side was disappointed and almost despairing, the other should be exhilarated beyond expression at such a time. The Confederate manœuvres, preparatory to the advance upon Pennsylvania, were silent and nearly successful. So rapid and masterly had been this forward and skillful detour, that the brave General Hooker, though eminently sagacious in many of his vigilant operations against the advancing enemy, disappointed at the refusal of the Government to allow him to evacuate Harper's Ferry, requested to be relieved from the command of the army. And on the

night of the 27th of June, General George Gordon Meade was awakened from sleep in his tent, near Frederick, Maryland, by the message from Washington appointing him to the command vacated by Hooker. This fine soldier never had full justice done to him by the Republican leaders, or the bureaucracy at Washington; never until the black mantle of death was covered over him, when, as is too often the case, criticism and doubt were lost in the sorrow and sympathy that generally come too late for the brave man who falls for his country. There is hardly a soldier of the Republic, with a few exceptions, who has not had to pass the same ordeal. Censorship, busy with the reputation of the heroes of great perils, doing its bad work at a distance, rarely stops save at the portals of the grave.

I remember an anecdote that Meade himself related to me while he was in command of the army of the Potomac. He had a visitation from quite a caucus of the blood and thunder politicians from Washington at his head-quarters; men who had been industrious in circulating the story that he was not loyal, because he had sympathized with the South in olden times, and because in later days he had not rushed forward to denounce the South when the war broke out. These politicians came upon him suddenly, and after subjecting him to such queries as were rather common in what is called 'the Committee on the Conduct

of the War,' one of them pointed to the distant Confederate lines, which could be studied with a field-glass and reached by modern cannon at a long range. There was silence on both sides, save now and then a dropping shot from the picket lines, and a rapid movement of some deploying column. 'You are very quiet to-day, General,' was the remark of one of the politicians. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we are quiet, but wary; still, but vigilant. We are both apparently sleeping, but we have one eye open upon each other.' 'Why, then, do you not wake them up?' was the answer. 'Well, gentlemen,' was Meade's reply, 'if you desire it, you shall be accommodated.' And accordingly he gave the word, opened upon the enemy with some of his largest guns, and instantly came an angry reply. The bevy of politicians watched the curving shells as they coursed along the sky with doubtful interest, until one seemed about to descend upon the very spot where they stood, when the noisiest of the party broke for an adjoining thicket, and hid himself behind a tree. Most of them, indeed, disappeared, excepting gallant old Ben Wade, who quietly awaited the explosion and did not move from the side of General Meade.

If you will return to the reports and letters of the Confederate Generals who have written since the battle of Gettysburg you will discover that there was almost as much mystery about the movements of the Union forces as there was in

regard to the evolutions of the Confederates. Both sides, before they got face to face in the hills and valleys around Gettysburg, were, so to speak, feeling for each other, and both sides finally discovered that destiny had fixed the spot of conflict for them, rather than that they had selected it for themselves.

To quote Swinton again: "Mark now the curious conjunction of events that was bringing the two hostile masses, though quite ignorant of each other's movements, toward each other, till unexpectedly they found themselves grappling in deadly wrestle, in an obscure hamlet of western Pennsylvania! Meade thought the Confederates were pressing northward to the Susquehanna, where he knew of the presence of Ewell's corps at York and Carlisle; Lee thought the Union army was marching westward from Frederick."

All the writers on both sides, strangers, French and English, all the officers, Confederate and Union, however they may have differed on other points, were unanimous on *one*,—the Southern success at Gettysburg was the capture of Washington City, the possession of Philadelphia, the spoliation of the districts between the Susquehanna and the Schuylkill, and the fact that had the Confederates triumphed the Union was at an end. In making this assertion I am as safe and accurate as if I were to declare that as I write these words Independence Hall is within the sound of my voice,

and the grave of Benjamin Franklin within five minutes walk of my studio. Residing alternately near Washington City, the Union capital, and the city of Philadelphia, during all these months, and particularly while Washington was threatened, and Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 4th of July, in a state of universal solicitude, if not terror, I am perhaps a good witness of what seemed to impress all other minds. I am as good a witness also against the new assumption that we are not indebted to General Hancock, fully honored by the unanimous tributes of his own associates in arms, and by the concessions of the men he defeated on the 3d day of July, for having done the work which filled the hearts even of the Republican office-holders of Philadelphia with what at first was a very honest sort of gratitude.

I have elsewhere described the solicitude and terror of Philadelphia from the 1st of July, 1863, to the morning of our national anniversary, Saturday, the 4th of July, 1863. It was a subject for the pencil of as great a painter of multitudes as Louis David, the Frenchman, or William Powell Frith, the Englishman. Never was a vast populace, plunged into such a depth of despair, suddenly elevated to such a height of joy; never such transition from the wildest grief to the wildest gratitude. And when these masses, feeling that they had been rescued from unspeakable horrors, moved as by a common impulse, marched down

Chestnut street to Independence Hall, shouting and praying and thanking God for their deliverance, as from the belfry of that sacred edifice came the joyful music of the band, answered on the next Sabbath by public thanksgiving and prayer in all our churches, the spectacle resembled the stories we read of other great cities rescued from fire, famine, plague, or the invading foe.

These are the words I wrote in grateful echo of this public sentiment on the Tuesday following, June 7, 1863:

"Meanwhile the Army of the Potomac, suddenly placed under the command of General Meade, whom we are proud to claim as a fellow-citizen, hastened northward, and fell upon the rash and audacious enemy. We know the result. *Neither our children, nor our children's children, to the remotest generation, shall ever forget it, or fail to remember it with a thrill of gratitude and honest pride.* The rebels were assailed with unexampled fury, and the gallant General Reynolds, a Pennsylvania soldier, laid down his life. The struggle raged for several days, the losses on both sides were fearful, *and still the result seemed doubtful. If we should fail, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, perhaps New York, would be doomed. In this crisis of the nation's fate it was Pennsylvania that came to the rescue.* IT WAS GENERAL HANCOCK, A PENNSYLVANIAN, WHO SO NOBLY BORE THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE ON CEMETERY HILL."

What others have said on the same subject will be found in succeeding chapters. General Hancock had figured with so much honor in the battle of Chancellorsville, that immediately after that engagement, in the first week of May, 1863, President Lincoln, as commander-in-chief, assigned him to the command of his favorite second corps in the army of the United States, each member of

which wore the badge the trefoil, or three-leaved clover, a peculiar plant called by some "the none-such," indicative of rare honor and choice ornament in the architecture of the temple of fame.

The battle of Gettysburg opened on the morning of Wednesday, the 1st of July. The Union cavalry, under the gallant General Buford, took position on the hitherside of Willoughby Run, about two miles west of Gettysburg. His line was drawn up across the Chambersburg road, and as Gen. A. P. Hill, with two divisions of his Confederate corps, approached Gettysburg by the same road, the two forces found themselves, about nine in the morning on that day, precipitated into action. Gen. John F. Reynolds, who had bivouacked the night before four miles off, was on his way to Gettysburg, whither indeed that officer, with the leading division of his corps under Wadsworth, was moving according to prescribed orders, though with little thought of battle in his mind. I quote from Swinton. "By skilful deployments, Buford held in check the van of the Confederate force, which as yet consisted only of Heth's division, till Reynolds' with Wadsworth's division, arrived at 10 o'clock." Determined to bring matters to an immediate issue, Reynolds, with animated words, gave the regiment on the skirt of the woods, the command to charge, but scarcely was this begun, when, struck by a bullet,

he fell mortally wounded, dying ere he could be removed from the field.

"General Reynolds now rode forward to inspect the field and ascertain the most favorable line for the disposal of his troops. One or two members of his staff were with him. The enemy at that instant poured in a cruel musketry fire upon the group of officers; a bullet struck General Reynolds in the neck, wounding him mortally. Crying out, with a voice that thrilled the hearts of his soldiers: 'Forward! for God's sake forward!' he turned for an instant, beheld the order obeyed by a line of shouting infantry, and, falling into the arms of Captain Wilcox, his aid, who rode beside him, his life went out with the words, 'Good God, Wilcox, I am killed!'"—*N. Y. World.*

The news of his death, and the defeat of the first day reached us in Philadelphia early on the morning of the 2d, adding to the popular gloom, and aggravated by ten thousand rumors the intelligence of the Confederate victory. The death of Reynolds and his magnificent dash upon the enemy, and the retreat and rout of the Union troops, were all precipitated at an unexpected moment, and came so rapidly as to induce the belief that the enemy would advance, without stop or hindrance, to Philadelphia, his proclaimed destination.

Immediately on the fall of the lamented Reynolds, Gen. Meade ordered Gen. Hancock to proceed to the scene of contest to assume command, to examine the ground, and if it should be found suitable for battle, the rest of the army should be ordered up. Riding forward in all haste, Hancock arrived on the field at half-past three. "I found," said Hancock, "that, practically, the fight was

over for that day. The rear of our column, with the enemy in pursuit, was then coming through the town of Gettysburg. Gen. Howard was on Cemetery Hill, and there had evidently been an attempt on his part to stop and form some troops there." The magnetism of Hancock was instantly felt, "his personal appearance there," says Warren, "doing a great deal toward restoring order."

Fortunately the Confederate commander lost another opportunity here. Had he followed up his advantage after the death of Gen. Reynolds, nothing could have stopped the realization of his hopes. But Gen. Lee himself writes: "It was ascertained from the prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by Gen. Hooker, and that the remainder of that army, under Gen. Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger, exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle, to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops. General Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy, if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions, which were ordered to hasten forward. In the meantime the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize (Culp's Hill), but in what force could not be ascer-

tained, owing to the darkness. Under these circumstances, it was decided not to attack till the arrival of Longstreet."

The Confederates had moved with so much celerity and silence, that nothing could exceed their consternation when they found, after this first day's fight, that they had been checkmated; and it is reported that they exclaimed: "The army of the Potomac! the army of the Potomac!" as if they felt that here was another, and among the last of their greatest opportunities gone. It is a curious fact that the lines of Longstreet, under Hood, McLaws, Picket, Garnett and Anderson, directly in front of Hancock's command, were led by Generals, with nearly all of whom I was personally acquainted. Barksdale, another Southern man that I met in Washington, one of the most active in that service, was also in the advance. Cemetery Hill—now so appropriately occupied as the site of the great National Cemetery of our Union heroes—was on his right flank, beyond which was the rebel corps of Ewell, under Early and Rhodes. In the rear was a body of Southern cavalry, commanded by the energetic Generals Wade Hampton, W. H. F. Lee, and Gen. Jenkins, flanked by several batteries of the enemy. Walker's brigade—formerly Stonewall Jackson's—extended, as the battle advanced, close to the rear, in front of the 12th Union Corps, under Slocum, aided by Geary, Wadsworth and Steinwehr. Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, was

on Hancock's immediate left and rear, and Doubleday's Division on the right.

When, after the death of Gen. Reynolds, Gen. Hancock arrived, the latter was in command of the entire field, and when early, on the morning of the 2d of July, General Meade came on the ground, he recognized and approved the disposition made by Generals Hancock and Howard. The whole Union army was at once concentrated at Gettysburg. By seven o'clock in the morning of that day, the Second Corps, Hancock's immediate command, was posted at the front. The distance between him and the Confederates, at this moment, was a little over a mile. The clangor of trumpets, the roll of drums, the tramp of armed men marching and counter-marching, on both sides, could be distinctly heard in the opposing camps. The great battle was at hand.

During the previous afternoon of the first of July, Gen. Meade received from Gen. Hancock such report of the nature of the ground in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, as determined him to make a stand there, and therefore, as I have said, he ordered all the corps forward, with the exception of the 6th Corps, which, having a march of thirty-six miles to make, could not arrive till after mid-day. But the 2d of July was not decisive. Certainly the Confederates had not won and had not improved upon the success of the day previous. They had, indeed, driven the accomplished

Sickles from his advanced position, and he had fallen terribly wounded, the peerless Gen. Birney having taken command of his corps. But when evening fell, it seemed to be universally admitted that the next day, Friday, the 3d of July, would decide whether the Confederacy should rule the country, or whether the old flag should continue to float over a united people. Such was the verdict of all observers and actors.

The number engaged on the Confederate side, at this critical moment, is variously estimated. And here again we encounter endless controversy and dispute from different quarters. The Confederates, themselves, deny that they had more than seventy thousand, while the judgment of all the Union experts declaring that, "They numbered, when the invasion commenced,—they did not number quite so many when it ended,—an effective force of 90,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, over 4,000 artillery,—an aggregate of 105,000 men, of all arms."

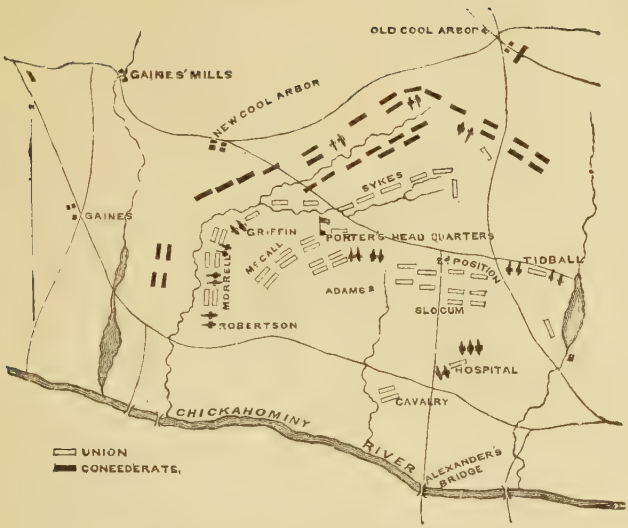
It was after mid-day of July 3d, 1863, before any serious movement was made on either side. At this hour, following a silence more awful than the thunders of battle, the Confederate commander directed 120 guns to fire against the corps of Hancock. Lee had vainly imagined this to be his most favored point of attack. Dashing from behind the woods of Seminary Ridge, the flower of that part of the enemy's force swept onward to

the very muzzles of Hancock's guns. His well-tried corps, aided by the 1st Corps and Stannard's Vermont Brigade, met the shock with all their wonted coolness and courage, and hurled the foe back in confusion.

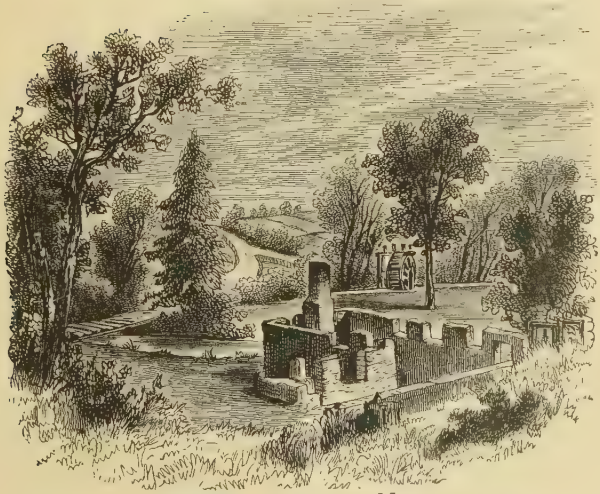
Having just returned from the battle-field of Gettysburg, a more particular account of the present condition of which will be found further on in this volume, I copy as the most reliable and less technical description of the scene that took place at this moment, from the graceful pen of William Swinton, in "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War," referring, at the same time, to letters and tributes of the same great actors in that crowning victory in subsequent pages. And here, says Swinton:

"I cannot resist the opportunity of transcribing from the manuscript report of General Hancock, the concise, yet vivid language, in which he describes the great scene that followed—a scene in which he formed so distinguished a figure."

The general plan of Lee for the operations of the 3d of July, remained unchanged; but there were some important modifications of details. Longstreet had, during the night before, been reinforced by the division of Pickett, and it was proposed to make this the centre and main substance of the assaulting column. Instead of directing the attack against the extreme left of the Union line, posted on the rocky summit of Little Round Top, as had been done the day before, Longstreet determined to hurl his masses against the left centre on Cemetery Ridge, holding the two divisions of Hood and McLaws, simply to cover the right flank of the advancing lines. To add weight to Pickett's storming force, it was strengthened on its left by Heth's division of Hill's corps, and two brigades (those of Lane and Scale) of Pender's



BATTLE OF GAINES'S FARM.



RUINS OF GAINES'S MILL.

division of the same corps, and on the rear of the right flank by Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division, also of Hill's corps. Such was the force prepared for the assault, and it numbered about eighteen thousand men.

In co-operation with this main attack upon the left centre of the Union line, it was also proposed that Ewell should renew his efforts against the extreme right; and as that part of his force that had the previous evening gained a lodgment within the breast-works on Culp's Hill maintained its foothold during the night, much was hoped from a vigorous effort at this point. Ewell therefore reinforced Johnston's division, which had gained lodgment on Culp's Hill, with three additional brigades. But early in the morning General Meade, having in the night returned the Twelfth Corps to its original position on the right, ordered an assault for the purpose of expelling the intrusive force. This, after a severe struggle, that continued from before dawn till near noon, was at length accomplished; and as Longstreet was very much delayed in forming his dispositions, it came about that when at one o'clock he was prepared to move forward, he was compelled to do so alone.

Yet, before the infantry attack should be begun, the Confederate commander resolved to try the effect of a heavy artillery fire. He therefore caused one hundred and fifty-five guns to be placed in position along the fronts held by Longstreet and Hill, and from this massive enginery there opened, at 1 P. M. a prodigious bombardment that was continued for near three hours. The fire was vigorously replied to by eighty guns placed on Cemetery Hill and the crest of Cemetery Ridge, under direction of General Hunt, the chief of artillery. As a spectacle, this, the greatest artillery combat that ever occurred on the continent, was magnificent beyond description, and realized all that is grandiose in the circumstance of war. But in regard to the accomplishment of the purpose intended by Lee—to-wit, to sweep opposition from the hill slope—its effect was inconsiderable. Some damage was done the artillery *material*, but the troops had excellent cover and suffered but little. General Lee has indeed noticed in his report that the fire of the Union batteries slackened towards the close; but this was because the chief of

artillery, wishing to reserve his ammunition for the infantry advance, imposed economy on the batteries.

Out of the smoke-veiled front of Seminary Ridge, at three o'clock of the afternoon, emerged, in magnificent array, the double battle-line of the Confederates. Not impetuously, at the run or double quick, as has been represented in the overcolored descriptions in which the famous charges have been so often painted, but with a disciplined *steadiness*—a quality noticed by all who saw this advance as its characteristic feature. The ground to be overpassed by the Confederates in order to attain the Cemetery Ridge where the Union battle array was drawn, was a perfectly open plain of cultivated fields above a mile in width, and as it sloped gradually up to the crest of Cemetery Ridge, it formed a natural *glacis*, and gave the defenders a fair field for the fire of artillery and musketry. It will, in fact, be difficult for one who shall survey the ground to conclude otherwise than that the enterprise of the Confederates was hopeless.

Almost from the start, the assaulting lines came under the fire of the Union batteries, and then was seen the effect of the wasteful use of ammunition on the part of the Confederates during the preliminary bombardment, and on the other hand the good result of the imposed economy on the part of the Union artillerists.

Scarcely had the Confederates moved from their own lines, than the fire with which they were greeted began to tell on the integrity of their formation. Heth's supporting division, on the left of Pickett, indeed, began to waver at the time it was leaving its own lines, and while crossing a low stone wall behind which they had lain, some already showed such trepidation that they were jeered by the reserves that lay behind. Then as they became exposed to the fire of artillery from Cemetery Hill, the brigade on the left flank hesitated and went back, and from that flank there was such a continual wearing away that, by the time the assaulting mass had advanced over half the width of the plain, Heth's division had broken and disappeared. There was a like result on Pickett's right, where the supporting brigade failed to keep up; so that t came about that, for the real storming column, there was left but Pickett's division alone. His right experienced the same fire from

Round Top that had stayed the progress of the supporting brigade on that flank, but this did not cause the division to pause, it only caused it to double in somewhat towards its left. This brought the point of attack a little off from where it was intended, and directly in face of the two reduced and incomplete divisions of Hancock's corps.

Now let us describe, in Hancock's own words, from his manuscript-report, the scene in which he formed so distinguished a figure:

The column pressed on, coming within musketry range without receiving immediately our fire, our men evincing a striking disposition to withhold it until it could be delivered with deadly effect. Two regiments of Stannard's Brigade, first corps, which had been posted in a little grove in front of and at a considerable angle with the main line, first opened with an oblique fire upon the right of the enemy's column, which had the effect to make the troops on that flank double in a little towards their left. They still pressed on, however, without halting to return the fire. The rifled guns of our artillery having fired away all their cannister, were now withdrawn to await the issue of the struggle between the opposing infantry. Arrived at between two and three hundred yards, the troops of the enemy were met by a destructive fire from the divisions of Gibbons and Hays, which they promptly returned, and the fight at once became fierce and general. In front of Hays's division it was not of very long duration; mowed down by cannister from Woodruff's Battery, and by the fire from two regiments judiciously posted by General Hays in his extreme front and right, and the fire of different lines in the rear, the enemy broke in disorder, leaving fifteen colors and nearly two thousand prisoners in the hands of this division. Those of the enemy's troops who did not fall into disorder in front of this division were moved to the right, and reinforced the line attacking Gibbons' division. The right of the attacking force having been repulsed by Hall's and Harrow's Brigades, of the latter division, assisted by the fire of the Vermont regiments already referred to, doubled to its left and also reinforced the centre, and thus the attack was in the fullest

strength opposite the brigade of General Webb. This brigade was disposed in two lines—two regiments. The 69th and 71st Pennsylvania, were behind a low stone-wall and slight breastwork hastily constructed by them, the remainder of the brigade being behind the crest, some sixty paces to the rear, and so disposed as to fire over the heads of those in front. When the enemy's line had nearly reached the stone-wall, led by General Armistead, the most of that part of Webb's brigade posted here abandoned their position, but, unfortunately, did not retreat entirely. They were immediately, by the personal bravery of General Webb and his officers, formed behind the crest before referred to, which was occupied by the remnant of that brigade.

"Emboldened by seeing this indication of weakness, the enemy pushed forward more pertinaciously, numbers of them crossing over the breastwork abandoned by the troops. The fight here became very close and deadly. The enemy's battle-flags were soon seen waving on the stone-wall. Passing at this time, Colonel Devereux commanding the Nineteenth Massachusetts, anxious to be in the right place, applied to me for permission to move his regiment to the right and to the front where the line had been broken. I granted it, and his regiment and Colonel Mallon's, Forty-second New York, on his right, proceeded there at once. But the enemy having left Colonel Hall's front, as described before, this officer promptly moved his command by the right flank to still further reinforce the position of General Webb, and was immediately followed by Harrow's Brigade. The movement was executed, but not without confusion, owing to many men leaving their ranks to fire at the enemy from the breastworks. The situation was now very peculiar. The men of all the brigades had in some measure lost their regimental organization, but individually they were firm. The ambition of individual commanders to promptly cover the point penetrated by the enemy, the smoke of the battle and the intensity of the close engagement caused this confusion. The point, however, was covered. In regular formation, our line would have stood four ranks deep. The colors of the different regiments were now advanced, waving in defiance of the long line of battle-flags presented by the enemy. The men pressed firmly after them under their energetic commanders and the example of their officers, and

after a few moments desperate fighting the enemy were repulsed, throwing down their arms and finding safety in flight, or throwing themselves on the ground to escape our fire. The battle-flags were ours and the victory was won. Gibbons' division secured twelve stand of colors, and prisoners enough to swell the number captured by the corps to about four thousand five hundred."

HANCOCK'S OWN STORY OF GETTYSBURG BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR, WASHINGTON, MARCH 22D, 1864.

TESTIMONY OF MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

(*Thursday, July 2d*, 1863.)

I soon received an order, dated 1.10 P. M., directing me to proceed to the front, and in the event of the death of General Reynolds, or his inability to command, to assume the command of all the troops there, consisting of the 1st, 3d, and 11th Corps. (Order appended marked A.) I started a little before half past one, turning over the command of my corps to General Gibbons, under General Meade's directions. General Gibbons was not the next in rank in that corps; but he was the one General Meade directed should assume the command, as he considered him the most suitable person for it.

Several such incidents occurred during that battle. General Meade, prior to the battle, showed me or told me of a letter he had received from the Secretary of War on this subject. The Government recognizing the difficulty of the situation, believing that a battle was imminent, and might occur in one, two, or three days, and not knowing the views of General Meade in relation to his commanders, the Secretary of War wrote him a note, authorizing him to make any changes in his army that he pleased, and that he would be sustained by the President and himself. That did not make it legal, because it was contrary to the law to place a junior officer over a senior. At the same time it was one of those emergencies in which General Meade was authorized, as before stated, to exercise that power. I was not the senior of either General Howard, of the 11th Corps, or General Sickles, of the 3d Corps. My commission bore date on the same day with theirs; by my prior

commission they both ranked me. Of course it was not a very agreeable office for me to fill, to go and take command of my seniors. However, I did not feel much embarrassment about it, because I was an older soldier than either of them. But I knew that legally it was not proper, and that if they chose to resist it it might become a very troublesome matter for the time being. Whether or not General Meade, when he gave me the order, knew about this relative rank, I do not know. I say this because I have since understood that he did not. When I spoke to him about it before departing, however, he remarked in substance that he was obliged to use such persons as he felt disposed to use; that in this case he sent me because he had explained his views to me, and had not explained them to the others; that I knew his plans and ideas, and could better accord with him in my operations than anybody else. I went to Gettysburg, arriving on the ground not later than half past three o'clock. I found that, practically, the fight was then over. The rear of our column, with the enemy in pursuit was then coming through the town of Gettysburg. General Howard was on Cemetery Hill, and there had evidently been an attempt on his part to stop and form some of his troops there; what troops he had formed there I do not know. I understood afterwards, and accepted it as the fact, that he had formed one division there prior to this time. I told General Howard I had orders to take command in the front. I did not show him the orders, because he did not demand it. He acquiesced.

I exercised the command until evening when General Slocum arrived, about 6 or 7 o'clock. His troops were in the neighborhood, for they apparently had been summoned up before I arrived, by General Howard possibly, as well as the 3d Corps. When General Slocum arrived, he being my senior, and not included in this order to me, I turned the command over to him. In fact I was instructed verbally by General Butterfield, Chief of Staff, before I left for the front, that I was to do so.

When I arrived and took command I extended the lines. I sent General Wadsworth to the right to take posession of Culp's Hill with his division. I directed General Geary, whose division belonged to the 12th Corps (its commander, General Slocum, not having then arrived), to take possession of the high ground towards Round Top. I made such

disposition as I thought wise and proper. The enemy evidently believing that we were reinforced, or that our whole army was there, discontinued their great efforts, and the battle for that day was virtually over. There was firing of artillery and skirmishing all along the front, but that was the end of that day's battle. By verbal instructions, and in the order which I had received from General Meade, I was directed to report, after having arrived on the ground, whether it would be necessary or wise to continue to fight the battle at Gettysburg, or whether it was possible for the fight to be had on the ground General Meade had selected. About 4 o'clock P.M., I sent word by Major Mitchell, aide-de-camp to General Meade, that I would hold the ground until dark, meaning to allow him time to decide the matter for himself. As soon as I had gotten matters arranged to my satisfaction, and saw that the troops were being formed again, and I felt secure; I wrote a note to General Meade, and informed him of my views of the ground at Gettysburg. I told him that the only advantage which I thought it had was that it could be readily turned by way of Emmettsburg, and that the roads were clear for any movement he might make. I had ordered all the trains back, as I came up, to clear the roads.

General Meade had directed my corps, the 2d Corps, to march up towards Gettysburg, under the command of General Gibbons. When I found that the enemy had ceased their operations, I directed General Gibbons to halt his corps two or three miles behind Gettysburg, in order to protect our rear from any flank movement of the enemy. Then my operations in the front being closed, I turned the command over to General Slocum, and immediately started to report to General Meade in detail what I had done, in order to express my views clearly to him, and to see what he was disposed to do. I rode back, and found General Meade about 9 o'clock. He told me he had received my messages and note, and had decided upon the representations I had made, and the existence of known facts of the case, to fight at Gettysburg, and had ordered all the corps to the front. That was the end of operations for that day.

On the third day, in the morning, the enemy and General Slocum were a good deal engaged. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon,

the enemy commenced a terrific cannonade, from probably one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, on the front of the line connecting Cemetery Hill with Round Top, the left centre commanded by me. That line consisted of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Corps, of which I had the general command. *I commanded that whole front.* General Gibbons commanded the 2d Corps in my absence, General Newton the 1st Corps, and General Birney the 3d. That cannonade continued for probably an hour and a half. The enemy then made an assault at the end of that time. It was a very formidable assault, and made, I should judge, with about 18,000 infantry. When the columns of the enemy appeared, it looked as if they were going to attack the centre of our line; but, after marching straight out a little distance, they seemed to incline a little to our left, as if their object was to march through my command, and seize Cemetery Hill, which I have no doubt was their intention. They attacked with wonderful spirit—nothing could have been more spirited. The shock of the assault fell upon the 2d and 3d divisions of the 2d Corps, assisted by a small brigade of Vermont troops, together with the artillery of our line, which fired from Round Top to Cemetery Hill at the enemy all the way as they advanced whenever they had the opportunity. Those were the troops that really met the assault. No doubt there were other troops that fired a little, but those were the troops that really withstood the shock of the assault, and repulsed it. The attack of the enemy was met by about six small brigades of our troops, and was finally repulsed after a terrific contest at very close quarters, in which our troops took about thirty or forty colors and some 4000 to 5000 prisoners, with great loss to the enemy in killed and wounded. The repulse was a most signal one, and that decided the battle, and was practically the end of the fight. I was wounded at the close of the assault, and that ended my operations with the army for that campaign. I did not follow it in its future movements.

That practically ended the fighting of the battle of Gettysburg. There was no serious fighting there after that, save on the left, in an advance by a small command of the Pennsylvania Reserves, made very soon afterwards and based upon our success. I may say one thing here: I think it was probably an unfortunate thing that I was wounded at the

time I was, and equally unfortunate that General Gibbons was also wounded, because the absence of a prominent commander, who knew the circumstances thoroughly at such a moment as that, was a great disadvantage. I think that our lines should have advanced immediately, and I believe we should have won a great victory. I was very confident that the advance would be made. General Meade told me before the fight that if the enemy attacked me he intended to put the 5th and 6th Corps on the enemy's flank; therefore, when I was wounded and lying down in my ambulance and about leaving the field, I dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the 5th and 6th Corps I believed he would win a great victory. I asked him afterwards when I returned to the army what he had done in the premises. He said he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night, except that some of the Pennsylvania Reserves went out and met Hood's division, it was understood, of the enemy, and actually overthrew it, assisted, no doubt, in some measure, by their knowledge of their failure in the assault. There were only two divisions of the enemy on our extreme left, opposite Round Top, and there was a gap in their line of one mile that their assault had left, and I believe if our whole line had advanced with spirit it is not unlikely that we would have taken all their artillery at that point. I think that was a fault; that we should have pushed the enemy there, for we do not often catch them in that position; and the rule is, and it is natural, that when you repulse or defeat an enemy you should pursue him; and I believe it is a rare thing that one party beats another and does not pursue him: and I think that on that occasion it only required an order and prompt execution.

I have no doubt the enemy regarded the success of their assault as certain, so much so that they were willing to expend all their ammunition. They did not suppose that any troops could live under that cannonade; but they met troops that had been so accustomed to artillery fire that it did not have the effect on them that they expected. It was a most terrific and appalling cannonade,—one possibly hardly ever paralleled.

Question.—Was there ever, in any battle of which you have read, more artillery brought into action than in that battle?

Answer.—I doubt whether there has ever been more concentrated upon an equal space and opening at one time. I think there has been more artillery engaged in many battles, but do not believe there has been more upon both sides concentrated on an equal space.

Question.—You did not follow the army from there?

Answer.—No, sir; I left the field the moment the fight was over.

Question.—When did you join the army again?

Answer.—I did not join it again until sometime in December, when active operations had ceased. I was then ordered by the Secretary of War into the States from whence the regiments of my corps came to fill them up by recruitment, and I am now on my return to the army.

Question.—But, with equal numbers, you could not hesitate to attack the enemy anywhere under equal circumstances?

Answer.—No, sir, I would not. In fact there is no finer army, if as fine, in existence in the world than the Army of the Potomac. The troops will do anything if they are only ordered. If they have not made this or that attack it is because their commanders did not order them to make it.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 1st, 1863, 1:10 P. M.

COMMANDING OFFICER, 2d CORPS (GENERAL HANCOCK):

The Major-General commanding has just been informed that General Reynolds has been killed or badly wounded. He directs that you turn over the command of your Corps to General Gibbons; that you proceed to the front, and by virtue of this order, in case of the truth of General Reynolds' death, you assume the command of the corps there assembled, viz: the 11th, 1st, and 3d, at Emmettsburg. If you think the ground and position there a better one to fight a battle under existing circumstances, you will so advise the General, and he will order all the troops up. You know the General's views, and General Warren, who is fully aware of them, has gone out to see General Reynolds.

LATER, 1:15 P. M.—Reynolds has possession of Gettysburg, and the enemy are reported as falling back from in front of Gettysburg. Hold your column ready to move.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. BUTTERFIELD,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

A CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT.

Major Goldsborough of the 1st Maryland Regiment writes of Hancock's great victory:

"O God! what a fire greeted us, and the death-shriek rends the air on every side! at this moment I felt a violent shock, and found myself instantly stretched upon the ground. In the excitement I felt not the pain, and, resting upon my elbow, anxiously watched that struggling column. Column, did I say? A column no longer, but the torn and scattered fragments of one. But flesh and blood could not live in such a fire; and a handful of survivors of what had been a little more than twelve hours before the pride and boast of the army sought to reach the cover of the woods."

"I saw General Willcox," writes an English officer, "come up to General Lee, and explain, almost crying, the state of his Brigade." General Lee immediately shook hands with him and said cheerfully, "Never mind, General, all this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best way you can."

"The enemy leaped over the wall, opened fire along the whole line, and dashed forward, running at fine speed as they approached the intrenchments on the hill. When the head of the column came within point-blank range, suddenly, the seventy guns which Lee supposed he had silenced, but which had saved their ammunition and their strength opened with all the fury and death-dealing ardor of a well trained artillery; straight from front to rear, diagonally from right to left, and from left to right, the double charge of grape and canister, the shrapnel spherical case, swept and tore in fearful havoc through the columns. But the infuriated enemy rushed on even to the cannon's mouth Pickett's division carried the intrenchment in the centre, and for a moment the hostile colors waved over Hancock's line. But almost instantly his Infantry drove back the enemy who had already forced the Artillery men from their guns."—*J. R. Sypher's History of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps.*

Now follows the judgment of a Republican soldier, Brigadier General J. W. Hofmann, who commanded the Fifty-Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg. In a very interesting paper read by him before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 8, 1880, he spoke of General Hancock as follows, after describing the progress of the battle up to a certain point. General Hofmann is one of those quiet, unobtrusive men who recall the best specimens of the old school soldier.

'It became evident, as we moved up the slope, that we were approaching a point where the topographical features of the locality would, in some measure, compensate for the absent corps. But where each individual brigade or regimental commander should reform his command, whether upon the right or upon the left, seemed to be a difficult subject to decide, the orders received were constantly conflicting. Under these circumstances, we moved up the slope, and at the crest met a group of mounted officers, among them, one whose qualities were such as eminently fitted him for the critical hour. He saw before him a commingled mass of troops. Troops of the army whose fortunes he had shared from its birth. He knew that the discipline that had been instilled by him who had organized them into an army—that grand, undaunted, indestructible Army of the Potomac—was still within them. Directing this division to reform upon the right, that one upon the left, it was but a short time, and he had wrought order from chaos. This accomplished, he directed the occupation of Culp's Hill. The hill was soon occupied, but not a moment too soon.

The Seventh Indiana of our brigade, detached in the morning for special duty, as I have stated, and not engaged in conflicts with the enemy, rejoined us as we were reforming in the cemetery, and being a compact organization, it was sent at once to form a line on Culp's Hill.

Major Grover, its commanding officer, established a line from the pinnacle down to the foot of the eastern slope, and on his way back to his centre, encountered and captured a scout of the enemy, who had crossed the hill before the line was established, and was on his way back when captured, with the report that the hill was not occupied by our troops. Grover's line of pickets was soon reinforced into a line of battle, which, on the following evening, successfully repulsed the desperate assault made by the enemy to capture the Hill.

It has always seemed to me that the merit for restoring order, and the foresight in directing the occupation of Culp's Hill, have failed to be fully appreciated by those who have written upon the subject. Without Culp's Hill in our possession, we could never have left our line on Cemetery Ridge on the second and third day of the battle.

That line on Culp's Hill became the high water line of the tidal wave of the rebellion, that far North had human slavery again carried her shackles, and from that line it ebbed back, back to Appomattox.

Mr. President, and members of the Historical Society, whose special province it is to collate and make record of all that concerns the history of our great State, the events that transpire within her borders, the deeds of her sons, I desire to place myself upon record with you as saying, that the officer to whom I have alluded, as having rendered such inestimable service on that memorable evening, is a son of Pennsylvania. His name is WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK."

It was at the very moment of this brilliant achievement that General Hancock was wounded. He was laid bleeding on the grass, surrounded by anxious groups of officers and men. "Shall we not carry you to the rear, General?" inquired Colonel Vesey, who was near him. "No, I thank you, Colonel," said Hancock, in the midst of his pain, calmly adding: "Attend to your commands, gentlemen, I will take care of myself." In connection with a preceding charge on Hancock's

corps occurred the death of the Confederate General Barksdale.

I have said I knew him well. I can see him now; his pale face, dark brown hair; the impassioned orator with extreme Southern views, yet full of that peculiar chivalry which belongs to the best classes of the South. He and his brother Edward, whatever may be said of their politics, have always been honorable, high-minded men.

On the afternoon of Friday, July 3rd, the storm of the battle was over. The retreat of the enemy began immediately after his defeat. He literally stood, not upon the order of going, but went—and that so rapidly, that he left nearly eight thousand prisoners, and sick and wounded, in our hands. The aggregate loss of Lee was thirty-seven thousand men, among whom were seven Generals killed in the battle, and six wounded. He lost in prisoners, including the wounded, thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-one. Of trophies, there were three guns, forty-one colors, and of small arms, twenty-four thousand nine hundred and seventy eight.

During the severest part of this great battle, there was a time when the troops in command of the gallant General Birney, since dead, were in imminent peril; and a large force of the enemy, sweeping furiously down from the contiguous hills, had nearly environed him in their deadly embrace. General Hancock, perceiving the danger from his

MALVERN HILLS.

centre, placed himself at the head of a picked division, and dashed rapidly forward to the scene. His gallant approach was noticed by all, and those who were nearest to him among the participants of the sanguinary struggle, felt sure that some important and brilliant movement was in hand. Approaching the disordered lines, he said: "Gen. Birney, you are nearly surrounded by the enemy." "I know it, General Hancock," replied Birney; "I am doing my best against a superior force." "I have brought you these reinforcements," continued Hancock, pointing his hand toward the rapidly coming troops. "You will place them at your discretion, General Birney; General Willard, in immediate command, will fight the men." The balls of the infuriate enemy, who had been bitterly disappointed at the reception given him by the lines of Hancock, were flying through the air like a driving storm of hail. Gen. Hancock coolly maintained his seat on horseback, and watched, for a few moments, the dispositions made of the reinforcements he had so opportunely brought. Then he turned the head of his horse towards another part of the hotly contested field. At that moment a ball passed near him and struck directly in the forehead of Gen. Willard, who fell dead at his feet. The look of Hancock at that instant is indescribable. He gazed silently on his fallen and gallant companion in arms, and glanced his searching eye to note its effects on the men. Every man was at his post, fighting

bravely still, as the new commander stepped forward to the vacant place.

As the two Generals, Hancock and Birney, rode rapidly along, reviewing the lines, giving orders and words of encouragement, the brave fellows who lay wounded in their path would raise themselves up from the crimson grass, and answer with cheers: "General, we're driving them! hurrah!" Regardless of their own sufferings, they rejoiced thus in the triumph of our country, some of them amid the very agonies of death. "It was more than we could bear," said General Birney, relating the scene, as he remembered how his own tears, and those of Hancock, fell among those dying heroes.

> "What gem hath dropped and sparkles o'er his chain?
> The tear most sacred shed for others' pain;
> That starts at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
> Already polished by the Hand Divine."

It is no wonder to us, when we become familiar with such incidents as these in the career of Gen. Hancock, that he should be so dear to the hearts of his men. Where the roar of battle was the loudest, he was sure to be present, if in his power to be. Where his gallant soldiers fell the fastest, he was always certain to be near. The humblest man in the ranks never passed unnoticed. His manly, commanding presence acted like a charm wherever seen, and his well-chosen words passed like an electric force from rank to rank." *

* Part of this chapter is taken from the admirable little book, "Winfield, The Lawyer's Son," written by Mr. Dennison, fifteen years ago.

CHAPTER IV.

CEMETERY HILL.

"CEMETERY HILL has become consecrated ground. Two of the marble statues ornamenting the pedestal personify War and History. War, symbolized by a soldier resting from the conflict, narrates to History the story of the struggle, and the deeds of the martyr-heroes who fell in that famous battle.

The historian of the future who essays to tell the tale of Gettysburg undertakes an onerous task, a high responsibility, a sacred trust. Above all things, justice and truth should dwell in his mind and heart. Then, dipping his pen as it were in the crimson tide, the sunshine of heaven lighting his page, giving 'honor to whom honor is due,' doing even justice to the splendid valor alike of friend and foe, he may tell the world how the rains descended in streams of fire, and the floods came in billows of rebellion, and the winds blew in blasts of fraternal execration, and beat upon the fabric of the Federal Union, and that it fell not, for, resting on the rights and liberties of the people, it was founded upon a rock." WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

HISTORIC JUDGMENT UPON HANCOCK AND GETTYSBURG.

When I come to this part of my subject I am appalled at the superabundance of material. It is not only the quality but the quantity of comment and commendation that makes the task of selec-

tion fairly herculean. I discard that marvellous repository, the "Letters of the Private Soldiers," not because they are not the best, but simply because to choose would be invidious. And for the same reason I must pass over the multitudinous material furnished by the daily newspapers. Therefore I venture to present from more carefully studied descriptions something which may serve to fix the great facts more firmly in the American mind and to do justice to the accomplished soldier now before the American people for the highest office in their gift.

First I give a passage from the graphic recital of the stirring deeds of an eventful day, from the pen of that fine soldier, General St. Clair A. Mulholland, a participant in the battle, in the Philadelphia *Times*, February 14, 1880:

HANCOCK TO THE RESCUE.

"However, all was not yet lost. Meade had again thought of Hancock, and as yesterday he sent him to stop the rout of the First and Eleventh Corps, so to-day he orders him to assume command on the left. Once more he is in the fight. A half hour of daylight yet remains; but it is long enough to enable him to rally some of our scattered troops, face them once more to the front, gather reinforcements, drive back the enemy, and restore our broken lines. At Waterloo, Wellington petitioned God for "night or Blucher." At Gettysburg, on this evening, we had no Blucher to pray for. Our whole force was up; but, while omitting the last part of the great Englishman's prayer, we had every reason to adopt the first portion. As the fight was closing upon the left of our army, Ewell was striking a terrific and successful blow on the right. As we re formed our division on the Taneytown road, and

after the rough handling we had received, had some difficulty in getting things in shape, we heard, away to the right and rear, the yells of the Louisiana Tigers as they rushed over our works at Culp's Hill. This was the most anxious hour of all in the great battle. We had been driven on the left, and on the right the rebs had effected a lodgment in our works, one of our strongest positions, and were, in fact, in our rear, without any adequate force to oppose them. Another hour of daylight, and unless some miracle had intervened, we would most likely have left Gettysburg without waiting to bid the inhabitants good evening. But, fortunately for us, there was no Joshua around Lee's headquarters, so the sun went down on almanac time, utterly regardless of the little troubles that we were trying to settle. Darkness fell upon the scene, and prevented the Johnnies from taking further advantage of their success, giving us a chance to repair our disasters. Few of us slept during this night. Our division went back, and was put in position on Cemetery Ridge by General Hancock, who all the night long labored to strengthen this line. The men gathered rocks and fence-rails, and used them to erect a light breastwork."

THE THIRD OF JULY.

"At this tumultuous moment we witnessed a deed of heroism such as we are apt to attribute only to knights of the olden time. Hancock, mounted and accompanied by his staff, Major Mitchell, Captain Harry Bingham, Captain Isaac Parker and Captain E. P. Bronson, with the corps flag flying in the hands of a brave Irishman, Private James Wells, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, started at the right of his line, where it joins the Taneytown road, and slowly rode along the terrible crest to the extreme left of his position, while shot and shell roared and crashed around him, and every moment tore great gaps in the ranks at his side.

"Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well."

It was a gallant deed, and withal not a reckless exposure of life; for the presence and calm demeanor of the commander as he passed through the lines of his men, set them an example which an hour later bore good fruit.

"At this moment silence reigned along our whole line. With arms at a 'right shoulder shift,' the division of Longstreet's corps moved forward with a precision that was wonderfully beautiful. It is now our turn, and the lines that a few moments before seemed so still, now teemed with animation. Eighty of our guns open their brazen mouths; solid shot and shell are sent on their errand of destruction in quick succession. We see them fall in countless numbers among the advancing troops. The accuracy of our fire could not be excelled; the missiles strike right in the ranks, tearing and rending them in every direction. The ground over which they have passed is strewn with dead and wounded. But on they come. The gaps in the ranks are closed as soon as made. They have three-quarters of a mile to pass exposed to our fire, and half the distance is nearly passed. Our gunners now load with cannister, and the effect is appalling; but still they march on. Their gallantry is past all praise—it is sublime. Now they are within a hundred yards. Our infantry rise up and pour round after round into these heroic troops.

THE GALLANT MEN OF THE SOUTH.

"At Waterloo the Old Guard recoiled before a less severe fire. But there was no recoil in these men of the South—they marched right on as though they courted death. They concentrate in great numbers and strike on the most advanced part of our line. The crash of the musketry and the cheers of the men blend together. The Philadelphia brigade occupy this point. They are fighting on their own ground and for their own State, and in the bloody hand-to-hand engagement which ensues, the Confederates, though fighting with desperate valor, find it impossible to dislodge them—they are rooted to the ground. Seeing how utterly hopeless further effort would be, and knowing the impossibility of reaching their lines, should they attempt a retreat, large numbers of the rebels lay down their arms, and the battle is won. To the left of the Philadelphia brigade we did not get to such close quarters. Seeing the utter annihilation of Pickett's troops, the division of Wilcox and others on their right went to pieces almost before they got within musket-range. A few here and there ran away, and tried to regain

their lines; but many laid down their arms, and came in as prisoners. At the most critical moment Hancock fell, among his men, on the line of Stannard's Vermont brigade, desperately wounded; but he continued to direct the fight until victory was assured, and then he sent Major Mitchell to announce the glad tidings to the commander of the army. Said he: 'Tell General Meade that the troops under my command have repulsed the assault of the enemy, who are now flying in all directions in my front.' 'Say to General Hancock,' said Meade, in reply, 'I regret exceedingly that he is wounded, and I thank him for the country and myself for the service he has rendered to-day." Truly, the country may thank General Hancock, as Congress afterwards did, for his great service on that field."

"Five thousand prisoners were sent to the rear, and we gathered up thirty-three regimental standards in front of the Second Corps. The remaining hours of daylight during this day were occupied in caring for the wounded, looking over the field and talking over the incidents of the fight. Many noble officers and men were lost on both sides, and in the camp hospital they died in hundreds during the afternoon and night. The Rebel General, Armistead, died in this way. As he was carried off to the rear he was met by Captain Harry Bingham, of Hancock's staff, who, getting off his horse, asked him if he could do anything for him. Armistead replied to take his watch and spurs to General Hancock, that they might be sent to his relatives. His wishes were complied with, General Hancock sending them to his relatives at the first opportunity. Armistead was a brave soldier with a chivalric presence, and came forward in front of his brigade waving his sword. He was shot through the body and fell inside of our line. Some of the wounded rebels showed considerable animosity towards our men. One of them who lay mortally wounded in front of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, sullenly refused to be taken to the hospital, saying that he wanted to die right there on the field where he fell. The scene after Longstreet's charge was indescribable. In front of the Philadelphia brigade the dead lay in great heaps. Dismounted guns, ruins of exploded caissons, dead and mutilated men and horses, were piled up together in every direction.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"The Colonel of one of Pickett's regiments lay dead, his arms clasping the body of his brother, who was Major of his regiment; they were remarkably handsome men and greatly resembled each other. Out on the field where Longstreet's corps had passed thousands of wounded were laying. We had no means of reaching these poor fellows, and many of them lay there between the lines until the morning of the fifth. On the fourth we lay quietly all day, awaiting the next event. The enemy could be seen moving about on Seminary Ridge. Welcome supplies came up and were issued. All hands felt cheerful, but a degree of uncertainty as to whether the battle was over or whether the rebels were getting ready for some new movement prevented us from celebrating the national anniversary in a proper manner. Once in a while the sharp-shooters would try their skill on some of our people to let us know they were still there. The stench from the dead became intolerable, and we tried to escape it by digging up the ground and burying our faces in the fresh earth. On the morning of the fifth we found the enemy had gone, and then what a scene! I think the fact was first discovered by the troops on Culp's Hill, and what a cheer went up! A cheer that swelled into a roar and was taken up by the boys on Cemetery Hill, rolled along the crest to Round Top and then back again. Cheers from the Philadelphia Brigade, that stood a living wall, against which the hosts beat in vain. Cheers for Meade, the soldier, "without fear or reproach," who here began, with a great victory, his illustrious career as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Cheers for Hancock, who had stemmed the tide of defeat on the first day and selected the ground on which this glorious victory was achieved, who, on the second day, had again stopped the tide of Rebel victory and restored our shattered lines, and on the third day had met and repulsed the final assault, on which Lee's all was staked, and won the battle that was really the death-blow to the rebellion.

"And then we gathered up with tender care and consigned to earth our noble dead.

When will their glory fade?

"Indeed they have not died in vain. The good they have accomplished will last forever. History will record in glowing words their heroic deeds and glorious death."

FROM THE "MARTIAL DEEDS OF PENNSYLVANIA," BY SAMUEL P. BATES, CONTRIBUTED BY COL. JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

"When General Meade relieved General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and commenced the movement into Pennsylvania in pursuit of Lee, he kept the Second Corps on the centre of the line of march; and when on the morning of the 1st of July he found that the left wing of his army had struck the enemy, and Reynolds had fallen, reposing great confidence in Hancock, he sent him upon the field to assume supreme command. Upon his arrival he found affairs in great extremity. The First and Eleventh Corps had alone been pitted against a full half of the rebel army, and broken and bleeding were retreating through the town to Cemetery Hill, where the well-planted artillery of Steinwehr formed the nucleus for rallying, and where he saw at a glance was a favorable point for making a stand. It was with a thrill of gladness that the weary and begrimed soldiers hailed the face of the good chief. Howard, the leader of the Eleventh Corps, who had been in command, was already there. Hancock made known his instructions that he had orders to assume command from General Meade. General Howard replied, 'All right, Hancock, go ahead.'

"Hancock had an excellent military eye. He could take in at a glance the advantages and defects of a great battle-field. he character and composition of the army, too, were perfectly familiar to him. His first care was to secure immediate safety, and to preserve it until darkness should come, when he could retire to a new position, if necessary; for as yet General Meade had not decided where he would fight. Hancock was instructed before leaving head-quarters to look for good positions as he rode up. He was pleased with the Gettysburg ground, and so notified Meade, though he detected its inherent weakness in its liability to be turned upon on the left. His dispositions were wisely made. The resolute Wadsworth was sent to Culp's Hill to cover the little ravine

that makes up in rear of Cemetery Hill, and there also he posted the artillery of Stevens. To the indomitable Geary was given the vulnerable ground stretching towards Round Top. The Eleventh Corps was disposed upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Along the open ground on the left flank he placed the watchful Buford, and in rear of all, as a reserve, the dauntless Doubleday, with the remnants of the First Corps, grim veterans who had all day long received unmoved a baptism of fire.

"When the troops had been posted and all seemed secure, he turned over the command to Slocum, about 7 P.M., who had now arrived, and who also ranked him, and returned to head-quarters. His action was approved, and his dispositions were carried out in every particular by Meade when he came upon the field. On the afternoon of the following day, when the tornado of battle burst upon the army, and Sickles was wounded and his gallant Third Corps crushed, Meade called for Hancock, and put him in command of that corps also, in addition to the Second Corps and other troops he was commanding, and by vigorous and careful efforts he succeeded in bringing into form and order the Third Corps. On the evening of this very eventful day, when the Louisiana Tigers made their furious charge upon Cemetery Hill, without waiting for orders—knowing that peril was imminent—he sent Carroll's brigade to the rescue, which, advancing upon the run, came in time to repel the assault. In speaking of this event afterwards, Hancock said that he felt in his bones that there was urgent need of help. On the third day of the battle the grand charge of Longstreet fell full upon Hancock's corps; and gallantly was it met and its massed columns swept away as flax by fire. In the midst of this terrific onset, and when the whole heavens were wrapt in flame, while dashing over the ground unheeding danger, he was struck and severely wounded, falling from his horse on his line of battle. He was laid in an ambulance, but refused to leave the field until he saw the enemy beaten and victory perching upon his standards. Nor was the bleeding hero yet content. 'When I was wounded,' he says, 'and lying down in my ambulance and about leaving the field, I dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the Fifth and Sixth Corps, I believed he would win a great victory.' By a joint resolution of Con-

gress, he received the thanks of that body for 'his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous services in that great and decisive victory.'"

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

From the *Southern Review*, of April, 1869.

"Gettysburg marks the period of a most formidable irruption made by Southern arms into the Northern territory. In weight of artillery, and number of men actually engaged, it probably exceeded any battle of the war. On its issue hung, perhaps, the fate, for the time, of one or more of the large Northern cities. The very date of its occurrence, on the eve of the Fourth of July, has added to the impression it has made. It has seemed to many, the turning point of a contest of which the remainder was but a tremendous death-struggle.

"The Federal line was broken, the guns captured and the troops holding them put to flight, and his forces right and left promptly scattered. This day would have added another to the list of the disasters of the Army of the Potomac, *but* Hancock *exerted himself with great skill and courage to stay the precedence of defeat.* The troops on both sides were hurled on Pickett's flanks; others were brought up on his front. Then after a short but terrible struggle, in which all his brigade commanders and nearly all his regimental commanders went down, and Pickett, leaving more than half his division dead, wounded or prisoners, was driven back to the Confederate lines. The brigades on his right moved up after his repulse to attack, but did not reach the works before they were forced to retire.

"Had General Lee succeeded in his bold dash against the Federal army, and driven it, with the loss of its immense artillery, from Seminary Ridge, the advantage thus gained would have been most important to the Confederacy. It would open Pennsylvania to him for the time, would possibly have given him Baltimore, would have caused the recall of General Grant, and the abandonment of the successful union campaign in the Southwest, and might possibly, though not probably, have strengthened the peace party in the North sufficiently to have seriously embarrassed the Lincoln administration. It was the prospect

of these gains that reconciled General Lee to deliver battle when he found it imminent; these were all processes which trembled in the balance for three days, and which would have been his, had he at any time during that period been able to secure a combined and simultaneous attack on the Federal position."

Their terrible repulse on the afternoon of the third of July, when General Hancock hurled back their impetuous columns, was the real opportunity for the surrender, which was postponed until April, 1865. The Confederates were flying towards the Potomac, at Williamsport, and a sad, sad, Fourth of July it was for them. While they were pushing forward their wagons, filled with wounded and prisoners, their leaders looked back, fearing pursuit, and expecting every minute to be struck, as they staggered on. The whole North was filled with delight. General Hancock's passage homeward was a triumphal ovation, although he was suffering terribly from his wounds. In the meanwhile, the Confederate leaders were doing their best to rally and compose their demoralized troops. Longstreet and Lee were busy in comforting the flying and in healing the hurts of the wounded. Of the conduct of the latter officer, an eye-witness wrote:

"If Longstreet's behaviour was admirable, that of General Lee was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about, a little in front of the wood, quite alone—his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care, or annoyance; and he was addressing to

every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as 'all this will come out right in the end; we will talk it over afterwards; but meanwhile all good men must rally; we want all good and true men just now, etc.' He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted 'to bind up their hurts and take a musket' in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him. He said to me, 'This has been a sad day for us, Colonel—a sad day; but we can't always expect to gain victories.'"

"This was the last offensive sally attempted by Lee. He was himself thoroughly convinced of the hopelessness of the undertaking, and the fire of his troops was quenched in blood. 'The severe loss sustained by the army, and the reduction of its ammunition,' he mildly says, 'rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy inadvisable.'

Swinton says:

"The defeat of the Army of the Potomac, and the retention of a footing long enough on loyal soil to so work upon the North, that under the combined pressure of its own fears, the uprising of reactionary elements at home, and perhaps the influence of the powers abroad, it might be disposed to sue for peace. He had ample means for the conduct of the enterprise, which was of itself not extravagant, and it is rare that any military operation presents greater assurance of success than Lee had of attaining his end of conquering a peace on Northern soil.

"This being so, we can rise at once to the height of the appreciation of the triumph at Gettysburg—a victory which, if we consider the tremendous issue which it involved, calls forth sentiments akin to the trembling joy with which Cromwell returned thanks to heaven for the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester. It was the crisis of the war—the salvation of the North.

"But the results of Gettysburg were not confined to the eastern theatre of operations: its effect was powerfully felt throughout all the West, where, in consequence of the absorption of force for the invasion of Pennsylvania, a succession of severe disasters befell the Confederate

arms. At the time the campaign was initiated the Army of the Mississippi was shut up in Vicksburg, and the Army of the Tennessee confronted the force of Rosecrans in daily expectation of attack, and itself too weak to maintain its ground.

"And thus the battle-summer rose to its climax in the clash and clamor of Titanic war, which, spending its fury on the soil of Pennsylsylvania, was echoed back from the borders of the Mississippi and the Alpine heights of the Cumberland Mountains."

Now these words are not the words of a politician, but the sober judgment of a careful and candid historian, accepted as such by both sides; in his clear and cogent way, always ready to do justice to an enemy, even at the expense of the cause he was known to sustain.

The truth is, if General Hancock, instead of having been a member of the Democratic party, had been as pronounced a Republican, this year would have found him a Republican instead of a Democratic candidate, and then all the charges made against him would have been buried deep in the ocean. What he did for Pennsylvania, what he did for the nation, so freely admitted after the Gettysburg victory, would have been claimed by the party leaders as one of the proudest military achievements in the world; and because this is the fact, so many thousands of Republicans turn away with shame from the practice which has now become the rule among republican leaders; the particular effort of the ring-leaders of the Republican party is to dwarf, dim and deny all these unparalleled services to the country, because the

man who wrought them is a member of the great Democratic party.

A soldier, writing to the Buffalo *Courier*, a few days ago, uses these words:

"The Sixty-fourth New York Volunteers, to which regiment the writer of this article belonged during the war, was one of the regiments which made up the famous First Division, Second Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. General E. V. Sumner was the first commander of the division, and Gen. "Dick" Richardson the second.

"Our regiment first saw General Winfield S. Hancock on the battle-field of Antietam, September 17th, 1862. It was during the height of this sanguinary and bloody conflict, as near as I can recollect, about two o'clock, P. M., with the undulating field and sunken road literally covered with dead and wounded, with shells bursting and bullets shrieking over the heads of our men, lying flat upon their faces in line of battle, that General Hancock assumed command of the First Division, in place of General Richardson, wounded, and appeared upon the field in our front, riding along without aide or orderly, *alone—surely a fine place for a dress-parade soldier.*

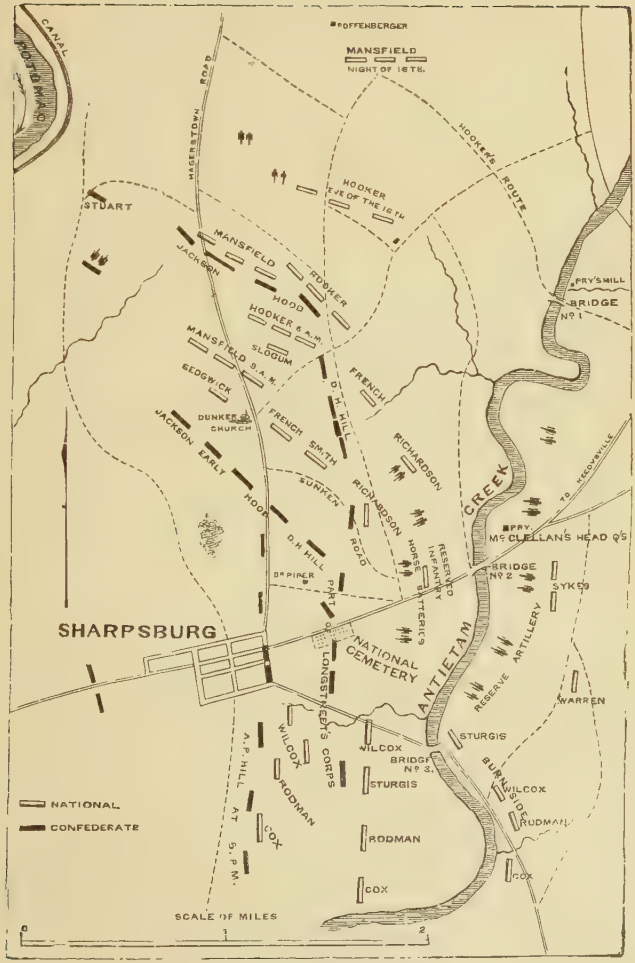
"We had thereafter, during the remainder of the service in the war, daily opportunities to observe the Democratic nominee for the presidency. We can remember General Hancock in camp and on the march, and in battle. We can remember the reconnoisance of the First Division from Harper's Ferry out to Halltown and Charlestown, under Hancock, driving the enemy before it. We can remember him on the march down the Loudon Valley, driving the enemy out of Snicker's Gap and holding it.

"The battle of Fredericksburg was fought December 13th, 1862, and Hancock's division bore the brunt of the battle, charging the enemy upon Mayre's Heights, held by three or four entrenched lines of battle. Hancock himself rode up the broad glacis upon his splendid charger at the head of his division, and seemed the embodiment of heroism. Dead soldiers wearing the red trefoil were buried near the enemy's second line of breastworks, showing how far they had advanced. We

can remember Hancock at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Coal Harbor, and Petersburg. There is not a soldier of the Old Second Army Corps who has a record to be proud of, but is proud of General Hancock. The regiment to which I belonged,—and there is *none* with a more glorious record—which was composed of men from Cattaraugus and Erie Counties, will not refuse to support their old commander now."

The same writer, commenting upon the attacks of the Republican office-holders upon Hancock now, adds: "They know it was Hancock's corps that saved the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg, and the living heroes of the old second army corps, know it was Hancock's corps at Gettysburg that saved Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia."

The brutal and illogical course of the Republican leaders of the present day is killing Mr. Garfield. While they assail Hancock, while they deny that he is a citizen of Pennsylvania, while they attempt to connect him with all manner of scandal, each slander in turn refuted, and insist that it is only the volunteer general, and not the regular, that deserves honor and promotion, (forgetting all the time when they were Whigs they nominated Gen. Scott for the Presidency, and when they were Know-Nothings they nominated Zachary Taylor for the Presidency, both regulars;) yet now let a Confederate general become a Republican, like Moseby, or Longstreet, or Key, the present Postmaster General, all at once the very men who cover



ANTIETAM BATTLE-GROUND.

such a soldier as Hancock with their libels, instantly forget what is called the rebel record of those they welcome from the Southern ranks into the Republican party. "No matter," says this private soldier, in the *Buffalo Courier*, "how dark a man's record may have been, no matter how many Union soldiers he murdered in cold blood, during the war, no matter how much of a rebel he was then considered, no matter if he had been captured by the old army corps, he would have had a drum court-martial and been hung, but if only he would swear allegiance to the Republican party, then he is a hero fit for any trust."

I could fill pages with such testimonials as these to General Hancock—pages from the very Republican papers that are now traducing him, because he is a member of the Democratic Party—pages from the very Republican politicians who were literally ready to fall down and worship him in 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg. My gifted friend, George G. Gross, Esq., of Reading, Pennsylvania, who wrote so graphic a picture of the battle of Gettysburg in my old paper, the *Press*, November 27, 1865, wrote as follows:

"The story told in *Blackwood* by Colonel Freemantle, of the British army, who was present, may help to explain why so few of the Confederates were hit. Reynolds was killed, and two, Hancock and Sickles, wounded. Colonel Freemantle says: 'Carried away by excitement, I rushed up to Longstreet, who was sitting on a fence, quietly whittling a stick, whilst watching the charge, and said to General Longstreet: "Is

not this splendid? I would not have missed it for the world." "The devil you would not!" replied Longstreet, "why, don't you see we are getting licked like hell?" ' "

Speaking of the bombardment which preceded the Confederate charge, General Hancock says: "It was the most terrific cannonading I ever witnessed, and the most prolonged."

A Confederate eye-witness, describing it, says: "I have never yet heard such a tremendous artillery-fire. The very earth shook under our feet; the hills seemed to rock like drunken men. For a half an hour this tremendous fire was heard. During this time the crash of falling timber and the rocks flying through the air, the swish of balls and shells and the fierce neighing of the wounded artillery-horses, made a picture terrible, grand and sublime."

LETTER FROM A UNION OFFICER OF A MARYLAND REGIMENT DESCRIBING MEADE, HANCOCK AND SLOCUM.

Gettysburg Springs, Pa., July 24th, 1880.

COL. J. W. FORNEY.

My Dear Sir:—The statement which I made to you yesterday, and which you requested me to put in writing, was: General Meade having been assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac whilst on the march to meet, wherever found, the great army with its great commander, that had invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, and was on its march to any and all points which its powers might enable it to reach, there was much anxious expectation in respect to his power to handle, to best advantage, so large an army, and on which so much depended, amongst both officers and men of his command. Here let me remind you that the Union Army was composed in large part of Volunteer

citizens, officers and men, who were there in pursuit of their own supreme affair, the preservation of their own Constitutional Government; and that the minds of those men were in intense activity. They were absorbed in other ideas than disposing of the spoils of a political canvas. Whilst resolved to obey, without comment, whatever orders might be issued, they were naturally anxious to feel assured that such orders would be dictated by the highest attainable prudence, skill and wisdom.

When it came to be understood that General Hancock had reached the front on Cemetery Hill, and had fully approved, and in fact selected the position to be occupied, and that General Meade showed himself to be so really great that, instead of arrogating any thing, he called in consultation his Lieutenants Hancock and Slocum, and divided the immediate command of the army between them, giving the left wing to Hancock, and the right to Slocum, reserving to himself the supervision of both; and that his orders would be the products of the carefully matured judgment of himself and them, the anxiety and speculation mentioned were instantly replaced by an assurance, felt by every man, that there would be no mistakes in the orders we might receive—that each order would be fully considered, and aimed at one end only, the effective discharge of the duty before us—would offer in sacrifice no life unless demanded by that duty. I think that no such body of men as that which constituted the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg was, perhaps, ever filled with a more quietly fixed determination to do and execute all orders than was that Army, and that its peculiar morale was the inspiration of the assurance mentioned.

If the operations of the army in the series of struggles occurring in that campaign be studied, the presence of the universal assurance which I have attempted to describe will, I think, be apparent—its efficiency in reaching the result will be equally apparent—and the perfect concord between Meade, Hancock and Slocum will be clearly seen to be the true bottom source of that assurance.

You will not misunderstand me as intending to intimate that General Meade abdicated, in the least degree, any one of the duties or responsibilities of his place of supreme command. I mean to say that

he was large enough, was grand enough, to avail, without stint or grudge, of the knowledge and skill of Hancock and Slocum, and of himself, as it was then understood in the army. I mean to say that without Meade and Hancock and Slocum, there could be no assurance that the result at Gettysburg would have been attained. And pardon me for adding my belief that, were the power vouchsafed to his body in its honored grave, Meade's dust would move with indignant scorn at any attempt by any man to draw a line of distinction between the honors justly due to himself, to Hancock, and to Slocum, for the issues of Gettysburg, and that each of the other two, yet spared to bless their country, and to be safe pillars of its defense against assault, from whatever quarter, would with like scorn repel any effort to draw such line. Each was a hero—all three compounded made up the hero of Gettysburg.

Now don't forget that I have written this because you insisted. I was but a Colonel commanding a regiment of Lockwood's Maryland Brigade, attached to the 12th corps. It may seem presumptuous in me to have said so much. But it is, every word, the truth, and will be verified by the conscience of every fairly intelligent man who participated in the Gettysburg campaign.

This is the first occasion on which I have put my pen to paper, on any subject connected with that campaign, since I wrote, at the request of my commanding officer, my official report, on July 4th, 1863. May this be my apology, if in this letter I may seem to have spoken with greater distinctness and openness than may be becoming in so modest an actor in, comparatively, so humble a sphere.

With great respect and regard,

I am yours truly,

WM. P. MAULSBY.

Major Veale of the gallant Second Division, Twelfth Army Corps, commanded by Gen. John W. Geary in the battle of Gettysburg, a modest soldier who served with equal distinction under Sherman and Grant sends me the following interesting incident:

"The first day of the battle of Gettysburg, at between 3½ and 4 o'clock, P. M., while the second division 12th Army Corps, commanded by Gen. John W. Geary was halted at the "Two Taverns," orders were received by General Geary to leave one brigade of his troops at the Two Taverns, and advance with his first and third brigades to the point. General Geary requested me to ride with him in advance of the troops to the point. We rode rapidly, and upon arriving at Cemetry Hill found General Hancock standing in about the centre of the road. At this time, about four o'clock, P. M., the First Corps, (General Reynolds having been killed) and the Eleventh Corps were upon the field and partly in line. The Third Corps was off on the Emmettsburg road. General Geary dismounted upon arriving on the field and saluted General Hancock. I sat upon my horse close to them and heard the following conversation: General Hancock said, "Geary, where are your troops?" Geary replied, "Two brigades are on the road advancing." Hancock said "Do you see this knoll on the left, (meaning Little Round Top). That knoll is a commanding position, and we must take possession of it, and then a line can be formed here and a battle fought. If we fail to fight here, we will be compelled to fall back about seven miles. In the absence of Slocum, I shall order you to place your troops on that knoll." General Geary said to me, "Veale, ride back and order General Greene to double-quick his troops diagonally across the fields and take possession of the knoll." I rode to General Green and gave the orders. He took possession of the knoll just in time. That night the Third Corps under General Sickles relieved us, and we removed to the extreme right of the line. Then General Hancock's knowledge, skill and courage took in at a glance all the conditions of the field, and established the line at Gettysburg, which enabled us to fight the pivotal battle which saved the country."

THE GENERAL AT HIS HOME IN 1863.

But the Union victory at Gettysburg on the 3d of July, 1863, while it saved the country from a Confederate invasion, carried gloom and grief to

many households. The Confederate losses were terrible, and many gallant men from the North were sent to their last home. At first the wound of General Hancock was believed to be fatal. He had had many miraculous escapes. He never spared himself, while more than careful of the lives of his men, and it is remarkable that with his conspicuous action and striking figure, he was not earlier struck down.

Borne to Norristown, near his native place, having been followed all the way by the blessings and cheers of a grateful people, he had such a welcome as can never be forgotten. His position in the railway-car, where he was placed at length on a stretcher laid over the backs of the seats, drew to his side many sympathizing friends, who gathered to testify their warm admiration and praise. Arrived at the station, he was met by a detachment of the veteran guards, who tenderly placed him on their shoulders, bearing him through the streets. The inhabitants along the route, as may be well supposed, were deeply moved by the sight. Not knowing the extent of his wounds, and seeing him thus prostrate in the hands of soldiers marching with steady steps on the side-walk, they watched the scene with peculiar interest.

Twenty-three years before, he had left his father's house a stripling, and since then served in every section of the republic, passing through many dangers· and now in the thirty-ninth year

of his age, he came back to his parents and his friends one of the most envied and honored citizens of the republic he had so often risked his life to save, and though severely injured in a conflict that came as near losing the life of the Republic as his own, still happy in the supreme sense of duty done.

In turning over the newspapers of the day, it is gratifying to find the universality of the honors paid to him. There was but one sentiment in all parties: he had done the great work; he had received the unprompted and stupendous compliment of his illustrious Commander-in-chief, General Meade. His companions-in-arms, from his equals in rank to the privates in the great army, hailed him with admiration and love; and his government, alike of the State and the nation, recognized the signal efficiency of his prompt and glorious valor. At that time nobody remembered his politics; nobody thought of him save as a patriotic soldier.

After many weeks of repose, his active and disinterested mind yearned for the scenes he had left, and his ardent nature panted to participate in the still progressing struggle. But his wound was of such a nature as to compel the utmost care, and he could only write to his friends and his wife and children at St. Louis by means of an amanuensis. He was wounded on the 3d of July, 1863, and a year after, July 4, 1864, his townsmen, at the

instigation of several of his schoolmates, under the direction principally of B. C. Chain, Esq., of Norristown, a service of gold and silver plate was prepared and presented to him. There were nine pieces elaborately embossed, bearing the following inscription :

TO
MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.
FROM
CITIZENS OF HIS BIRTH-PLACE,
NORRISTOWN,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA,
JULY 4th,
1864.

The cost of this testimonial was $1600, but the value to the recipient cannot be computed in silver or in gold. It is a pleasant reminder of the days spent as a boy in Norristown, and a proof more precious than jewels that the companions of his youth had not forgotten him, nor the manly part he took in those early scenes. He had always been a leader among them, and this appropriate memorial was a new assurance that they held him worthy to be a commander of a great army of patriots as they now believe he has earned the higher honors of presiding over the nation itself.

Previous to these evidences of affection from his own people, he made a visit to New York, and stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel there, where he immediately began to make certain military

arrangements on September 15, 1863, in order that he might hasten his return to the battle-field. The receptions that greeted him in his native county, in Philadelphia and other places, were followed up in the great metropolis; and his greeting at West Point by his comrades-in-arms, was altogether remarkable. All of his fellow cadets were gone, some of the professors had gone, but the scenes of other days came freshly back upon him, and he lived again in the haunts and studies of his young manhood.

Now he proceeded to the home of his father-in-law, "Longwood," near St. Louis, Missouri, where his wife and children anxiously awaited him. Under date of October 12, 1863, he writes to his own father at Norristown:

"I threw aside my crutches a few days after my arrival, and now walk with a cane. I am improving, but do not yet walk without a little 'roll.' My wound is still unhealed, though the doctors say it is closing rapidly. I find some uneasiness in sitting long on a chair, and cannot yet ride. The bone appears to be injured, and may give me trouble for a long time. I hope, however, I may be well enough in two weeks to join my Corps.

"I am busy in trimming up the forest trees in the lawn of 'Longwood,' which covers nearly eleven acres. I know it is not the best time; but still it will do.

"Allie and the children send their best love to you and mother.

"Please give my best love to mother, and I remain, as ever,

"Your affectionate son,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK."

"To B. F. Hancock, Esq., Norristown, Pa."

HANCOCK IN PHILADELPHIA AFTER THE BATTLE.

Before General Hancock passed on to Norristown, after the battle, he was compelled to stay over in Philadelphia for rest, and while here the city was ringing with the double victory of Vicksburg and Gettysburg. He got here just as the news of Grant's thrilling capture of the Southern stronghold became known, and he was besieged with the shouts of victory, but the shattered soldier was in a poor condition for company. My other friend, General Daniel E. Sickles, had just about that time come to Washington, where I met him, while life was hanging by a thread, the 10th of July, 1863. *The Press* spoke of these two heroes as follows:

"Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, commanding the 2d Army Corps of the Potomac, has arrived in this city, and is quartered at the La Pierre House. The General was wounded in the recent fight, while, like the lamented Reynolds gallantly defending the soil of his native state. General Hancock has been in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and is a brave and fearless officer, and has won for himself the admiration of all our old veterans. Generals Hancock and Sickles were both wounded about the same time, but it was through their united energy and determination that the rebels in their frightful charge were repulsed, and the victory of that day secured to our arms."

On the same day *The Press* had the following from my correspondent at Gettysburg:

July 3, 1863.—At 2 o'clock, P. M., Friday, Longstreet's whole corps advanced from the rebel centre. The enemy's forces wore hurled upon our position by columns in mass, and also in lines of battle. Our centre

was held by General Hancock, with the noble old 2d Army Corps aided by a portion of the 1st Corps. The rebels opened a terrific artillery bombardment to demoralize our men, and then moved their forces with great impetuosity upon our position. Hancock received the attack with great firmness, and, after a furious battle lasting until five o'clock, the enemy were driven from the field, Longstreet's corps being almost annihilated.

"The battle was a most magnificent spectacle. It was fought on an open plain just south of Gettysburg, with not a troe to interrupt the view. The courage of our men was perfectly sublime. At 5 P. M., what was left of the enemy retreated in utter confusion, leaving dozens of flags, and General Hancock estimated at least five thousand killed and wounded on the field."

"The battle was fought by General Hancock with splendid valor. He won imperishable honor, and General Meade thanked him in the name of the army and the country. He was wounded in the thigh, but remained on the field."

How striking the contrast between this outpouring of the popular heart and the howl of the ring office-holders to-day! In 1863 there was not a Republican, scholar, mechanic, or merchant, that did not hold and proclaim these views and proudly class Hancock as his fellow-citizen. Now read also from *The Press* what the people did while Hancock was lying, as was supposed, at death's door:

THE CIVIC CELEBRATION.

THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.

No where was the Anniversary of our National Independence more appropriately or more spiritedly observed than at the new Chestnut Street Theatre, which was crowded in the evening. The stage was brilliantly decked with American flags, and our National Anthems, "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner," were

played by the Orchestra, with thrilling effect, the audience applauding repeatedly. Upon the rising of the curtain, Mrs. Bowers, personating the Goddess of Liberty, stepped forward with a handsome silk flag in hand and repeated Drake's immortal address to the American flag. At almost every couplet she was interrupted with the wildest bursts of enthusiasm, and when she pronounced the closing stanza:

"Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven!
For ever float that standard sheet;
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us,"

the cheering was almost deafening. When she had concluded, the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the entire company, the solo being by Mrs. Charles Henri, Mrs. J. L. Barrett and Mr. J. L. Barrett. The "Peep O'Day," the great Irish sensation drama—a legitimate sensation—followed. As the period is the Rebellion of '98, many of the passages have an appropriate bearing on our own times, and Father O'Leary was loudly applauded when he expressed the hope that all the Confederates would imitate the example of the Peep O'Day boys, and lay down their arms.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 AND THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

As we stood in Independence Square yesterday, and listened to the echoing peals of the State-House bell, the following beautiful poem—perhaps we might call it prophecy—from the pen of a well-known citizen, recurred to our mind, and, amid the new associations of the hallowed place seemed invested with new meaning and beauty. It was sent us for publication by Mrs. B. J. Leedom:

No self was there when the solemn prayer
Arose from the patriot band
Who stood in the night for God and the right
Of freedom throughout the land,
When the old bell toll'd on the summer air
The spirit of Justice heard the prayer.

Fervent yet low were the words that flew
From heart to heart that day,
And hand grasped hand as the patriot band
Prepared them for the fray,
And the old bell toll'd so loud and clear,
Our lives for our country we know no fear.

From mountain and dell, at the sound of that bell
Came the hardy children of toil;
From valley and glen sprang the sturdy old men
And the youth left the plough in the soil.
When the old bell rung, o'er the mountains afar
The children of peace became veterans in war.

Firm as a rock, they meet the shock
Of England's serried band,
And back from the coast they scattered the host
Of the foeman from out the land,
And the old bell rang through the summer trees,
As the "Star Spangled Banner" was flung to the breeze.

The tones that fell from that liberty bell
Shall sweep over land and sea,
Till the sceptre and crown shall tumble down,
And the nations all are free,
And the old bell spirit shall ring through the world
Till the banner of Christ be alone unfurled.

A PATRIOTIC COINCIDENCE. EDWIN FORREST ON GRANT AND HANCOCK.

While our people were in the midst of felicitations over their release from the horrors incidental to a successful invasion, I made a visit with my intimate companion of many a year, Edwin Forrest, to the Cathedral, on 18th Street, near Race, Philadelphia, both of us having been invited to the hospitalities of Archbishop Wood, by my old friend, Father McCo-

nomy, of Lancaster, since deceased, and several members of the church. They gave us a hearty welcome. Forrest was never more delightful. He literally kept the table in a roar. His full mind seemed to run over with reminiscences of his altogether charming and eventful life. Like the rest of the company, he was in high glee over the success of General Hancock at Gettysburg, taking opportunity to speak of his admiration of the gallant soldier; for Forrest, while an ardent patriot, was also a very ardent Democrat, and he was proud because so much glory and honor had been achieved by his friend, General Hancock.

He repeated some of his finest recitations, among them that wonderful production, "The Idiot Boy," and seemed to be especially pleased at his capacity to make others pleased. One of the clerical gentlemen was so much carried away by the Idiot Boy, that he took down a copy of the poem itself. And not only to present it to the readers of this hurried history, do I give it here, but because it marks the particular coincidence which I often referred to in after days, and which dear Forrest loved to talk about:

THE IDIOT BOY.

"It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet, to the poor unreasoning boy,
God had not been unkind.

"Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear;
And he was everything to her,
Who knew no hope or fear.

"She knew his wants, she understood
Each half-articulate call,
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

"And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at last on Sarah came,
And she fell sick—and died.

"He tried in vain to waken her,
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead!
The words to him no import bore.

"They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
While he stood wondering by,
And when they bore her to the grave,
He followed silently.

"They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the funeral stave;
And when the fun'ral train dispersed,
He lingered by that grave.

"The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him by the grave,
And not a word they said.

"They came and went and came again,
Till night at last came on;
Yet still he lingered by the grave,
Till every one had gone.

"And when he found himself alone,
He swift removed the clay;
Then raised the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

"He bore it to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

"Then out he took his mother's corpse,
And placed it on a chair;
And soon he heaped the hearth,
And made the kindling fire with care.

"He had put his mother in *her* chair,
And in its wonted place,
And then he blew the fire, which shone,
Reflected in her face.

"And, pausing now, her hand would feel,
And then her face behold:
"'*Why*, mother do you look so pale,
And why are you so cold?'

"It had pleased God from the poor wretch
His only friend to call;
Yet God was kind to him, and soon
In *death* restored him *all*."

After Forrest had delighted our little company, we said good-by to the agreeable hosts, and quietly walked in the dark over to Chestnut street, when he said to me, "What is the matter with the town, it seems to be unusually light? Is it a fire? Or is it a jubilee?" It was the 6th of July, 1863—when he answered his own question—"Great

BATTLE-FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

heavens! I think Vicksburg has fallen." And so it proved to be. In the midst of our rejoicing over the victory at Gettysburg, won chiefly by General Hancock, a Pennsylvanian, here came the intelligence that on the same anniversary of American independence, another friend of Forrest, General Ulysses S. Grant, had captured that great point on the Mississippi River, and so forever re-opened that pathway to the sea.

What a jolly night it was! what a supplement and sequel to the unparalleled Saturday and Sunday before, when the masses of all parties rose, full of gratitude for the victory of Gettysburg. And now, as if God Himself had directed the similarity, while our sacred flag was floating in triumph over the Confederates at one point, a victory almost as essential was achieved under the same banner at another.

How eloquent Forrest was that evening! how full of praise of Grant! how the democratic politics of my dramatic friend broke out! "Here we have two of the grandest achievements in history; two of the most decisive victories for liberty; two events that will close out this hateful war and finally bring peace and brotherhood to this distracted nation, and won by two democrats! What have you got to say to that, my black republican friend?" He was so delighted with the night, that I never saw him in finer spirits. The world never produced a more interesting man, and

I think he had no equal on any stage, American or European. Poor Forrest! He has gone to his long home, and we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

It was indeed a remarkable coincidence. The news came by a despatch from acting Rear Admiral Porter, dated Flag-ship "Black Hawk," July 4th, 1863, as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States forces on this 4th of July."

In the evening of the 5th, President Lincoln made a great speech from the Executive Mansion in the city of Washington, in which he spoke of the magnificent courage of the troops at Gettysburg, who fought so rapidly, that their victories might be called "one great battle!" Stanton succeeded in a speech in which he referred in high eulogy to the recent deeds of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. Gen. Halleck, Senators Wilson, Wilkinson, Lane, of Kansas; Representatives Washburn and Arnold also made speeches. Mr. Seward in reply remarked that "No nation could be saved without sacrifices; that if he could not save the country, he was here at the expense of all he held dear, he wished to be buried in its ruins."

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD EVERETT AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PLEADING FOR RECONCILIATION WITH THE SOUTH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

IT will be seventeen years on the 19th of next November since I stood at the side of Edward Everett and Abraham Lincoln, at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, and heard those two historic men, a singular contrast to each other, the one the rugged, simple, honest, unsectional President of the United States, the other the polished, conservative, yet glowing and classic orator of Massachusetts, speaking above the graves of the martyrs who fell at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July previous, in the hearing of living thousands before and around them. Among those on the stand were Secretary of State Seward, the Ministers of France and Italy, the French Admiral, Governor Curtin, who had just been re-elected by a tremendous majority, members of Congress and many representatives of the army and

the navy. "One of the most impressive features of the solemnity," says Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg, (whose unwearied labors in the organization and completion of this Campo Santo on Cemetery Hill ought never to be forgotten) "in the procession and on the grounds was a delegation of about fifty wounded soldiers of the Army of the Potomac from the York hospital. These men had been wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and were present with the delegation to pay this just tribute to the remains of their fallen comrades. During the exercises their blanched cheeks were frequently suffused with tears."

Mr. Lincoln's benediction—I will not call it a speech—is almost as familiar as the Lord's prayer, and the oration of Mr. Everett, grand and wonderful as it was thrilled the world; yet Mr. Everett said to Mr. Lincoln, at the close of this unrivalled address, "Ah! Mr. Lincoln, I would gladly give all my forty pages for your twenty lines."

Of Mr. Everett's masterful discourse I wrote from Washington on the 25th of November, 1863, as follows:

"What I wish to hint this morning is, that the friends of the Union should preserve and promulgate the truths he has set forth. Principles and maxims which are the offspring of eternal truth, can never be improved upon. There is nothing more exact, and severe, and undeviating than the right. But there are many ways to illustrate and defend the right; many ways to make plain principle look brighter to

the common mind; many ways to strengthen and enforce the unchanging maxims of good government and good men."

And yet, seventeen years ago Abraham Lincoln and Edward Everett both pleaded for peace on the battle-field still ridged with the graves of the martyrs, and both predicted the reconciliation of the sections. Edward Everett himself, spoke these wonderful words:

EVERETT'S ORATION.

No man can deplore more than I do, the miseries of every kind unavoidably incident to war. Who could stand in this spot and call to mind the scenes of the first day of July with any other feelings.? A sad foreboding of what would ensue if war should break out between North and South, has haunted me through life, and led me, perhaps too long, to tread in the path of hopeless compromise, in the fond endeavor to conciliate those who were pre-determined not to be conciliated. But it is not true, as it is pretended by the Rebels and their sympathizers, that the war has been carried on by the United States without entire regard to those temperaments which are enjoined by the law of nations, by our modern civilization, and by the spirit of Christianity. It would be quite easy to point out, in the recent military history of the leading European powers, acts of violence and cruelty, in the prosecution of their wars, to which no parallel can be found among us.

In fact, when we consider the peculiar bitterness with which civil wars are almost invariably waged, we may justly boast of the manner in which the United States have carried on the contest. It is of course impossible to prevent the lawless acts of stragglers and deserters, or the occasional unwarrantable proceedings of subordinates on distant stations; but I do not believe there is, in all history, the record of a civil war of such gigantic dimensions where so little has been done in the spirit of vindictiveness as in this war, by the Government and commanders of the United States.

No, my friends, that gracious Providence which overrules all things

for the best, "from seeming evil still educing good," has so constituted our natures, that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is generally followed by a reaction in the opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence. If it were not so—if injuries inflicted and retaliated of necessity led to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world, thousands of years ago, would have been turned into an earthly hell, and the nations of the earth would have been resolved into clans of furies and demons, each forever warring with his neighbor. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. The wars of the Roses in England lasted an entire generation, from the battle of St. Albans in 1455, to that of Bosworth Field, in 1485. Speaking of the former, Hume says: "This was the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel, which was not finished in less than a course of thirty years; which was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty, is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England. The strong attachments which at that time men of the same kindred bore to each other, and the vindictive spirit which was considered a point of honor, rendered the great families implacable in their resentments and widened every moment the breach between the parties." Such was the state of things in England, under which an entire generation grew up; but when Henry VII, in whom the titles of the two houses were united, went up to London after the battle of Bosworth Field, to mount the throne, he was everywhere received with joyous acclamations, "as one ordained and sent from heaven to put an end to the dissensions" which had so long afflicted the country.

The great Rebellion in England of the seventeenth century, after long and angry premonitions, may be said to have begun with the calling of the Long Parliament in 1640, and to have ended with the return of Charles II, in 1650,—twenty years of discord, conflict and civil war, of confiscation, plunder, havoc; a proud hereditary peerage trampled in the dust, a national church overturned, its clergy beggared, its most eminent prelate put to death, a military despotism established on the ruins of a monarchy which had subsisted seven hundred years, and the

legitimate sovereign brought to the block; the great families which adhered to the king proscribed, impoverished, ruined; prisoners of war—a fate worse than starvation in Libby—sold to slavery in the West Indies; in a word, everything that can embitter and madden contending factions. Such was the state of things for twenty years, and yet, by no gentle transition, but suddenly, and "when the restoration of affairs appeared most hopeless," the son of the beheaded sovereign was brought back to his father's blood-stained throne, with such "inexpressible and universal joy," as led the merry monarch to exclaim, "He doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody who did not protest he had ever wished for his return." "In this wonderful manner," says Clarendon, "and with this incredible expedition did God put an end to a rebellion that had raged near twenty years, and had been carried on with all the horrid circumstances of murder, devastation, and parricide, that fire and sword, in the hands of the most wicked men in the world" [it is a royalist that is speaking,] "could be the instruments of, almost to the desolation of two kingdoms, and the exceeding defacing and deforming of the third. . . . . By these remarkable steps did the merciful hand of God, in this short space of time, not only bind up and heal all those wounds, but even made the scar as undiscernible as, in respect of the deepness, was possible, which was a glorious addition to the deliverance.

In Germany, the wars of the Reformation of Charles V., in the sixteenth century; the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century; the Seven Years' War in the eighteenth century, not to speak of other less celebrated contests, entailed upon that country all the miseries of intestine strife for more than three centuries. At the close of the last-named war—which was the shortest of all, and waged in a most civilized age—"an officer," says Archenholz, "rode through seven villages in Hesse, and found in them but one human being." More than three hundred principalities, comprehended in the Empire, fermented with fierce passions of proud and petty states; at the commencement of this period, the castles of robber counts frowned upon every hill-top; a dreadful secret tribunal, whose seat no one knew, whose power none could escape, froze the hearts of men with terror throughout the land

religious hatred mingled its bitter poison in the seething cauldron of provincial animosity: but of all these dreadful enmities between the states of Germany, scarcely the memory remains. There are controversies in that country at the present day, but they grow mainly out of rivalry of the two leading powers. There is no country in the world in which the sentiment of national brotherhood is stronger.

In Italy, on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, society might be said to be resolved into its original elements—into hostile atoms, whose only movement was that of mutual repulsion. Ruthless barbarians had destroyed the old organizations, and covered the land with a merciless feudalism. As the new civilization sprang up, under the wing of the Church, the noble families and the walled towns, fell madly into the conflict with each other; the secular feud of Pope and Emperor scourged the land, province against province, city against city, street against street, waged remorseless war with each other from father to son, till Dante was able to fill his imaginary hell with the real demons of Italian history. So ferocious had the factions become that the great poet-exile himself, the glory of his native city and of his native language, was, by a decree of the municipality, condemned to be burned alive if found in the city of Florence. But these deadly feuds and hatreds yielded to political influences, as the hostile cities were grouped into states under stable governments; the lingering traditions of the ancient animosities gradually died away, and now Tuscan and Lombard, Sardinian and Neapolitan, as if to shame the degenerate sons of America, are joining in one cry for a united Italy.

In France, not to go back to the civil wars of the League in the sixteenth century, and of the Fronde, in the seventeenth; not to speak of the dreadful scenes throughout the kingdom, which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; we have, in the great revolution which commenced at the close of the last century, seen the bloodhounds of civil strife let loose as rarely before in the history of the world. The Reign of Terror, established at Paris, stretched its bloody Briarean arms to every city and village in the land, and if the most deadly feuds that ever divided a people, had the power to cause permanent alienation and hatred, this surely was the occasion. But far otherwise

the fact. In seven years from the fall of Robespierre, the strong arm of the youthful conqueror brought order out of this chaos of crime and woe. Jacobins whose hands were scarcely cleaned from the best blood of France met the returning emigrants, whose estates they had confiscated, and whose kindred they had dragged to the guillotine, in the Imperial antechambers; and when, after another turn of the wheel of fortune, Louis XVIII. was restored to his throne, he took the regicide Fouché, who had voted for his brother's death, to his cabinet and confidence.

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again, as we part, invoke your benediction on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful that it is good to be here. You feel that it is greatly auspicious for the cause of the country that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side on the perilous ridges of the battle. We now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion, louder than that which marshals them to combat, shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union,—it is dearer to us for the blood of brave men which has been shed in its defense. The spots on which they stood and fell, these pleasant heights, the fertile plain beneath them, the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war, the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self-sacrifice, the triumph of the two succeeding days, the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after times the wondering plowman will turn up with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; Seminary Ridge, the Peach Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Roundtop, Little Roundtop, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten. "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, "the whole earth is a sepulchre of illustrious men." All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other

noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates to the Battle of Gettysburg."

Seventeen years have elapsed since this splendid prophecy was made, and so far as most of the Republican partisans in the United States are concerned, there is still no peace. The South is still distrusted by these politicians; commerce, industry, trade, manufactures and the religious bodies of all denominations, and the masses of our people, all hunger for peace and friendship and reconciliation. Only place-seekers and placemen protest against the universal petition and prayer.

Both these remarkable men have passed away; Abraham Lincoln on the 14th of April, 1865, even while he was pledging the nation to forgiveness of the misguided men who had taken up arms against it, and Edward Everett January 15th, 1865, a little less than three months previous.

It will be recollected that only three days before Lincoln's assassination, when he spoke from the portals of the White House, while the old flag was wreathed in victory, the heart of the great people palpitating with relief from civil war, he

had nothing to say for the South but kindness, even punctuating his very last public address by humorously remarking that, "We have captured the Confederacy; and 'Dixie' must be played with Yankee Doodle and the Star-Spangled Banner."

It is a simple question whether, as against all these memories of the past and all these hopes of the present; whether, when everything is demanding oblivion to painful recollections, that the desperate party managers for their own sake should be permitted to stand in the way? How wonderfully Mr. Everett's prophecies have been fulfilled! How in dissipating faction, calumny, and all manner of human weakness; how, above all, in despite of the plots and counterplots of the politicians, the great cause of civilization continues to grow.

Washington Irving tells us that "from the grave the flowers of charity eternally spring." And if this be true of one grave, how much more true should it be of a million graves? Besides, in our country more than any other, with its latitudes and moving masses, with its varied productions and populations, with its changing skies and changing opinions, there is a perennial and eternal motive for the oblivion of national prejudices. What Mr. Everett said nearly seventeen years ago, like the seed blown along the breezes to all quarters of the world, has ever since been growing and producing and multiplying.

HANCOCK CARRIES THE FLAG OF RE-UNION.

Both of these great men were statesmen; both old line Henry Clay Whigs; never radical, never unreasonable, always forgiving. Everett's cosmopolitan education, his diplomatic experience, his gentle character, made him judicial and philosophic. Lincoln, born in Hardin County, Kentucky, reared in Illinois, trained to border life, simple, honest, and too full of humor to be a fierce partisan, was the very best type of a tolerant and patient philanthropist. If Lincoln and Everett were alive to-day they would be precisely where Horace Greeley, Andrew G. Curtin, and Charles Sumner stood in 1872; they would be for Hancock, because while Hancock carried the flag of the Union at Gettysburg, he now carries the flag of re-union. Lincoln and Everett would ask "How long, O Lord, how long is this unfriendly sectional feud to be protracted?" This was the lesson of their too gentle and forgiving lives; and in the exquisite chapter you have just read from the Gettysburg oration (by the great speaker who pronounced his celebrated discourse on Washington over one hundred times, in order that the ladies of both sections might purchase the home and grave of the father of his country) he propounded and illustrated those unrivalled teachings which, first taught by our Saviour on the Mount, will continue to grow among men and to guide and control civilization through countless ages. I grant that the

Southern authors of our civil war, as they now all admit themselves, assumed a terrible responsibility. But as you read the experience of other nations, does not the question come quick to your lips, What possible good can accrue to any party in this country by prolonging a sectional conflict?

Modern history repeats the ancient story so magnificently recalled by the splendid rhetorician, Edward Everett. France has just completed the full amnesty of the returning communists; and when, during Louis Napoleon's reign, he pardoned some prisoners who had organized a conspiracy for which they were banished the empire, one of his courtiers wanted to know if he did not think the exercise of such clemency was dangerous? His reply, even from the lips of a man who perjured himself afterwards and plunged his country into an unnecessary war with Germany, returns now as a star to light our own way in the path of complete forgiveness of our own offenders "If my Government," said the Emperor, "cannot afford to let these men free, my Government does not deserve to live."

But in this case the election of General Hancock is a new sacrament of the great act of the amnesty, well prefigured by Edward Everett on the sacred soil of Gettysburg, and afterwards demanded, in the Senate Chamber of the United States, by that greater Senator from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner. It is not even humanity that we

should continue to encourage what is popularly called a solid South; and there is but one way to dissolve that same solid South, and that is to show the spirit manifested by Louis Napoleon to the men who offended him twenty years ago. You must trust those you forgive, or there can be no confidence. What true American is afraid to trust the South? Have we, within the last ten years, as Republicans, earned so supreme a title to the possession of this Government and to the confidence of this people, that we should insist upon the perpetual possession of national power? Are we authorized to proscribe? Are our prerogatives so God-like? I think not. And is it true wisdom to maintain a bitter, acrid, angry population on our flanks after forgiving them, after restoring them to all their franchises, only to gratify the worst elements of the North? For it cannot be denied that in a great degree the Republican leadership has fallen into the hands of men who have not only forgotten great Republican ideas, but have turned the Republican party into a mere machine for personal profit or personal punishment. Our civil war has been the energetic educator of both sides; the war has been an evangelist; the war has been a revolutionist; the war has been a schoolmaster to whites and to blacks; and if to-morrow General Hancock were inaugurated President of the United States, no matter how anxious some of the Confederate politicians might be to restore

certain ancient abuses, the very education of the war would not only restrain, but admonish and over-awe them.

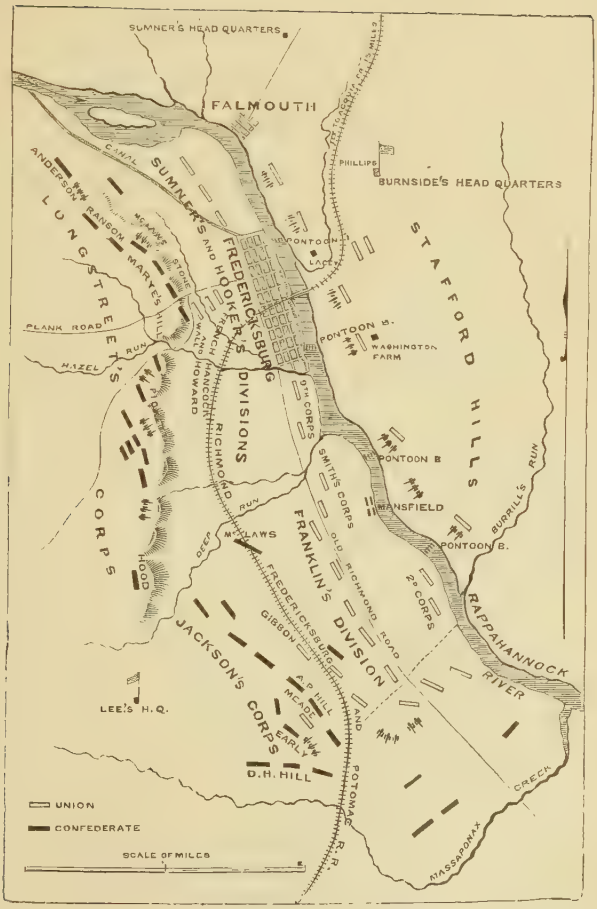
Suppose the tables had been turned? Suppose slavery had been fastened upon us at the North, feeding us, enriching us, spoiling us? I think we should have contended quite as lustily and as bravely as the South did to retain so useful and gratuitous a contributor. Thus in the long run, before we conclude to maintain the crusade against another people, our own blood and brawn, let us quietly put on the shoes of these offenders ourselves, and try how we would act in their circumstances.

Seventeen years are long enough to keep any people in a political purgatory, long enough to hold any people in a party quarantine, long enough to fetter in the prison-house of sectionalism eight millions of our own brothers. What does the modern partizan fear whenever an attempt is made by the Southern people to enter into a share of the government, which we ourselves voluntarily promised them, when in exchange for universal suffrage, we proffered them universal amnesty? What do these men of the North who incidentally hold the purse-strings, the money of our municipalities and States, and who hold them, as well for their own purposes of partizan plunder, as for their other purposes of political punishment, what do they fear? Not that the

Democratic party, under its new inspiration, not that the Democratic party with Hancock, who carried the flag of the Union to victory at Gettysburg, would ravage and ruin that same Union when he carries the flag of re-union: not that. The fear of the modern partizans who have now control of the Republican party is, that General Hancock, as President of the United States, may be too wise, may be too modest, may be too national—the fear that he will preserve the great franchises and guarantees secured in the settlement that succeeded the peace of Appomattox between Lee and Grant. This outcry against Hancock because he remains a Democrat, as half a million of veterans remain who fought in the late war, springs only from the misapprehension that our great national soldier may be so prudent and so careful that his party may be kept in power as long as the Republican party itself. And if this be so, who will not thank God for it; if by such a compromise we can dissolve the solid South and consolidate the whole Union into one, who will not rejoice?

ORDERED TO WASHINGTON.

On the 15th of December, 1863, Hancock was again ordered to Washington. His Gettysburg wound was not yet healed, but he obeyed the order with alacrity, and immediately reported himself for duty at the War Department.



BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

It was during this period that he was talked of in influential circles for the command of the Army of the Potomac. There is no impropriety in stating that it was at one time seriously contemplated to place him in this position. He, however, did not seek it; neither did his friends seek it for him. On the contrary, he disclaimed all such desire; and the most active of his immediate counsellors were strenuous in their efforts to dissuade him from accepting the command. On all becoming occasions he expressed the opinion that General Meade was the man for the post; and that if he were continued in active command and properly supported by the authorities and the country, he would win great victories. Passing results have shown the wisdom as well as the magnanimity of General Hancock in this matter. He well knew by experience the obstacles in the way to success with that army, at that peculiar juncture; and, therefore, as we have said, he did not seek the appointment, neither did he desire his friends to seek it for him. There is good reason for stating, however, that if Gen. Meade had made a request to be relieved, General Hancock would have relieved him.

He was soon detailed to the responsible work of increasing the ranks of the army, by his personal presence and exertions. Authority was given him to augment his corps to fifty thousand effective men. His headquarters were established at Har-

risburg, the capital of his native State, and he immediately proceeded to the work among his fellow Pennsylvanians. His language and measures on the occasion were well chosen, and to the point, his object being to recruit in all the States represented in the Second Corps.

Addressing the people of Pennsylvania, from his headquarters, at Harrisburg, under date of January 15, 1864, he says:

"I have come among you as a Pennsylvanian, for the purpose of endeavoring to aid you in stimulating enlistments. This is a matter of interest to all of the citizens of the State. I earnestly call upon you all to assist, by the exertion of all the influence in your power, in this important matter.

"To adequately reinforce our armies in the field is to insure that the war will not reach your homes. It will be the means of bringing it to a speedy and happy conclusion. It will save the lives of many of our brave soldiers, who would otherwise be lost by the prolongation of the war, and in indecisive battles.

"It is only necessary to destroy the rebel armies now in the field, to insure a speedy and permanent peace. Let us all act with that fact in view.

"Let it not be said that Pennsylvania, which has already given so many of her sons to this righteous cause, shall now, at the eleventh hour, be behind her sister States in furnishing her quota of the men deemed necessary to end this rebellion. Let it not be that those Pennsylvania regiments, now so depleted, that have won for themselves so much honor in the field, shall pass out of existence, for want of patriotism in the people.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

Major General U. S. Volunteers."

His success in recruiting was equal to the expectations formed. Subsequent events have well attested the efficiency of his measures. Facilities for carrying out his patriotic design were offered him in the cities of New York, Albany, Boston, and other places.

At Philadelphia, in the ensuing month of February, public demonstrations of respect awaited him. The city government passed a series of resolutions, introduced by one of his former playmates at Norristown, then a member of the councils, John W. Everman, Esq., of which we here present a copy:

SELECT AND COMMON COUNCILS
OF THE
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WELCOME

TO

MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Resolved, By the Select and Common Councils of the

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

That the THANKS of the Citizens of Philadelphia are eminently due, and are hereby tendered to

MAJOR GENERAL HANCOCK,

for his brilliant services in the cause of the UNION, during the present unholy Rebellion against the authority of the GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Resolved, That the use of INDEPENDENCE HALL be granted to Major General HANCOCK, for the reception of his friends, and in order to afford the Citizens of Philadelphia an opportunity to testify their per-

sonal regard for him, and their appreciation of his gallantry and patriotism.

Resolved, That the Mayor of Philadelphia and the Presidents of Councils be requested to carry these resolutions into effect, and that the Clerks of Councils be requested to furnish a copy of the same to General HANCOCK.

ALEXAND'R J. HARPER,
President of the Common Council.

[CITY SEAL.] JAMES LYND,
President of the Select Council.

Attest: WM. F. SMALL,
Clerk of Common Council.

Approved February 18th, 1864.

ALEX. HENRY,
Mayor.

The reception of the General and his friends followed soon after, in Independence Hall. The papers of the day describe the scene as one of the most imposing that ever occurred within the walls of the sacred old temple of American liberty.

On the ensuing 22d of February, the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, General Hancock reviewed the volunteer troops of Philadelphia and vicinity. The parade passed off in the most spirited manner. The appearance of the General on the field, surrounded by a brilliant staff, passing along the line with the troops arranged as if in battle array, was full of excitement, and called forth the loud plaudits of the immense throng of citizens who witnessed the display.

At the close of the review an incident of a personal character occurred, which we narrate here, as in keeping with the man and the scope of our book.

The General had dismounted, at the close of the day, and was about passing up the steps of the La Pierre House, surrounded by the officers who escorted him, when his eye caught that of one of his teachers in Norristown, Mr. E. Roberts, who was standing, with his daughter, near the entrance to the hotel. The General paused, and extending his hand to the two friends of his early years, expressed his pleasure at meeting them, and introduced them to the gentlemen present. It was a singular but agreeable meeting between the old teacher and the now distinguished scholar.

"Call and see me at the hotel, Mr. Roberts, when I am more at leisure," said the General. "When I am a little stronger from the effects of my wound, I will return the call." At the appointed time, the teacher and scholar met again. As Mr. Roberts entered the private room of the General, at the La Pierre, he was lying on his couch, suffering from the fatigue to which the review of the previous day had subjected his wounded limb. But he rose at once to pay the respect due from a good scholar to a good teacher. "Do not rise, General Hancock," said Mr. Roberts; "I feel, sir, that you are laying me under too much obligation by doing so." "No, Mr. Roberts," the General replied, "I shall always feel, sir, that I am under obligations to you." "It is sufficient honor for me, General, to have had you for a scholar." "No, sir. I feel that my teachers have

all honored me. Beside, sir, you are much the older man of the two; and my parents always taught me to reverence grey hairs." "I did not have grey hairs when you first knew me, General." "True, sir. Our mutual obligations were formed when we were both younger than now. But I cannot omit to use my anatomy now, even if it is impaired. Let me be ever so old, I can never forget my school-teachers. I feel that my experience in life has proved this to be true: as is the teacher, so is the school-boy; as is the school-boy, so is the man." Other parties calling in, this interesting interview was closed. But not long after the General took his son Russell with him, and called on his old teacher. "This gentleman, my son," said the General, "is one of the teachers of your father, when, like you, he was a boy. Remember always to respect the teacher of your youth; and, should you live to become a man, you will never regret it."

Tuesday, July 12, 1880, I had a visit from this Mr. Roberts, the same venerable teacher of Gen. Hancock, still living at 1516 Willington St., Philadelphia, in his eighty-fourth year. He laid before me, in his own clear handwriting, the following simple memoir of the General, and accompanied it with the declaration that he had always been a consistent Republican, but that he would cheerfully vote for his affectionate pupil and his constant friend·

"The recollections of the boyhood of General Winfield S. Hancock while for seven years my pupil in the Norristown Academy, remind me of some of the early traits of his character, subsequently so fully developed in the man. One of these traits was *devotedness to his mother.* This was manifested in his solicitude to lighten the burden of her domestic cares. One circumstance will illustrate this trait, as well as that which so distinguished the *General.*

One morning, while engaged in the performance of his filial duties, a rude boy, passing by, taunted him. This aroused that spirit, so conspicuously exhibited at Williamsburg, Fredericksburg and Antietam, at Gettysburg and Spottsylvania. Rushing out with a household-implement in his hand, and head bared, he pursued the offender for a long distance through the principal street in the village—*as it then was*—thoroughly chastising him for the insult. I think he never after had occasion to resent a like indignity.

Another of these early recollections was a Fourth of July celebration, in which the Sunday-schools connected with the Presbyterian, Episcopal and Baptist Churches participated. The place was a pleasant grove in the vicinity. Being requested by the pastor of the Presbyterian Church to name some of the boys of the Academy to participate in the exercises of reading and declamation, I selected Winfield S. Hancock to read the Declaration of Independence. He performed his part in a very creditable manner.

On meeting him after an interval of more than twenty-five years, during which we had not met, he spoke of this as among the recollections of his boyhood, notwithstanding the terrible scenes through which he had so recently passed at Gettysburg.

Among the cherished recollections of the boy Winfield are some of a more personal character, being connected with the burials of my little boy and girl. On both occasions he acted as pall-bearer.

Of those boys who thus officiated, the General and his twin-brother are the only survivors. E. ROBERTS."

It is this spirit of the man that stamps the name of Hancock with peculiar honor. He was

always the same among his soldiers. An officer of the staff of another distinguished General, in alluding to this attribute of Hancock's character, says of him: "The attachment that he manifests for his brave soldiers is remarkable. While he despises a coward, if the humblest man in the ranks should be the first to enter Richmond as a conqueror, General Hancock would be among the first to do him honor."

Passing from Philadelphia to New York, he was received in the latter city with much distinction. The Governor's room, in the City Hall, was placed at his disposal, for the reception of his friends, and every measure adopted that could be of aid to him in procuring recruits for his corps. A large number of his troops were from the Empire State. They were so much attached to his person, and their acquaintances at home so participated in the feeling of attachment, that when he presented himself to the people he was claimed by them as a New Yorker. This impression became so common, for a time, that one of the publishers of that city announced a volume on his life as a New York General.

Passing to Albany, the capital of the State of New York, the Legislature paid him an official tribute of respect for his distinguished services to the country.

The same honors were bestowed upon him in Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, where the

general court invited him to their representative chamber, and where the merchants and other citizens waited upon him at the City Exchange. His agreeable manners, added to his well-known courage and skill in battle, created the most favorable impressions wherever he went on his tour of duty through New England. Patriotic applause greeted him at every point, and a considerable number of fighting recruits flocked to his standard.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

The present condition of the battle-field of Gettysburg, like the present condition of the great theatres of war in other countries, confirms and emphasizes the idea of Landseer's touching picture of Peace. The dismantled artillery deeply embedded in the rich soil, covered with the debris of time, and the innocent lamb quietly feeding upon the sweet herbage growing in the silent cannon's mouth, is beautifully typified. The scene itself is so tranquil, the Soldier's Cemetery, such an exquisite *Campo Santo*, and the artistic mausoleum of the dead who fell that the nation might live, so eloquent, that I am disposed to hope the day will come when the surviving veterans on both sides, and the survivors' sons,—those who fought on the first, second and third days of July, 1863, the citizen soldiery from the North and the South, and the reconciled people of all the States, including every race and condition of man,—shall

meet here on some future occasion to carry out the idea of Col. Duncan K. McRea, of North Carolina, who led the Fifth North Carolina Regiment at Williamsburg, and who was defeated by General Winfield S. Hancock. Gettysburg would then become indeed the Mecca of American Reconciliation.

A few days ago, anxious once more to visit the lovely valley in which I stood on the 19th of November, 1863, and heard Edward Everett pronounce the unrivaled oration from which I have copied, followed by Abraham Lincoln, in that memorable utterance which reads like a poem and prayer rather than the deliverance of a great statesman, I took the cars and found myself in Gettysburg, after a restful ride in the silent and odorous twilight only occasionally found in our country in midsummer. Art, opulence and gratitude, have come to reinforce nature in the great work of the decoration of the massive sepulchre, keeping fresh and green the holy memories of the martyred dead. To Governor Andrew G. Curtin the credit must be awarded, of providing for the proper interment of our fallen heroes. He entrusted the plan to David Willis, of Gettysburg. Acting under the instruction of the Governor, this accomplished gentleman purchased a lot of some seventeen acres on Cemetery Hill, joining the village Cemetery on the North and West, where the centre of the Union line rested, and where

the guns of Steinwehr and the men of the Eleventh Corps fought. The eighteen States, whose troops gained the battle, joined in this enterprise. The title to the ground was vested in the State of Pennsylvania, in trust for all the States having dead buried there, and a corporate body was created consisting of one from each State, to serve without pay, to whom the care of the Cemetery was confided, the expense to be borne in proportion to the representation in Congress.

The design for a monument by J. J. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn., was adopted by the commissioners, after the examination of a large number submitted. This monument is very impressive; and in this particular season of the year, amid the richness of nature, the fields shaven of the harvest just gathered, the trees and foliage yet untouched by the coming autumn, the sweet peace of the valley, the comfort of the surrounding farms, the prosperity and safety of Gettysburg itself, with all its interesting lessons, make the cemetery and the monument the most interesting objects of the vicinage.

The whole rendering of the design of the monument is intended to be purely historical, telling its own story, with such simplicity as to be readily comprehended. The superstructure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, crowned with a co-

lossal statue representing the genius of liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while at the left she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory was won. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively war, history, peace, and plenty. War is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to history the story of the battle which the monument commemorates. History, in listening attitude, records with stylus and tablet the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead. Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories. Plenty is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and the fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph. The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined. The main die of the pedestal is octagonal in form, paneled upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal moulded base bearing upon its face, in high relief, the national arms. The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with

the states whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg."

The Soldiers' National Cemetery, now in charge of the officials of the Government of the United States, near Gettysburg, is the most perfect modern mausoleum I ever saw. The ground was originally purchased at a cost of $197,000 by the State of Pennsylvania, and to-day, in admirable condition, is the most interesting object in Pennsylvania after Independence Hall, Philadelphia. The statue of Gen. John F. Reynolds is a striking work of art, like the central monument itself, with the four figures of "War," "History," "Peace," and "Plenty," executed by Randolph Rogers, at Rome, at the cost of $30,000. The whole shaft is crowned with a colossal symbol of victory;—a fine combination, surrounded as it is on the plateau where it stands by the graves of known and unknown Union soldiers, and overlooking a landscape of unrivaled loveliness.

All the graves of the martyred dead are divided, by States, each sad contribution marked with the name and age of the dead warrior; in addition to these are nine hundred "unknown." Of those known there are from Maine, 104; Michigan, 171; New York, 867; Pennsylvania, 534; Massachusetts, 150; Ohio, 131; Indiana, 80; Maryland, 22; Minnesota, 52; Kentucky, 22; Wisconsin, 78; New Jersey, 78; Vermont, 61; New Hampshire, 49; Rhode Island, 12; Delaware, 15; West Virginia,

11; Illinois, 6, the graves of the regular soldiers, 138. There are few or no Southern graves left, all having been taken home by an organization, of which Mrs. Gen. Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, was President.

The work of laying out the grounds, and suitably adorning them, was performed by that eminent landscape gardener, the late William Saunders. It is unnecessary to say that his commission was executed with his best taste. Then a contract was entered into with F. W. Biesecker, to disinter the dead and to re-inter their remains in their last resting-place. The work began on the 27th of October, 1863, and was completed on the 18th of March following. The whole number buried was 3512. The entire re-interment was effected by Samuel Weaver, who executed his trust with great care. Hundreds had been unburied and translated to their own homes in the North, West and South. Many of the bodies in unmarked graves were identified in various ways. Sometimes by letters, by papers, receipts, certificates, diaries, memorandum books, photographs, marks on the clothing, belts or cartridge boxes, by which means the names of many supposed to be forgotten soldiers were rescued. Money and other valuables, were found, which, when the residences of the friends were known, were sent to them. Words would fail to describe the grateful relief this work has brought to many a household! A

father, a brother, or son that had been lost or killed, supposed to be forgotten, suddenly in the progress of the search his remains were found, deposited in a coffin with care and buried on the battle-field where he fell, the Soldiers' National Cemetery.

In another part of this volume are copious extracts from Mr. Everett's masterly oration, and I now add, in reference to the monument, that it was formally dedicated the 1st of July, 1869, when General Meade, himself, made an address, Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, an oration, and Bayard Taylor contributed an ode. These three men, the model soldier, the accomplished statesman, and the peerless poet, all sleep their last sleep. General Meade died in Philadelphia on the 6th of November, 1872; Senator Morton died on the 1st of November, 1877; Bayard Taylor on the 19th of December, 1878. This triumvirate of buried genius and trusted patriotism were called from among those by whom they were so loved and distinguished when all too young. Meade was fifty-six, Morton fifty-four, and Bayard Taylor fifty-three; and yet their lives were full of noble deeds. As we remember the consecrated dead let us not forget those who did not fall in battle, but lived long enough to show their more unselfish devotion to their country. Bayard Taylor survived to pronounce that exquisite ode on the 4th of July, 1876, at the Centennial, in Independence

Square, but nothing that ever fell from his pen or was glorified by the noble music of his tongue, ever surpassed his requiem at the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg, on the 1st of July, 1869.

"This they have done for us who slumber here,
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,
Sowing but never reaping;—
Building, but never sitting in the shade
Of the strong mansion they have made;—
Speaking their words of life with mighty tongue,
But hearing not the echo million-voiced,
Of Brothers who rejoiced,
From all our river-vales and mountains flung!
So take them, heroes of the songful past!
Open your ranks, let every shining troop
Its phantom banners droop,
To hail earth's noblest martyrs, and her last!
Take them, O God! our brave,
The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;
Who grasped the sword for peace, and smote to save,
And, dying here for freedom, died for Thee!"

On Tuesday, July 12, 1880, I traced other parts of the conflict of the three early July days, and was pointed out the house to which the brave General John F. Reynolds was carried after he was mortally wounded on the first of July. All along the way were small tablets with the names of some of the fallen, while the ground fought over by Major General Wylie S. Crawford and his corps, where General Barksdale was killed, and Sickles wounded, has since been purchased by General Crawford, including the granite quarry

known as "The Devil's Glen," a mysterious mass of colossal boulders that seem to have been hurled in some terrible long gone convulsion of nature, as if by the angry gods in battle with Olympian Jove, a massive cluster of unsolved gigantic masonry, more traditional than the ghastly temple of the Druids of Stonehenge, England.

What a study is Emmetsburg road, which divided that part of the field directly in front of the stone wall behind which were grouped the columns and cannons of the waiting Union soldiers, on the historic 3d of July! I stood in the road, and in memory saw it all! The charging Confederates advancing with silent and solid step, line after line, flinging themselves across the barrier from which they were hurled in masses of dead and dying by the Union batteries. I saw Hancock and his staff riding in proud and dazzling platoon between these terrible adversaries, and as I brought back in mind that unequaled conflict, I forgot the beautiful country around me, and only remembered my young friend, Col. William McMichael's magnificently spoken photograph of that dreadful and decisive afternoon. He spoke on the evening of the 20th of December, 1870, just after Rothermel's great picture of the Battle of Gettysburg had been unveiled at the Academy of Music, in the city of Philadelphia, and of the thousands of men and women who listened to this splendid appeal, I could have wished that they had been pre-

sent to hear it read in the Emmetsburg road when I visited Gettysburg on the 24th of July, 1880.

It is 12 o'clock, July 3d, and to-morrow will be the anniversary of our independence. What tidings of joy or of sorrow shall its bells proclaim to the people. Gird your loins, ye yeomen of our legions, for it is honor and liberty, and a nation for which you are contending! Twelve o'clock, and the heart of nature seems almost to cease its beating in the intensity of dread expectation, while the effulgent sun, looking down at high meridian, seems as of old to stand still in its course, as though shrinking appalled from the fearful slaughter it shall witness. The pause of carnage, the brink of fate, for as the great orb bends slowly toward the western horizon and marks the single hour upon the dial, a signal gun breaks the solemn stillness.

And then from the line of the enemy, all along those hills, where his masses lie waiting, there bursts forth a tempest of flame and smoke and terrific cannonading, such as this continent never before witnessed; nor seems to slacken its thundering death hail, until, from the sulphurous canopy, a part of the rebel front is seen advancing. Now for the tug of war! Now for the death-grip of the battle! For yonder come Pickett's men, who swear by the Lone Star they never have been beaten, and never will be, and on their either flank warriors of a score of fights.

Eighteen thousand tested veterans, wrought into a Titanic war bolt—shaft of adamant, edges of steel—hurled forth to crush our centre, with ponderous onslaught. As they start, down rides Hancock along our line, superb that day in the beauty of his valor. "Here they come!" he cries out cheerily. "Here they come, in three lines of battle! Steady, men, steady!" "All right, General! we are ready! We hold this line, or die on it!" But now, as they develop in the fields and move forward, our artillery rains destruction. It rakes them with shot, it rends them with shell, until on right and left they falter and stagger. Their flanks are crumbling, but their centre keeps firm. Oh! stay them, Pickett. Your men of iron, they seem too brave to kill! But on they come, and on, and on, till we see their faces and hear their yells. These are not men; they are furies, maddened with treason, frenzied with

hate. Now, fire! comrades, fire! Up and at them! Fight, men, fight for your wives and your children, and your homes. They sweep on us like demons—are at the guns, are on the wall! hand to hand, steel to steel, knife to knife—valor of patriots, rage of devils. Now, Cushing, give them your canister! Now, Woodruff, tear them with your grape! Hall to the rescue! 72d down on them like tigers! Flank them, Stannard! Crush them, Gibbon! Mash them, Webb! They reel, they waver, their colors are going! They break, they break! They retreat, they retreat! The charge is repulsed, the battle is won. All honor to our heroes who survive; all reverence for those who have fallen; all praise to their gallant leader, and all thanks unto God who gave us the victory!"

DR. DRAPER, THE GREAT HISTORIAN, SHOWS HOW GETTYSBURG SAVED THE CONTINENT TO FREEDOM.

Civil War in America—Draper, Vol. iii., p. 147.

The cannonade lulled. A thrill of generous admiration ran down the national line as the Confederate columns of attack, at 3 P. M., with a front more than a mile in extent, emerged from the woods on Seminary Ridge, and descended their slope of the valley. They were preceded by a line of skirmishers of double or triple the usual strength; next a line of battle for the charge; then another, equally strong, in reserve. They had additional lines, or wings, to prevent the main force being flanked. On the right, as they marched, was Pickett's division; on the left, two or three hundred yards in the rear, was Heth's, commanded by Pettigrew. In strength they were about 18,000 men. In Pickett's charge, Kemper led the right, Garnett the left, with Armistead in support. The distance to be passed was more than half a mile, and the ground sloping up to the National position.

In a few moments the question was to be settled whether Slavery or Freedom should be master of this continent.

"Why don't the guns support them?" was anxiously asked on the Confederate side, and with intense curiosity on the National. "I had intended it," subsequently said Lee, "but the protracted cannonade had

nearly exhausted the ammunition. This fact was unknown to me when the assault took place."

Not only was Lee not informed of the exhaustion of his ammunition—he did not know of Ewell's dislodgement from the foot of Culp's Hill.

Unprotected, but unflinching, Pickett's column came over the valley, slippery with the last night's rain. They were veteran Virginians, and moved silently, without those yells of defiance that characterize the troops from the Gulf. Almost a hundred guns, from Cemetery Hill to the Round Tops, quiveringly awaited the word. It was given, and they tore vast gaps in the advancing ranks. Fredericksburg had already shown what an awful thing it is to pass through the hail of rifled musketry and the cannonade of modern artillery.

The charge was first directed toward Doubleday's lines, but the fire from Round Top made the assaulting array bend towards its left, and brought the attack more on Hancock's position. Two regiments of Stannard's brigade, who were in a grove in front of Hancock's left, at an angle with the main line, gave to the charging force an appalling flanking fire, while it was subjected to the artillery in front. This caused it to bear still more to the left, and brought the weight of the attack upon Webb. When the column had come within 300 yards it received the fire of the divisions of Hays and Gibbons. That fire it returned. In front of Hays it broke, and he took 15 colors and 2,000 prisoners. The right of that portion of the enemy before Gibbons was at the same time checked. It doubled in towards its left, thus reinforcing the centre and throwing the point of contact in full force on Webb's brigade. The Virginians were now in the very focus of the fire.

Webb's brigade was posted in two lines, two of its regiments being behind a stone wall, and breast-work, the third behind the crest, sixty paces in the rear, so disposed as to be able to fire over those in front. As the smoke enveloped the attacking mass, the last glimpses that were caught showed that it was reeling and breaking into fragments; but, though its organization was lost, the Virginians individually rushed forward. Coming out of the cloud that enclosed them, headed by Armistead, they touched at last the stone wall. The two regiments holding the

PHILLIPS HOUSE ON FIRE.

FREDERICKSBURG ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH.

wall fell back to the regiment in the rear; then they were reformed by the personal efforts of Webb and his officers. Encouraged by this apparent retreat, the Virginians planted their battle-flags on the wall, and pushed over the breast-works. A desperate hand to hand conflict now ensued: the clothes of the men were actually burned by the powder of the exploding cartridges; the national cannoneers were clubbed and bayoneted at their guns. Reinforcements were coming to Webb from all sides. Men and officers were all fighting together. The assailants were literally crushed. Of fifteen field officers, but one was unhurt; of the three brigade commanders, Garnett was killed, Armistead mortally wounded and left on the field, and Kemper carried away to die. Companies and regiments threw down their arms, rushing forward to be taken prisoners out of the horrible fire. Gibbons' division took 12 colors and 2500 prisoners. The wreck of the mass fled back toward Seminary Ridge, diminished every instant by the remorseless cannonade that was still directed upon it.

Such was the fate of the grand assault by the right Confederate column. That on their left, under Pettigrew, was by no means so resolutely made. Pickett's men were, for the most part, veteran Virginians; Pettigrew's, new recruits. Almost as soon as the latter advanced they began to waver, but when they came toward the enfilading fire of the National guns they hesitated. Perceiving that their enemy was moving round them strong flanking bodies, they were panic-stricken; their lines dissolved, they were huddled into knots. They fled in confusion to the rear, with the loss of hundreds taken prisoners. All but one of their field officers had been killed or wounded; they fell under command of a major. Pettigrew's brigade had mustered 2800 strong on the morning of the 1st of July; at roll-call on the 4th only 835 answered to their names.

The battle of Gettysburg was now substantially over. Nevertheless, Wilcox, who had not advanced in support of Pickett, as had been originally intended, made a demonstration of moving forward, as if to renew the assault, but returned in confusion.

The National loss at Gettysburg was 23,210, of whom 2834 were killed, 13,733 wounded, 6643 missing. The Confederate loss reached

the awful aggregate of 36,000, of whom 5000 were killed, 23,000 wounded. "All this has been my fault," said Lee to Wilcox; "it is I who have lost this battle." The dream of the passage of the Susquehanna was at an end; there was nothing now for the Confederates but a retreat to the Rappahannock. Freedom was master on the continent.

WATERLOO AND GETTYSBURG.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought nine miles south-east of the City of Brussels, in the province of Belgium, June 18, 1815, between the allied army commanded by the Duke of Wellington and the French army under Napoleon; and by the defeat of the French, the whole destiny of Europe was changed. France reverted to the Bourbons under Louis XVIII, and the other governments set up, or changed, or held in terror, the people were at once restored to their old rulers, and relieved from fear and surveillance. Napoleon himself was seized and sent to die on the rocks of St. Helena, his property confiscated, his favorite Generals shot, and his family banished. Had the battle of Gettysburg been decided against the Union cause, the change would have been as complete and thorough. With the occupation of Philadelphia and Washington City, the Capitol of the National Government would have become the Confederate Capitol, Pennsylvania a Confederate State; Baltimore a Confederate sea-port; New York a Confederate metropolis; slavery would have been certainly restored, the national debt repudiated and the Confederate Constitution adopted. The recognition of the Con-

federacy by all the foreign powers would have been followed by the downfall of free institutions all over the world. This is no fancy sketch. There is not a statesman, North or South, that has not either hoped or feared such a catastrophe to the American Union, and that has not spoken or written this hope or fear, as I have in this volume. That the rescue of the American Union at Gettysburg has proved a benefaction to both sections; to the old masters and to the new freedmen; to the property of the South, the power of the West, the commerce of New York, and the manufactures of Pennsylvania; to all those who fought to save, and to all those who fought to slay the Republic, are facts as well established. Do we ever think how near we came to lose these greatest of human blessings? Had Hancock fallen on the 3d as Reynolds fell on the 1st of July, 1863, that fate might have been ours. There were brave men left; there were Generals just as experienced; there were courage, and self-sacrifice, and patriotism. That is freely admitted. But the fear was universal, and the admission was universal, that these mighty elements could not be organized again, and in reviving the fact I only repeat the apprehensions of tens of thousands of men common as the air in 1863. As inevitably as the fate of Napoleon changed the map of Europe sixty-five years ago, equally sure would have been the translation of liberty to despotism

had the Confederates carried Gettysburg in 1863. But how wonderful are the ways of Providence! The victories of the flag of the Union on that field have been made still more victorious by the triumphant logic of the succeeding peace.

Both houses of the American Congress unanimously adopted a joint resolution, on the 21st of April, 1866 (both houses being Republican by large majorities), which joint resolution reads as follows :—

"The gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their representatives in Congress are hereby tendered to Major General Winfield S. Hancock for his gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory, Gettysburg."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CAMPAIGN WITH GRANT.

ON the 18th of March, 1864, the General, while actively engaged in recruiting, writes to his father from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: "I have just received an order from the Secretary of War, to report without delay to him for instructions, prior to rejoining my command in the field. I have but time to notify you of the fact."

Rarely has such an experience occurred in the life of any soldier: General Hancock had already filled out a continuous service sufficient to make any other man famous. His record in the Mexican war, his service in the West and on the Pacific coast, his unparalleled daring in the decisive Battle of Gettysburg, would seem to have earned for him, not alone the gratitude of his country, but that rest and retirement which belong to the faithful soldier.

I was in Washington during the year of 1864, and can certify to the fact that notwithstanding the great Battle of Gettysburg and its transcen-

dent result, the struggle for the republic was not yet over. Politics came in to prolong the conflict; and as the experience of all the nations has shown, every civil war is delayed by ambitious men. President Lincoln, in consideration of his distinguished services, appointed General Grant Lieutenant General of the Armies of the United States, on the 1st of March, 1864, and then began that tremendous movement which, a little more than a year after, culminated in the collapse of the Confederacy. On the 8th of March General Grant arrived in Washington to take possession of the Army of the Potomac, and I was present at Willard's Hotel when General Hancock came to pay his respects to his new leader.

The movements for the coming Presidential election were earnest and active, made the more so because Mr. Lincoln had quite an opposition in his own party. It will be recollected that Hon. Winter Davis, of Maryland, Hon. Benj. F. Wade, of Ohio, and Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, with many more, were dissatisfied with the moderate course of the President. Meeting General Hancock frequently at my rooms, I can certify to the gentle manner in which he bore himself, and his severe avoidance of all participation in the political intrigues of the hour.

There were some remarkable events at that time. On Wednesday evening, the 8th of April, George Thompson, the celebrated English Aboli-

tionist, made a speech in favor of American Emancipation, and during his great effort, he noticed a resolution which had been offered in the House, charging him with having said, in England, that the dissolution of the American Union was the object to be kept steadily in view. The venerable English Abolitionist, Mr. Thompson, not only denied it, but after he had done so a note was sent to him signed by Mr. Morris, who had offered the resolution, stating that the authority upon which he had offered it was a letter, which he ascertained afterwards had been forged. Among those who heard this great effort were the venerable Thaddeus Stevens, Joseph Holt of Kentucky, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, the latter of whom, the very day before, had made that unanswerable speech in favor of the Union, in the Senate of the United States, which deserved to be placed among the best utterances of a significant era, when hundreds of thousands of men of all parties clustered around the flag of the Union. Never before did I hear a more magnificent vindication of the principle of true liberty. I wrote in "Occasional" as follows: "God bless Reverdy Johnson for these great words. What Democrat, what old line Whig, what American citizen will not take them to his heart, and store them like priceless jewels in the casket of his memory!"

At the same time, the Democrats of the House of Representatives in caucus assembled, on motion

of Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, openly denounced the attempt of Hon. A. A. Long, the Democratic representative from the Cincinnati district, to place them in opposition to the Union.

In the November following, General George B. McClellan was defeated as the Democratic candidate for President by Abraham Lincoln. The curious anomaly was presented, while the platform upon which he stood declared for peace with the Confederates, the General declared for war.

During the summer of 1864, Washington City itself was threatened, and would have been captured but for the opportune arrival of General Wright's Sixth Corps.

A curious incident happened just at this time. When Early determined to advance with his corps of 8000 infantry and 24 pieces of artillery upon the city of Washington, Breckinridge and Ransom having command of the cavalry, and Early, himself, at the head of about 12,000 men, they reached Staunton on the 27th of June, of that year, and got before Washington early in July, and would undoubtedly have made a successful assault upon the Capital but for the arrival of Wright's Sixth Corps. Sharing in the general solicitude I was standing at the door of my residence on Capitol Hill when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward drove up, the President remarking in a jocular way that if I would walk down to Four-and-a-half Street, I should see the advance of the great column going

out to meet the Confederates, then assembled near the residence of Francis P. Blair at Silver Spring, a few miles from the city. I did so, and witnessed the arrival of that remarkable reinforcement, the enthusiasm of the men, the joy of the officers, and the great relief of the population of Washington city Mr. Lincoln was cool and composed, and Mr. Seward unusually philosophical and calm. Gen. Early claims to have effected some important results by this diversion upon the National Capital, and in a paper written by A. L. Long, Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia, I find that while Early was very much criticised for not having captured Washington City in July of 1864, he seemed quite compensated for the great fright he had occasioned the President and his Cabinet, and the people. I can certify that he was right in this claim; and when I met Mr. Breckinridge in Paris, in 1867, he laughingly assured me that if he had got into the Capital, he would have come direct to my quarters and breakfasted with me as in the days when we were good Democrats together. I replied that it would have been the first time I could not say that he would have been very welcome under my roof-tree.

On the previous 3d of May, General Grant and the army marched from Culpepper Court-house, Va., General Hancock leading the advance. This post of honor had been awarded to him by General Grant, not only because of his splendid conduct at

Gettysburg and in the preceding conflicts under Hooker, but because Grant had special confidence in Hancock's good sense, experience and courage. His first battle under Grant took place in the Wilderness on the 5th of May of that year.

With the ranks of the Second Corps well recruited during his absence in the North and his command increased by the addition of the gallant old Third, making in all upwards of 30,000 men, Hancock became a most conspicuous figure in the wonderful battles of the Wilderness. Those bloody engagements commenced on the second anniversary of the day at Williamsburg, where he won the first renown. Hancock displayed his old tactics. He made a countercharge at the crisis of the fight, threw himself among his troops, sword in hand, and exposed himself like a private soldier.

On the 10th he made an assault on the enemy's line at Alsop's House, near Spottsylvania. On the 12th, in immediate command of his old Second Corps, he accomplished a splendid feat. At the head of his corps he made the assault at daylight, favored by a dense fog. The position was carried with a rush. Five thousand prisoners, twenty pieces of artillery, thirty stands of colors and several thousand muskets, were the fruits of the victory. It was after this fine demonstration that Hancock telegraphed to Lieutenant General Grant: "I have captured from thirty to forty guns. I

have finished up Johnson, and am now going into Early."

On the 18th, General Hancock again assaulted the enemy near Spottsylvania. On the 19th he repelled an attack in force by Ewell's corps, Ewell losing several hundred men, and being driven by Hancock across the Ny River in great disorder.

On the 23d and 24th of May, he engaged the enemy on the North Anna; and fought again at Tolopotomy on the 29th, 30th and 31st, in a bloody engagement. At Coal Harbor, on June 3d, he was again engaged; and took an important part in the operations before the enemy's works at that place, up to June 13th. The army then crossed the James on the 15th and 17th of June, and it was actively engaged in the assaults on the enemy's works before Petersburg.

It is impossible to give full details of these successive engagements, or to describe the privations of his men during their long marches, their constant fighting, the perils of the bivouac, the horrors of the hospitals, the dangers of the picket lines, their incessant deeds of daring, and ceaseless personal dangers.

On the evening of the 17th of June, 1862, Hancock's iron constitution broke down from the effects of his Gettysburg wound, and he was compelled to turn over the command of his corps, though he did not leave the field, suffering intense pain, forced to occupy an ambulance during that

long march, yet he fearlessly mounted his horse when his troops came in contact with the enemy. His wound was in the upper part of the thigh; it had fractured and splintered the upper part of the femur, and once it was thought his life could not be saved. But his splendid constitution pulled him through, and his entire recovery would have been ensured had he not been impatient to go into the battle again, the penalty for which was a forced brief retirement from his command.

On the 27th of June, however, he again participated in the operations before Petersburg, until July 26th, 1864, when he crossed to the north side of the James River with his corps and a division of cavalry, and assaulted the enemy's line at Deep Bottom, capturing the outer works, two hundred prisoners, several stands of colors and four pieces of artillery.

On the next 12th of August, he was made Brigadier General in the regular army, and on the same day, while at the head of his old Second Corps, the tenth corps and a division of cavalry, he assaulted the enemy's line, carried part of the enemy's works, captured three hundred prisoners, three stands of colors, and four howitzers. On the 25th of August, he fought the battle of Ream's Station, with two divisions of his own corps and a division of cavalry against greatly superior forces. Here another horse was shot under him. On the 22d of October, with the same forces, he was en-

gaged at Boynton Road, inflicting a heavy loss in killed and wounded on the enemy, driving them from the field and capturing one thousand prisoners and two stands of colors.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE BATTLES OF THE WILDERNESS.

[*From Draper's Civil War, Vol. III. p.* 375.]

On the morning of the 7th reconnoissances showed that the Confederates had fallen behind their intrenched lines, with pickets to the front, covering a part of the battle-field. From this Grant inferred that Lee was satisfied of his inability to maintain the contest in the open field, and that he would wait an attack behind his works. Grant therefore determined to put his whole force between Lee and Richmond, and gave orders for a movement by Lee's right flank. On the night of the 7th the march for Spottsylvania Court-house commenced. Warren and Hancock marched by the Brock Road; Sedgwick and Burnside, with the trains, by a detour eastward by Chancellorsville, and then southward. Lee discovered the movement, and, it so happened, reached Spottsylvania first. Anderson, who commanded Longstreet's corps, after the disabling of that officer, had received orders to march next morning, but was driven by the flames out of the burning woods, and kept on all night, moving by a road parallel to that on which Warren was marching to Spottsylvania. Not meeting with the obstructions that Warren encountered, he reached Spottsylvania first. Now, learning of Warren's approach, he drew up his men across the road on which Warren was coming. The country was undulating, and dotted here and there with thick groves of pine for the distance of a mile from the point where the wilderness terminates.

As Grant's rear-guard was firing its last gun in the Wilderness, its advance had thus reached Lee's troops three miles in front of Spottsylvania.

It was not until four hours after the expected time that Warren's column emerged into the open clearing, and saw the court-house on its

wooded ridge. He had been delayed by barricades; at once he endeavored to force his way, and succeeded for the time, after a desperate struggle, in driving back the Confederates, with severe loss on both sides. The First Michigan, 200 strong, came out of the conflict with only twenty-three men. The day was intensely hot, and many suffered from sun-stroke.

On the 9th, Sheridan, with his cavalry, started on a movement against Lee's lines of communication with Richmond.

The 9th, 10th and 11th were spent in manœuvring and fighting. The sharp-shooters up in the trees were busy picking off officers. It was on the first of these days that Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, was killed. He was superintending the placing of a battery where the men were exposed to a pretty sharp fire. "Pooh!" said he, "they could not hit an elephant at that distance." At that moment he was struck by a rifle-shot in the face, and instantly fell dead. The command of the Sixth Corps devolved upon Wright.

On Tuesday morning, the 10th, Grant occupied substantially the same position as on the previous day. His line stretched about six miles on the north bank of the Po, in the form of a crescent, the wings being thrown forward. The Second Corps, across the Potomac, held a line on the right nearly parallel to the road from Shady Grove Church to the Court-house; the Fifth held the centre, on the east side of the Po; the Sixth held the left, facing toward the Court-house; farther on the left was the Ninth; in front was a dense forest. Lee held Spottsylvania and the region north of the Court-house. His left rested on Glady Run, bending northward, and sheltered by strong works made previously in anticipation; his right curved in a similar direction, and rested on the Ny River; his centre, thrown forward a little from the right and left centres, was posted on commanding ground. His position was well supported by breast-works; along the centre was the forest and underbrush lining a marsh partially drained by the Run. The conflict opened in the morning by a terrific fire of artillery, which lasted all the forenoon. An attack was then made by the Fifth Corps, and by Gibbon's and Birney's divisions of the Second, on Lee's centre. Grant's losses were very severe in the repeated charges

by which the enemy was driven from his rifle-pits. In the meantime the enemy had attacked and turned Barlow's division of the Second Corps on the right, but it was finally extricated without great loss. Although the woods took fire and added to the difficulties, the withdrawal was effected in good order, but many of the wounded had to be left behind to perish in the flames.

So far the operations of the day had resulted in no substantial advantage to the national arms. A weak point had, however, been discovered in front of the 6th Corps, and a column of twelve picked regiments, under Colonel Upton, was formed for the purpose of assaulting it. So suddenly and well was the attack made, at 5 o'clock, that Upton, who led it himself, broke the Confederate line, captured several guns and nearly 1,000 prisoners. The works gained, he turned at once right and left along the intrenchments, driving back the troops holding them. It was, however, found impossible to support him effectively, and he was compelled to fall back with the prisoners he had taken. Grant's losses during the day were supposed to exceed 10,000; Lee's were believed to be equally severe. At 8 o'clock on the following morning, Grant sent to the War Department the following dispatch:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5,000 prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few except stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

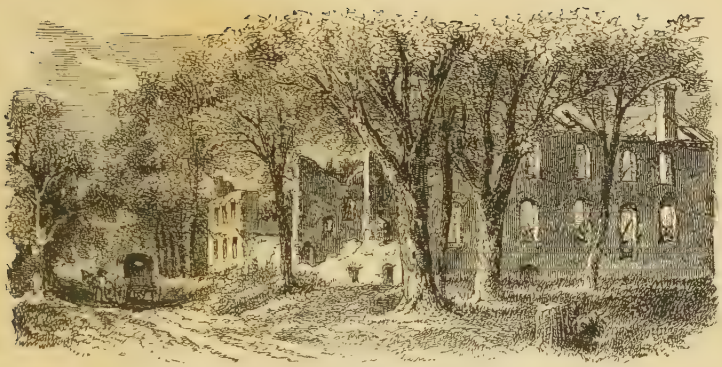
On Wednesday (11th) the position of the two armies remained nearly the same. There was some skirmishing, but toward noon it lulled away. Rain began to fall, for the first time since the army had moved, in the afternoon. It was determined that on the next morning an attack should be directed toward Lee's right, where his lines made a salient. Soon after midnight, in the darkness and storm, Hancock's corps drew out from its intrenchments, and, passing in the rear of the 6th, went into position 1200 yards in front of the works it was to storm.

At the dawn of the 12th, covered by a dense fog, Hancock's columns emerged from the woods, and without firing a shot, marched in quick time

against the enemy. When nearly half-way toward the hostile line, they gave a cheer, and, taking the double-quick, pushed forward to the abatis, tore it away, and got across the intrenchments. They surrounded an entire division of the enemy, capturing three thousand prisoners, among them two generals. So complete was the surprise that the officers were taken at their breakfast, and Hancock sent a dispatch, in pencil to Grant: 'I have captured from 30 to 40 guns. I finished up Johnston, and am now going into Early.' It was Johnston's division of Ewell's corps that had been struck. Hancock now pushed forward in the hope of cutting Lee's army in two. But he was checked by a fire from an anterior line of works half a mile beyond the line he had carried. To this Ewell retreated, Hill re-enforcing him from the right, Anderson from the left, and Hancock was forced back to the position he had first carried. Wright's corps was hurried to Hancock's help, and Burnside and Warren were directed to attack along their fronts. The battle now became general all along the line, Lee made five furious assaults in quick succession, with the intention of dislodging Hancock and Wright; but, though his men succeeded in planting their flags, in some instances, in the very midst of the National troops, they were repulsed each time. Ultimately Hancock got off twenty of the captured guns, and kept firm possession of the salient. But Lee held a line only a few paces beyond, so that his position was as secure as ever.

"The fighting of this day was as severe as any during the war. It is to be doubted if musketry firing was ever kept up so incessantly as it was by the contending troops near the captured salient. The whole forest, within range, was blighted by it. One tree, eighteen inches in diameter, was actually cut in two by the leaden bullets which struck it. The loss on each side was not less than ten thousand men.

"From dawn to dusk, the roar of the guns was ceaseless; a tempest of shell shrieked through the forest, and plowed the field. When night came, the angle of those works where the fire had been hottest, and from which the enemy had been finally driven, had a spectacle for whoever cared to look that would never have enticed his gaze again. Men, in hundreds, killed and wounded, together, were piled in hideous heaps; some bodies, that had lain for hours under the concentric fire of the



RUINS OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

DEFENSES ON CULP'S HILL.

battle, being perforated with wounds. The writhing of the wounded, beneath the dead, moved these masses at times; at times, a lifted arm, or a quivering limb, told of an agony not quenched by the Lethe of death around. Bitter fruit, this; a dear price, it seemed, to pay for the capture of a salient angle of an enemy's intrenched work, even though that enemy's loss was terrible."

"The Life of General Grant," published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of Philadelphia, in 1872, has a brilliant sketch of the grand campaign which began in May of 1864 and did not end until the Union Army had captured Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy. Major General Hancock, commanding the advance with his famous Second Corps, broke ground on the morning of the 3d, and on the 5th of May took the initiative on the left by grappling Longstreet near Wilderness Tavern. On Friday, General Grant's historian, referring to Hancock, says: "This magnificent soldier, backed by his magnificent corps, had terrible work before him. Pressed by the forces of Longstreet, he struggled hard, fiercely and long to hold his own, was twice driven back to his breastworks, and once the enemy ventured to plant their colors within his field works. Such fighting as Hancock did that day had probably never been seen before."

The first day, at Spottsylvania Court House, being Tuesday, Hancock having through Monday night swung his front around, early the next morning he took position about one and a half miles in advance of his former position, driving the enemy

before him and making a good use of his artillery and infantry fire. The second day, at Spottsylvania, Wednesday, the 11th, and Thursday, the 12th, were destined to witness the most complete triumphs that were yet vouchsafed to our arms on that line. Lieutenant General Grant had ordered General Hancock, in whose gallantry, heroism and ability he had unbounded confidence, to move during the night quietly towards the line of intrenchment held by Ewell's Corps in his front. Slowly and surely his men crept forward, and the dawn of day found them close upon the sleeping and unsuspecting enemy. At the proper moment the order was given to charge, when, with a yell the devoted band of heroes sprang forward, and ere the enemy were aware of the proximity of their opponents, Hancock's men rushed over the intrenchments, using the butt end of the muskets on the devoted heads of the Confederates. The result of this battle was, between thirty and forty pieces of artillery were taken, with their commander, General E. Johnson. At nine o'clock the next morning, in addition to the brilliant night above mentioned, the whole line of Hancock's Corps advanced, and although the enemy contested every point with great determination, still Hancock advanced, and in face of such desperate resistance, that every foot of soil gained was a triumphant success.

On the 14th of May General Grant sent dispatches to the War Department stating that "the

advance of Hancock yesterday developed that the enemy had fallen back four miles, where they remained in position." The day before, the 13th, General Meade addressed the Army of the Potomac, in which General Hancock had performed prodigies of valor, as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 13, 1864.

"*Soldiers:*—The moment has arrived when your Commanding General feels authorized to address you in terms of congratulation. For eight days and nights, almost without intermission, in rain and sunshine, you have been gallantly fighting a desperate foe in positions naturally strong and rendered doubly so by intrenchments. You have compelled him to abandon his fortifications on the Rapidan, to retire and attempt to stop your army progress, and now he has abandoned the last intrenched position, so tenaciously held, suffering a loss in all of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, and eight thousand prisoners, including two general officers. Your heroic deeds and noble endurance of fatigue and privations will ever be memorable. Let us return thanks to God for His mercy thus shown us and ask earnestly for its continuation."

Meanwhile, with General Meade at the head of the Army of the Potomac and Lieutenant General Grant in command of the whole army, his great mind taking in charge the whole campaign of battle, extending from Virginia to the farthest South, General Hancock was pressing forward with his advance, making with General Burnside a heavy concerted attack on the enemy's right wing, on Friday, the 13th of May, which covered Spottsylvania Court House on the north and covered also the road running through that town. The success of General Hancock in driving the enemy from the two

lines of breastworks and making valuable captures has already been noted.

This was the great month of battle, beginning on the 3d of May, 1864, when the Rapidan was crossed without serious opposition, leaving Grant and Meade with their generals masters of the Peninsula, without having uncovered Washington for a single hour. Finally, on the night of the 12th of June, General Grant withdrew his forces from Lee's front at Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill. General W. F. Smith, with the 18th Corps, marched to the White House, embarked on transports, and went down to Pamunkey and York rivers, and up the James. The 6th and 9th Corps, under Wright and Burnside, crossed the Chickahominy at Jones' Bridge, while Hancock's 2d and Warren's 5th Corps crossed at Long Bridge, whence they marched to the James river, crossing at Powhatan Point. The great movement was carried out without a single failure, and without notice to the enemy, who woke up on the morning of the 13th of June to find the army which menaced them the previous night had disappeared and was already beyond the hope of successful pursuit.

In July of 1864 the enemy, finding it impossible to shake the last stronghold with which Grant had grappled the throat of the conflict at Richmond, resolved to try another plan, the invasion of Maryland, thereby threatening Washington, trusting in this to induce Grant to withdraw his army from

the James to the defence of the national capital; but in vain. Breckinridge was defeated before the walls of Washington by a hasty retreat into Virginia, leaving five hundred of his men killed and wounded under the guns of Fort Fisher.

And now I turn to another life of Grant, written by that accomplished soldier and scholar, Capt. Henry Coppee, still connected with the great University at Bethlehem, Pa, a graduate of West Point, a hero in the Mexican war and an instructor at the Military Academy until 1855. His military biography of General Grant leaves out the great drama of Gettysburg, but nevertheless contains several striking and manly tributes to Winfield S. Hancock, after the whole army had been organized under the new Lieut. General Grant, Hancock being placed at the head of his old 2d Corps by Gen. Meade, still the chief of the Army of the Potomac, preparatory to a great march upon Richmond. Coppee says of Hancock—"He was an officer of infantry, who had risen with great rapidity; and who, in bearing, personal appearance, splendid gallantry, and influence over his troops, fully deserves the epithet which he received at Williamsburg—'Hancock the superb.'"

Again speaking of Hancock in the Battle of the Wilderness, he says:

"But the principal fighting, as was anticipated, is in front of Hancock. Attacking at 5 o'clock precisely, with the divisions under Birney and Getty, and with Wadsworth, also, on Hill's flank, he drives Heth

and Wilcox, of Hill's corps, (on the 6th of May, 1864) a mile and a half to the rear, and within a hundred and fifty yards of Lee's Head-quarters. He takes possession of their rifle pits, many prisoners, and five stands of colors. The skill and valor of Hancock, the firmness of Gibbons, and the distinguished gallantry of Colonel Carroll, commanding the 3d brigade of Gibbons' division, dashed Lee's hope of piercing our left, which, for a moment, it was feared he might do."

The fight on the 6th of May substantially terminated what has become famous in history as the Battle of the Wilderness, for on the next day, the 7th, Hancock's advance found Lee withdrawn from his immediate front, and pushing forward, discovered him in a new line, strongly intrenched, near Parker's Store, and connecting with his intrenched line on the turnpike.

On the 9th of May, while Lieutenant General Grant was fighting forward, Meade leading the Army of the Potomac, and Hancock with his splendid 2d Corps driving ahead with all his unparalleled gallantry, Abraham Lincoln issued from the Executive Mansion the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *May* 9, 1864.

To the Friends of Union and Liberty:—Enough is known of the army operations within the last five days to claim our special gratitude to God. While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers to, and reliance upon, Him (without whom all human effort is vain) I recommend that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And three days after Professor Coppee writes of Hancock: "The morning of Thursday, the 12th

of June, dawned, enveloped in an auspicious fog of great denseness. The orders were given in silence. The Second Corps (under Hancock) was formed in two lines. Barlow with the 1st Division in two lines, occupied the centre, and Birney, with the 3d Division, was on his right; the 2d and 4th, under Gibbons and Mott, formed the second line. The point of attack was a salient angle of earthworks, held by Johnson's division, Ewell's corps. Silently and unseen, the corps moved upon the unsuspecting enemy. They passed over the rugged and quite exposed space, the enthusiasm growing at every step, until, with a terrible charge, and a storm of cheers, they reached the enemy's works, scaled them in front and flank, surprising the celebrated "Stonewall" Brigade of Johnson at their breakfast, surrounding them, and capturing almost the entire division, with its commander, Gen. Edward Johnson; two brigades of other troops, with their commander, Brigadier General George H. Stewart; and thirty guns. The number of prisoners taken was between three and four thousand. It was the most decided success yet achieved during the campaign. When Hancock heard that these Generals were taken, he directed that they should be brought to him. Offering his hand to Johnson, that officer was so affected as to shed tears, declaring that he would have preferred death to captivity. He then extended his hand to Stewart, whom he had known before, saying: "How are you,

Stewart?" But the Confederate, with great haughtiness, replied, "I am General Stewart, of the Confederate Army; and, under present circumstances, I decline to take your hand." Hancock's cool and dignified reply was: "And under any other circumstances, General, I should not have offered it." It was after this magnificent feat of arms that Gen. Meade issued the order of the thirteenth of May, elsewhere printed.

If I did not know of the historic heroism of our troops in that great conflict, I should regard this thrilling sketch of the service of General Hancock as the wild invention of a novel writer. But there were many other deeds of daring wrought by other men, and nothing but the fact that I am now describing one character in an unparalleled drama, must be my excuse for confining the volume to Hancock's achievements. These, themselves, were, however, so peculiar as to call forth praise from all sides; and if I had the room I could fill pages with the commendations of his unpausing valor from friend and foe.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 26, 1864, however, General Hancock was detached from the Army of the Potomac and again ordered to Washington.

There were so many veterans in the country unemployed, whose term of service had expired, that Government determined to call them into the field again. These tried soldiers, having been once

honorably discharged, hesitated to re-enter the service in regiments recruited since their own enlistments, and hence President Lincoln sought the chief of the illustrious Generals of the army as the best to win them back. That chief was General Hancock. There was soon a tremendous response, and General Hancock was placed in his new command, his headquarters were first established at Washington and afterwards at Winchester, Va. The division embracing the department of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Washington, and his entire forces including the army of the Shenandoah, amounting to nearly one hundred thousand men of all arms.

With this vast force General Hancock was under orders to be ready to move at short notice, either on Lynchburg, to operate with the Army of the Potomac, or to take transport to the southern coast to co-operate with General Sherman. But the sudden breaking of Lee's lines at Petersburg and the surrender at Appomattox happily closed this part of the campaign. The crowning event of that period was yet to amaze this country and the whole world. That event was the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER VII.

CAN A GREAT SOLDIER BE A GOOD RULER?

MY reading of history does not lead me to sanction the recent declaration of Mr. Carl Schurz, in his admirable speech, in Indiana, that the professional soldier is unfit for civil administration. Julius Cæsar was no less renowned for the reformation which he effected in the civil administration and laws of Rome than for his military achievements. The civil code of Napoleon is as enduring a monument to his fame as the field of Austerlitz. I have just been reading the angry prophecies of Henry Clay, 1816–1818, after General Jackson's brilliant military services in the second war against Great Britain, and contrasting them with his splendid record in favor of the Union forty-eight years ago. Washington himself was a professional soldier, having held the commission of Colonel in the Virginia forces as early as 1755, and almost continuously engaged in the profession of arms from that period until the close of the revolutionary war in 1783. Grant, measured by the results of his eight years in the Presidential chair,

was eminently successful in civil administration. The rigid economy, and the severe methods of administration, and the exact system incident to the profession of arms, render it an admirable training-school for the executive head of the civil department of the government.

Hancock as president will not be called upon to frame a code of laws, but to execute the statutes; and the argument that he is unfitted to perform the executive duties of his civil administration because he has heretofore been engaged in executing a purely military code, which is itself composed chiefly of Acts of Congress, certainly can have no force with a reflecting mind. As president, he will be the chief magistrate of the republic, in which the citizen possesses all the liberty consistent with the safety of the government; and the government is vested with all the power consistent with the liberty of the citizen. Hancock will recognize and maintain both unfalteringly.

History attests that the wounds of civil war are best healed by the great and triumphant soldiers who have acted in them. General Garfield, in his letter of acceptance, intimates that the South is in a *quasi* state of rebellion. Indeed, he implies that Democracy is rebellion, full-fledged, waiting for a fine day to fly. If this be true, then the days of the Union are numbered, for the Democratic Party, in 1876, as shown by statistics universally admitted

to be true, polled 280,000 more votes than were polled for the Republican candidate, and, according to this exhibit, the majority of the American people are hostile to the American Union—but happily it is not true. I would rather have the certificate of General U. S. Grant to attest my loyalty than that of any other living man; and he recently declared in his speech at New Orleans, and at Cairo, Ill., that "the flag of the Union is everywhere honored sincerely throughout the Southern States:" and he added, "the Past has gone forever; henceforth the Blue and the Gray will march on, shoulder to shoulder."

This sentiment was worthy of the illustrious soldier who interposed the shield of his own honor to protect the lives of his defeated and prostrate countrymen against a sanguinary policy at Washington. It was a recognition of this spirit of national reconciliation, symbolized by recent utterances of General Grant, that led an artillery company at Buford, S. C., in December last, composed chiefly of survivors of the garrison of Fort Sumter, all of them Democrats, to fire a salute of one hundred guns in honor of Grant's arrival at that ancient and historic town. General Garfield would, however, unmuffle the war-drums again, and unfurl the standards of civil strife, or at least keep alive the passions that sprung from internecine war, while Hancock's chief ambition is to see American citizens gathered together fraternally once more

under the shelter of the common mansion of the Union which he did so much to preserve.

DOES HANCOCK POSSESS GIFTS OF ADMINISTRATION?

The distinction between an executive officer and an officer of administration is sometimes difficult to define. We call the departments at Washington executive departments, and we call the President the executive, yet he is also entitled, the head of the administration, and the Constitution divides the different departments into executive, judicial and legislative. Popularly considered the head of the administration is very much like the head of an army; but it happens that a good General who can direct his forces, anticipate a battle, and check his enemy, is not always an adept in civil administration.

And now you find the skilful politician baffled at every other point, defeated in his anxiety to find some salient defect in General Hancock's armor, humiliated even in his attempts to invent a convenient calumny, falling back, at last, upon the comfortable assumption that General Hancock knows nothing of civil administration; that his experience has been purely military; and that, of course, he knows nothing about the public men of the country.

If you will turn a page over and read the chapter in which I describe General Hancock at Governor's Island, and, with that in your mind, will consider

how many different communities and interests and people Hancock has been for ten years constantly associating with, you may realize that the division he superintends is in itself many times larger than the entire country over which Washington, or Jefferson, or Andrew Jackson presided, and that this immense territory in time of peace exacts not only the most delicate superintendence, but such a familiarity with every variety of thought and production, and many other relations of society and of parties, as would irresistibly inform and educate any man if he were not already well-trained and well-balanced.

One of our public speakers compares General Hancock with General Washington; and those who have seen the exactness of the book-keeping and the journal of the first President of the United States, the minuteness with which he kept his own accounts, and the care with which he regulated his business with the government, will, as they study the almost punctilious methods of General Hancock, recognize the justice of at least a part of this parallel. All sides admit and applaud the impetuous valor of General Hancock, his almost reckless disregard of his own life in battle, his singular composure on horseback in the smoke and fire and leaden rain of a fatal conflict; and yet those who have known him nearest and best freely unite in the opinion that he is also one of the most cautious and careful of business men, directing and control-

ling his own affairs with remarkable ability. He has a singular eye for detail, and a keen sense of the imperious obligations he owes to his government. Manners enter largely into administration. The gift of kindness to inferiors is so rare among leading public men absorbed in heavy duties, that to watch the affection of those connected with General Hancock, as well in the field as in private life, in camp and in his own bureau, proves that he is a charming companion and benevolent superior. Nothing has impressed me more in this last examination of his habits than the high admiration for his character and capacity by men who are still attached to the Republican Party and have known the Democratic candidate for president. Could anything be more explicit in this connection than the words of General W. T. Sherman, his own immediate commander-in-chief, the general of the American armies?

"If you will sit down and write the best thing that can be put in language about General Hancock, as an officer and a gentleman, I will sign it without hesitation."

We are told that order is heaven's first law, and those who have seen General Hancock at the head of a great army, like those who have met him at the head of his vast division, managing it from the little island where he has his home now, will understand what weight to attach to this tribute. It is therefore admitted that General Hancock is

not only a soldier and a gentleman, that he not only makes a good administrative as well as executive officer, but it now turns out that he knows how to manage his own affairs as well, and that he does not belong to that class who grow old without taking care of their own estates. Here again he resembles General Washington, who, besides leaving the example of an unparalleled civil and military success, bequeathed to posterity a *vade mecum* of domestic regularity and business correctness. Surely these are the unconscious and unwritten, but nevertheless positive pledges of high administrative gifts. And when we add to them the sterling fact that he is also an honest and incorruptible man, we need no further guarantees of his fitness for the highest office in the gift of the American people. But what after all is this fresh demand for statesmanship in the Presidency? I can well understand why a statesman, after the model of Jefferson and Madison and Monroe, might be hungered for in the Presidential office at present. But modern politics seems to have lost that high ideal, and the accepted statesman of the hour is one trained to the artifices of Washington life, to the intrigues of local politics, to associations with questionable favorites, to confidential committals to reckless combinations, and to that dreadful practice, which, in the hard school of the costly luxuries of the Capital and to the guilty expenses, too often captures and kills impecunious politicians.

Well, General Hancock is not such a man. Here, at least, he falls short of party expectation. But I cannot believe that because he has not become indurated by such practices, he is not therefore the better qualified for the best position in the gift of the American people.

There is no better judge of General Hancock than the men who served with him on his staff during the civil war, and one of these is General F. A. Walker, the fearless and fastidious Superintendent of the Census Bureau, at Washington, a Republican scholar, who bore such a relation to Gen. Hancock, as authorized him to pay such a compliment to his Chief as can only come from his heart. General Walker is my type of the civil service; he is one of the few independent officials at Washington. He filled the bill, not only of gentlemanlike deportment during the war, but of cool courage, precisely as now he fills the bill in his deportment at the National Capital, of entire self-reliance and innate courtesy. Both these traits make him regardless of mere party dictation; hence he wins the respect of friend and foe.

This is what General Walker says of General Hancock, under date of July 12, 1880.

"He was an ideal commander. His presence in the camp or along the line was like an impulse which every soldier felt. It seemed to travel through the army like a great wave. It is needless to say that he was everywhere beloved and admired. It was impossible for it to be otherwise when one saw the force of his character and his enthusiasm

and energy. As a military genius he was a tactician of great skill and adroitness, as well as an executor of energy and power. It is seldom that you find these qualities in one man, for it is generally considered as incompatible that a sagacity which was almost cunning should be combined with dash and industry. General Hancock possessed both to a high degree. Then he had all the instincts of a staff officer in regard to keeping up the discipline and the condition of his command. He might have been the Inspector General, for the care he exercised. Then he had a perfect passion for what is known in the army as 'Papers.' I remember this from a very lively experience. Oftentimes when I had worked twelve or fourteen hours during the day, and was nearly ready to drop, he would send for me, and for two hours longer would keep me in his tent, going over a great mass of correspondence and orders. He had a love for all the details of the camp and of the march, and a capacity to receive and understand them. He was immensely particular, and a man who, generally speaking, paid apparently an unnecessary attention to nice points. Orders and letters must be written with the greatest punctilio and care, whether under a tree, in the rain, or in headquarters. He would do work that any other General would leave to his Adjutant, giving a great deal of his time and personal attention to questions relating to regulations, to breaches of discipline, and to the various reports, even though of a routine nature. When in battle he never issued commands from the rear, but was on the field in person. Even after he had given an order he would himself see that it was carried out. This was not always the pleasantest position for a subordinate officer; but, looking back now, I can see that Hancock's almost invariable success was due to his incessant wakefulness and vigilance. He knew what he wanted, and that a single word misunderstood might cause disaster to his troops or make him lose a victory. He was not willing to run any risks."

GENERAL HANCOCK AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND IN 1880.

While at Governor's Island a few days ago, I was much impressed by the unusual order, the

system and refined taste, prevailing in the grounds around the headquarters of General Hancock. He occupies a comfortable mansion with his family. It lies just below the Battery, and is surrounded by the East River, and the North River, the main channel passing to the ocean and the bay. Governor's Island covers an area of sixty-five acres, and belongs to the United States. The present beauty of the Island, as well as the prevailing neatness and comfort, is owing to the active personal supervision of General Hancock, and shows that his attention to the trees on the estate of his father-in-law near St. Louis, has always been applied to the military posts he has periodically occupied. He takes great delight in arboriculture, and many of the trees of Governor's Island were planted by him. They prove the zeal with which he has directed and kept them in perfect order himself. His officers said that his knowledge of trees is almost intuitive.

Another little incident deserves mention. The yellow fever broke out on the island some twelve years ago, and there were twenty-six or more fatal cases, among them that of Chaplain Davidson. The quarantine station was not then so far down as it is now. A mattress having been thrown overboard from one of the vessels, it landed on the island, which spread the infection, having been picked up by some of the soldiers. But since the General has been in command, all refuse matter stranding on the shores is at once properly disposed

of. The health and purity of this fine government establishment make it one of the most attractive objects to residents and strangers. Under the General's administration water-pipes have been laid under Buttermilk Channel from Brooklyn, so that there is an abundant supply of water. Water-plugs are seen placed at intervals on the island convenient for use. One gathers a fair idea of the habits of men by precisely such incidents as these.

Few persons seem to understand the magnitude of the district or military Division of the Atlantic over which the General presides. It extends from Duluth, Min., embracing all the lake States, and all the north-eastern and Eastern States to the Atlantic, down to Texas. It includes the New England States, the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky and Tennessee. This Division is divided into two Departments—the Department of the East and the Department of the South. He is in constant personal or written intercourse with this vast domain.

There is quite a military colony at Governor's Island; the population about five hundred. The General's staff consists of General Fry, Adjutant General; General McKeever, Assistant-Adjutant-

General; Gen. Clarke, Chief Commissioner of Subsistence; General Perry, Chief Quartermaster; Gen. Cuyler, Medical Director; Gen. Davis, Inspector-General; Gen. Arnold, Acting Assistant-Inspector-General; Col. Larned, Chief Paymaster; Maj. Gardner, Judge Advocate. His *Aides* are Col. Mitchell, Capt. Wharton and Capt. Ward. Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden, Superintendent of the general recruiting service, also resides here. The troops in the garrison are commanded by Capt. Thos. Ward of the 1st artillery. There is a little chapel on the Island supported by Trinity Parish, where Chaplain Goodwin officiates. The officers and their families live in eighteen buildings outside the fort. The old New York arsenal is located on the upper end of the island commanded by Col. Baylor, of the Ordnance Department.

HANCOCK AS A MILITARY GOVERNOR IN TIME OF PEACE.

The civil record of General Hancock during his administration in Louisiana and Texas is gratefully recalled with just pleasure by the people of the South, and in this calmer hour, when there should be a hearty union in the restoration of the kindly feeling between the sections, some reference to that record will also be useful and interesting in the North. Hancock assumed command of his department in the following characteristic document, which I reprint, asking my readers carefully to study it, in the full belief that there is not a single principle asserted, or promise made, that is not in full accordance with republican ideas:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,

GENERAL ORDERS. No. 40. } NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 29, 1867.

I. In accordance with general orders No. 81, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., August 27th, 1876, Major- General W. S. Hancock hereby assumes command of the Fifth Military District and of the Department composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas.

II. The General Commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this Department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end he regards the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances.

In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, and overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority. But when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these views, the General announces that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property must be preserved.

Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offences committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction.

Should there be violations of existing laws which are not inquired into by the civil magistrates, or should failure in the administration of justice by the courts be complained of, the cases will be reported to these headquarters, when such orders will be made as may be deemed necessary.

While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties

of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK.

[Official.]

It is not necessary to repeat the thought that these ideas are a part of the law of all civilizations; but it may serve a present purpose to state that, even now, some of the mere parrots of past enmities, unable to challenge this great assurance to a conquered people, are trying to array General Phil. Sheridan, the soldier whom Hancock superseded in Texas and Louisiana in 1867, among the adversaries of the Democratic Candidate for President. This attempt was made in the presence of General Garfield, on Wednesday, August 4, 1880, by a New York politician, as General Garfield was on his way to New York City. It created no sensation, because, a few days before, General Sheridan spoke of Hancock as follows: "I am not in politics; but General Hancock is a great and good man. The Democrats have not made any mistake this time."

Since November 29, 1867, not the South alone, but all the world has undergone a tremendous change for the better. And of all the thousands who will give to this order of General Hancock their hearty approval to-day, at least hundreds thirteen years ago, rejected its plain and unanswerable guarantees as so many evidences of sympathy with the disloyal South. Such has been

the transformation of millions of men. Never was there a plainer or more universal truth. You have only to turn over to that chapter in which I speak of the condition of the South to find my assertion proved. The radicals that came in with Abraham Lincoln, breathing vengeance upon the South, in nearly every instance died conservatives: Horace Greeley kept standing at the head of the *Tribune*, the fierce motto, "On to Richmond," and yet Horace Greeley died as the Southern candidate for President of the United States, his heart full of love and peace for his Southern brothers. Salmon P. Chase, an original republican, publicly gave in his adhesion to Democratic ideas before he passed over. The radical Charles Sumner, Senator in Congress from Massachusetts, went to his long home anxious to the last to prove his fidelity to the undying maxim, "Universal amnesty and universal suffrage." Henry Wilson, the dead Vice-President, was a most tolerant philosopher. Henry J. Raymond, the Republican editor of the New York *Times*, prematurely called hence June 18th, 1860, first having finished an admirable life of Abraham Lincoln with a history of his administration, was like Mr. Seward, an original republican, a consistent protestant against severe measures towards the South. These and many other striking metamorphoses of public men and public sentiment, found in every city in the Union and every community, will now understand the justice of Hancock's order No. 40.

That order explains why his soldier's mind in 1867 and 1868, was prepared for the best treatment of the Southern people of the Gulf States. Let us also particularly remember that when Governor Pease of Texas, took violent issue through the newspapers with the administration of General Hancock, the Governor simply gave utterance to the radical sentiment at that time. He did not know that it was rapidly changing.

I do not know if Governor Pease is still living. He was born in Connecticut and emigrated to Texas in 1855; was a law partner of Gen. Sam Houston, Governor of Texas from 1853 to 1857, and was in 1857 re-elected to the same office, remaining therein until 1870. He believed in extreme measures, General Hancock did not. And when Governor Pease printed his criticisms upon General Hancock, the General replied in a letter, dated March 9, 1868, which is so important that I give the whole of it here, making the same comment upon it that I applied to General Order No. 40, namely that is a paper of rare ability, moderation and good sense, alike applicable to every community North and South. If the principles herein asserted are applied to General Hancock's administration in the event of his election to the Presidency, he will need nothing more to secure for himself and his posterity the gratitude of the American people. There are pages in this letter of very great eloquence, but the moderation of the whole will be

most attractive to the philosophic student. It cannot be said that the author of such a state paper is not qualified to discharge the duties of the President of the United States. The grand republican arraignment of General Hancock, is, that he is a simple soldier, not equipped for civil administration, but I question if the military proclamation of Andrew Jackson, in 1832, against John C. Calhoun's nullification scheme, contains a purer system of real republican government than is summarized in General Hancock's letter to Governor Pease. And yet the general reader need not be told that General Jackson, himself a soldier, was everywhere denounced by the Whigs of that time as having procured a celebrated lawyer to prepare for him a pronunciamento which aroused the country from Maine to Georgia, and called from the great expounder of the constitution himself, Daniel Webster, a tribute of unforgotten eloquence to the soldier President of the United States.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S CELEBRATED LETTER TO GOVERNOR PEASE OF TEXAS.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
New Orleans, La., March 9, 1868.

To His Excellency, E. M. PEASE, *Governor of Texas:*

SIR:—Your communication of the 17th January last, was received in due course of mail, (the 27th January,) but not until it had been widely circulated by the newspaper press. To such a letter—written and published for manifest purposes—it has been my intention to reply as soon as leisure from more important business would permit.

Your statement that the act of Congress "to provide for the more

efficient government of the rebel States," declares that whatever government existed in Texas was provisional; that peace and order should be enforced; that Texas should be part of the Fifth Military District, and subject to military power; that the President should appoint an officer to command in said district, and detail a force to protect the rights of person and property, suppress insurrection and violence, and punish offenders, either by military commission, or through the action of local civil tribunals, as in his judgment might seem best, will not be disputed. One need only read the act to perceive it contains such provisions. But how all this is supposed to have made it my duty to order the military commission requested, you have entirely failed to show. The power to do a thing if shown, and the propriety of doing it, are often very different matters. You observe you are at a loss to understand how a government, without representation in Congress, or a militia force, and subject to military power, can be said to be in the full exercise of all its proper powers. You do not reflect that this government, created or permitted by Congress, has all the powers which the act intends, and may fully exercise them accordingly. If you think it ought to have more powers, should be allowed to send members to Congress, wield a militia force, and possess yet other powers, your complaint is not to be preferred against me, but against Congress, who made it what it is.

As respects the issue between us, any question as to what Congress ought to have done has no pertinence. You admit the act of Congress authorizes me to try an offender by military commission, or allow the local civil tribunals to try, as I shall deem best; and you cannot deny the act expressly recognizes such local civil tribunals as legal authorities for the purpose specified. When you contend there are no legal local tribunals for any purpose in Texas, you must either deny the plain reading of the act of Congress or the power of Congress to pass the act.

You next remark that you dissent from my declaration, "that the country (Texas) is in a state of profound peace," and proceed to state the grounds of your dissent. They appear to me not a little extraordinary. I quote your words: "It is true there no longer exists here

(Texas) any organized resistance to the authority of the United States." "But a large majority of the white population who participated in the late rebellion, are embittered against the Government, and yield to it an unwilling obedience." Nevertheless, you concede they do yield it obedience. You proceed:

"None of this class have any affection for the Government, and very few any respect for it. They regard the legislation of Congress on the subject of reconstruction as unconstitutional and hostile to their interests, and consider the government now existing here under authority of the United States as an usurpation on their rights. They look on the emancipation of their late slaves and the disfranchisement of a portion of their own class, as an act of insult and oppression."

And this is all you have to present for proof that war and not peace prevails in Texas; and hence it becomes my duty—so you suppose—to set aside the local civil tribunals, and enforce the penal code against citizens by means of military commissions.

My dear sir, I am not a lawyer, nor has it been my business, as it may have been yours, to study the philosophy of statecraft and politics. But I may lay claim, after an experience of more than half a lifetime, to some poor knowledge of men and some appreciation of what is necessary to social order and happiness. And for the future of our common country, I could devoutly wish that no great number of our people have yet fallen in with the views you appear to entertain. Woe be to us whenever it shall come to pass that the power of the magistrate—civil or military—is permitted to deal with the mere opinions or feelings of the people.

I have been accustomed to believe that sentiments of respect or disrespect, and feelings of affection, love or hatred, so long as not developed into acts in violation of law, were matters wholly beyond the punitory power of human tribunals.

I will maintain that the entire freedom of thought and speech, however acrimoniously indulged, is consistent with the noblest aspirations of man, and the happiest condition of his race.

When a boy I remember to have read a speech of Lord Chatham,

delivered in Parliament. It was during our Revolutionary war, and related to the policy of employing the savages on the side of Britain. You may be more familiar with the speech than I am. If I am not greatly mistaken, his lordship denounced the British Government—his government—in terms of unmeasured bitterness. He characterized its policy as revolting to every sentiment of humanity and religion; proclaimed it covered with disgrace, and vented his eternal abhorrence of it and its measures. It may, I think, be safely asserted that a majority of the British nation concurred in the views of Lord Chatham. But who ever supposed that profound peace was not existing in that kingdom, or that government had any authority to question the absolute right of the opposition to express their objections to the propriety of the king's measures in any words, or to any extent they pleased? It would be difficult to show that the opponents of the Government in the days of the elder Adams, or Jefferson, or Jackson, exhibited for it either "affection" or "respect." You are conversant with the history of our past parties and political struggles touching legislation on alienage, sedition, the embargo, national banks, our wars, with England and Mexico, and cannot be ignorant of the fact, that for one party to assert that a law or system of legislation is unconstitutional, oppressive and usurpative, is not a new thing in the United States. That the people of Texas consider acts of Congress unconstitutional, oppressive, or insulting to them, is of no consequence to the matter in hand. The President of the United States has announced his opinion that these acts of Congress are unconstitutional. The Supreme Court, as you are aware, not long ago decided unanimously that a certain military commission was unconstitutional. Our people everywhere, in every State, without reference to the side they took during the rebellion, differ as to the constitutionality of these acts of Congress. How the matter really is, neither you nor I may dogmatically affirm.

If you deem them constitutional laws and beneficial to the country, you not only have the right to publish your opinions, but it might be your bounden duty as a citizen to do so. Not less is it the privilege and duty of any and every citizen, wherever residing, to publish his

opinion freely and fearlessly on this and every question which he thinks concerns his interest. This is merely in accordance with the principles of our free government; and neither you nor I would wish to live under any other. It is time now, at the end of almost two years from the close of the war, we should begin to recollect what manner of people we are; to tolerate again free, popular discussion, and extend some forbearance and consideration to opposing views. The maxims, that in all intellectual contests truth is mighty and must prevail, and that error is harmless when reason is left free to combat it, are not only sound, but salutary. It is a poor compliment, to the merit of such a cause, that its advocates would silence opposition by force; and generally those only who are in the wrong will resort to this ungenerous means. I am confident you will not commit your serious judgment to the proposition that any amount of discussion, or any sort of opinions, however unwise in your judgment, or any assertion or feeling, however resentful or bitter, not resulting in a breach of law, can furnish justification for your denial that profound peace exists in Texas. You might as well deny that profound peace exists in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, California, Ohio and Kentucky, where a majority of the people differ with a minority on these questions; or that profound peace exists in the House of Representatives, or the Senate, at Washington, or in the Supreme Court, where all these questions have been repeatedly discussed, and parties respectfully and patiently heard. You next complain that in parts of the State (Texas) it is difficult to enforce the criminal laws; that sheriffs fail to arrest; that grand jurors will not always indict; that in some cases the military acting in aid of the civil authorities have not been able to execute the process of the courts; that petit jurors have acquitted persons adjudged guilty by you; and that other persons charged with offences have broke jail and fled from prosecution. I know not how these things are; but admitting your representations literally true, if for such reasons I should set aside the local civil tribunals and order a military commission, there is no place in the United States where it might not be done with equal propriety. There is not a State in the Union—North or South—where the like facts are not continually happening. Perfection is not

to be predicated of man or his works. No one can reasonably expect certain and absolute justice in human transactions; and if military power is to be set in motion, on the principles for which you would seem to contend, I fear that a civil government, regulated by laws, could have no abiding place beneath the circuit of the sun. It is rather more than hinted in your letter, that there is no local State government in Texas, and no local laws outside of the acts of Congress, which I ought to respect; and that I should undertake to protect the rights of persons and property in *my own way* and in an *arbitrary manner*. If such be your meaning, I am compelled to differ with you. After the abolition of slavery, (an event which I hope no one now regrets,) the laws of Louisiana and Texas existing prior to the rebellion, and not in conflict with the acts of Congress, comprised a vast system of jurisprudence, both civil and criminal. It required not volumes only, but libraries to contain them. They laid down principles and precedents for ascertaining the rights and adjusting the controversies of men, in every conceivable case. They were the creations of great and good and learned men, who had labored, in their day, for their kind, and gone down to the grave long before our recent troubles, leaving their works an inestimable legacy to the human race. These laws, as I am informed, connected the civilization of past and present ages, and testified of the justice, wisdom, humanity and patriotism of more than one nation, through whose records they descended to the present people of these States. I am satisfied, from representations of persons competent to judge, they are as perfect a system of laws as may be found elsewhere, and better suited than any other to the condition of this people, for by them they have long been governed. Why should it be supposed Congress has abolished these laws? Why should any one wish to abolish them? They have committed no treason, nor are hostile to the United States, nor countenance crime, nor favor injustice. On them, as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire superstructure of social order in these two States. Annul this code of local laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of person or property here. Abolish the local civil tribunals made to execute them, and you would virtually annul the laws, except

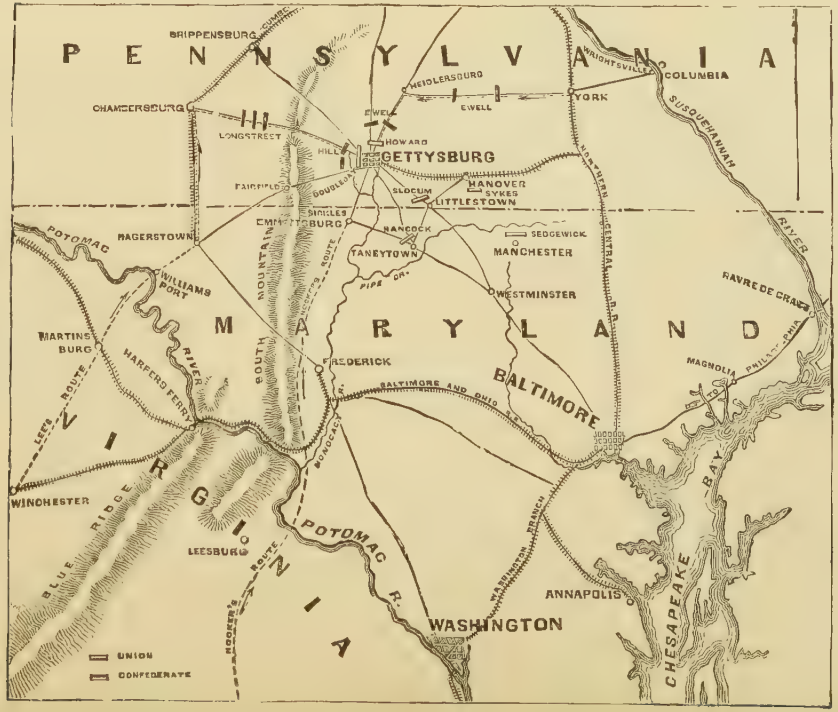
in reference to the very few cases cognizable in the federal courts. Let us for a moment suppose the whole local civil code annulled, and that I am left, as commander of the Fifth Military District, the sole fountain of law and justice. This is the position in which you would place me.

I am now to protect all rights and redress all wrongs. How is it possible for me to do it? Innumerable questions arise, of which I am not only ignorant, but to the solution of which a military court is entirely unfitted. One would establish a will, another a deed; or the question is one of succession, or partnership, or descent, or trust; a suit of ejectment or claim to chattels; or the application may relate to robbery, theft, arson, or murder. How am I to take the first step in any such matter? If I turn to the acts of Congress I find nothing on the subject. I dare not open the authors on the local code, for it has ceased to exist.

And you tell me that in this perplexing condition I am to furnish by dint of my own hasty and crude judgment, the legislation demanded by the vast and manifold interests of the people! I repeat, sir, that you, and not Congress, are responsible for the monstrous suggestion that there are no local laws or institutions here to be respected by me, outside the acts of Congress. I say unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an act abolishing the local codes for Louisiana and Texas—which I do not believe—and it should fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting whatever therein shall relate to slavery.

Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword. History tells us that the Roman pandects were lost for a long period among the rubbish that war and revolution had heaped upon them, but at length were dug out of the ruins—again to be regarded as a precious treasure.

You are pleased to state that "since the publication of (my) general orders No. 40, there has been a perceptible increase of crime and manifestations of hostile feeling toward the Government and its sup-



POSITION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JULY 1.

porters," and add that it is "an unpleasant duty to give such a recital of the condition of the country."

You will permit me to say that I deem it impossible the first of these statements can be true, and that I do very greatly doubt the correctness of the second. General order No. 40 was issued at New Orleans, November 29, 1867, and your letter was dated January 17, 1868. Allowing time for order No. 40 to reach Texas and become generally known, some additional time must have elapsed before its effect would be manifested, and yet a further time must transpire before you would be able to collect the evidence of what you term "the condition of the country;" and yet, after all this, you would have to make the necessary investigations to ascertain if order No. 40 or something else was the cause. The time, therefore, remaining to enable you, before the 17th of January, 1868, to reach a satisfactory conclusion on so delicate and nice a question must have been very short. How you proceeded, whether you investigated yourself or through third persons, and if so, who they were, what their competency and fairness, on what evidence you rested your conclusion, or whether you ascertained these facts at all, are points upon which your letter so discreetly omits all mention, that I may well be be excused for not relying implicitly upon it; nor is my difficulty diminished by the fact that in another part of your letter you state that ever since the close of the war a very large portion of the people have had no affection for the Government, but bitterness of feeling only. Had the duty of publishing and circulating through the country long before it reached me, your statement that the action of the District Commander was increasing crime and hostile feelings against the Government, been less painful to your sensibilities, it might possibly have occurred to you to furnish something on the subject in addition to your bare assertion.

But what was order No. 40, and how could it have the effect you attribute to it? It sets forth that "the great principles of American liberty are still the inheritance of this people and ever should be, that the right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, and the natural rights of persons and property must be preserved." Will you question the truth of these declarations? Which one of these great principles of liberty are you ready to deny

and repudiate? Whoever does so avows himself the enemy of human liberty and the advocate of despotism. Was there any intimation in general order No. 40 that any crimes or breaches of law would be countenanced? You know that there was not. On the contrary, you know perfectly well that while "the consideration of crime and offences committed in the Fifth Military District was referred to the judgment of the regular civil tribunals," a pledge was given in order No. 40, which all understood, that these tribunals would be supported in their lawful jurisdiction, and that "forcible resistance to law would be instantly suppressed by arms." You will not affirm that this pledge has ever been forfeited. There has not been a moment since I have been in command of the Fifth District, when the whole military force in my hands has not been ready to support the civil authorities of Texas in the execution of the laws. And I am unwilling to believe they would refuse to call for aid if they needed it.

There are some considerations which, it seems to me, should cause you to hesitate before indulging in wholesale censures against the civil authorities of Texas. You are yourself the chief of these authorities, not elected by the people, but created by the military. Not long after you had thus come into office, all the judges of the Supreme Court of Texas—five in number—were removed from office, and new appointments made; twelve of the seventeen district judges were removed, and others appointed. County officers, more or less, in seventy-five out of one hundred and twenty-eight counties, were removed, and others appointed in their places. It is fair to conclude that the executive and judicial civil functionaries in Texas are the persons whom you desire to fill the offices. It is proper to mention, also, that none but registered citizens, and only those who could take the test oath, have been allowed to serve as jurors during your administration. Now, it is against this local government, created by military power prior to my coming here, and so composed of your personal and political friends, that you have preferred the most grievous complaints. It is of them that you have asserted they will not do their duty; they will not maintain justice; will not arrest offenders; will not punish crimes; and that out of one hundred homicides committed in the last twelve months, not over ten

arrests have been made; and by means of such gross disregard of duty, you declare that neither property nor life is safe in Texas.

Certainly you could have said nothing more to the discredit of the officials who are now in office. If the facts be as you allege, a mystery is presented for which I can imagine no explanation. Why is it that your political friends, backed up and sustained by the whole military power of the United States in this district, should be unwilling to enforce the laws against that part of the population lately in rebellion, and whom you represent as the offenders? In all the history of these troubles, I have never seen or heard before of such a fact. I repeat, if the fact be so, it is a profound mystery, utterly surpassing my comprehension. I am constrained to declare that I believe you are in very great error as to facts. On careful examination at the proper source, I find that at the date of your letter four cases only of homicides had been reported to these headquarters as having occurred since November 29, 1867, the date of order No. 40, and these cases were ordered to be tried or investigated as soon as the reports were received. However, the fact of the one hundred homicides may still be correct, as stated by you.

The Freedman's Bureau in Texas reported one hundred and sixty; how many of these were by Indians and Mexicans, and how the remainder were classified, is not known, nor is it known whether these data are accurate.

The report of the commanding officer of the District of Texas shows that since I assumed command no applications have been made to him by you for the arrest of criminals in the State of Texas.

To this date eighteen cases of homicides have been reported to me as having occurred since November 29, 1867, although special instructions had been given to report such cases as they occur. Of these, five were committed by Indians, one by a Mexican, one by an insane man, three by colored men, two of women by their husbands, and of the remainder some by parties unknown—all of which could be scarcely attributable to order No. 40. If the reports received since the issuing of order No. 40 are correct, they exhibit no increase of homicides in my time, if you are correct that one hundred had occurred in the past twelve months.

That there has not been a perfect administration of justice in Texas I am not prepared to deny.

That there has been no such wanton disregard of duty on the part of officials as you allege, I am well satisfied A very little while ago you regarded the present officials in Texas the only ones who could be safely trusted with power. Now you pronounce them worthless, and would cast them aside.

I have found little else in your letter but indications of temper lashed into excitement by causes which I deem mostly imaginary; a great confidence in the accuracy of your own opinions, and an intolerance of the opinions of others; a desire to punish the thoughts and feelings of those who differ from you, and an impatience which magnifies the shortcomings of officials who are perhaps as earnest and conscientious in the discharge of their duties as yourself, and a most unsound conclusion that while any persons are to be found wanting in affection or respect for government or yielding it obedience from motives which you do not approve, war and not peace, is the status, and all such persons are the proper subjects for military penal jurisdiction.

If I have written anything to disabuse your mind of so grave an error, I shall be gratified.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. S. HANCOCK,
Major-General Commanding.

Following this fine letter to Governor Pease came several other special orders, one sustaining the jurisdiction of the civil courts over the rights of private property, another securing the purity of elections and to prevent military interference at the polls; another on the stay of civil processes; another on the trial of offenses against the law of the state; another on elections from the people, and another on the removals from office without

judicial investigation and determination, one disclaiming judicial functions in civil cases, &c.

IS HE HONEST?

There can be no questions of greater importance asked in reference to a Presidential candidate than those which relate to his personal integrity. The first test Thomas Jefferson applied to every applicant for office was, "Is he honest?" Jefferson is also credited with the maxim that the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. A very large proportion of the injury inflicted upon mankind by the mismanagement of public affairs can be directly traced to the venality, rapacity and dishonesty of kings, chiefs, prime ministers, heads of departments, and national, state or city officials or legislatures. We cannot doubt the correctness of Jefferson's doctrines. A dishonest ruler can never be a safe or good ruler, no matter how richly he may be endowed with special talent. Dishonesty among men in high places has brought powerful nations into a most pitiable position by the peculation of funds appropriated for the support of their armies and navies, and this has added so enormously to the burdens of our taxation that hundreds of millions of people are, in consequence, enduring numberless privations. The extent to which public debts and appropriations have been increased, simply by official villainy, exceeds belief. It was said of the men of humble origin and lim-

ited experience in conducting governments, who came into power in England with Oliver Cromwell, that in the face of incredible difficulties and limited resources, they did infinitely more in the performance of vast governmental duties because they were honest merchants, common soldiers and mechanics, than any well trained diplomats and courtiers. Cromwell and his associates labored for the public good, while the royal favorites had no incentive but to enrich themselves by corruption. This lesson has been sadly repeated on our own soil. We have seen states and cities robbed so mercilessly by rascally officials, that all their inhabitants groaned under the burden of taxation, and it was only by the complete or partial restoration of honest rule that a vestige of good government was retained and substantial prosperity partially restored. No government is rich or powerful enough permanently to endure thieves in its legislative assemblies and its executive departments. They never fail to make fearful additions to the public burdens, and thus to take from many taxpayers the money needed for self-support. In the end they totally wreck the most powerful kingdoms, empires and republics. We have had a sufficient number of practical illustrations in our own country, of the mischiefs that flow from the presence of jobbers in various branches of our government, to make clear the doctrine of Jefferson that it is necessary to keep such men out of office. Jef-

ferson displayed his characteristic and prophetic sagacity when he uttered the valuable warning that we should sedulously inquire in reference to every candidate for important position,—Is he honest? The man in reference to whom an affirmative reply to this question cannot be clearly given does not deserve and should never receive the support of any patriotic citizen. A nominee for President, the highest and most powerful station in the gift of the people, should be not only pure, but above suspicion. In all matters that have a bearing upon his relations to public affairs, every act of his, bears directly upon the integrity of all those under him. This truth is so universally recognized that in all former campaigns, in the midst of torrents of abuse, heaped upon our candidates for office, I do not recollect one in which it has ever been charged that the Presidential nominee of any important party has betrayed his trust before his election, or has used his personal influence afterward, to enrich himself. Whatever may be said for or against former occupants of the White House, it is conceded that they were untainted, incorruptible, and above all, innocent of the hideous crime of selling themselves or their officers for power or influence.

In fact, down to this day the line of American Presidents, from Washington to Hayes, has been made up of upright, conscientious and simple-minded men. And this may be said, with infinite truth, alike of the statesmen who filled that office

in the first generation, beginning with Jefferson and closing with Jackson, and of the second generation, beginning with Harrison and closing with Grant. The poverty to which some of these Presidents have been reduced by their honest public services, affords a painful and convincing truth of their incorruptibility. Lincoln, Andrew Jackson and Ulysses S. Grant, all retired from office poor. Lincoln owed his first election and his re-election largely to the fact that everybody believed him to be "Honest Old Abe." In the doubtful contest of 1876, when the necessity of reforming public abuses was a paramount issue, the personal integrity of Rutherford B. Hayes secured to him the support of thousands. And many would have cast their ballots for Samuel J. Tilden on account of his active participation in the movements by which the great reforms had been instituted in the City and State of New York, if they had not been primarily convinced of the undoubted integrity of his Republican rival. In the struggle of 1880, the question again looms up, whether the government shall be honestly administered? This issue can never be ignored. The very first and highest duty of every voter is to institute searching inquiries in reference to the integrity of all Presidential candidates.

General Winfield Scott Hancock has an unblemished record. I know of no candidate for the Presidential office that has lived a purer, clearer,

more unsuspected and spotless life. Busy calumniators have sought and failed to find a single blemish upon his name. Even the charges invented against him have been abandoned by their authors, or rejected by his political adversaries. One of the most effective cartoons ever printed, represents a horde of hostile Republican writers searching in vain through his bureaus, boots, clothing, and private apartments for a peg on which to hang a single plausible falsehood.

Hancock is as honest as he is brave. Up to this moment he has not encountered a single personal adversary among the members of his own party; in fact he never had an organization to force his nomination at Cincinnati. This unusual circumstance does not spring from want of character, for no citizen ever had clearer views of public duty. Not the dimmest blot on his escutcheon has ever been discovered.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WORD TO LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS REPUBLICANS.

STRIKE from the column of the present Republican party the hundreds and thousands of Democrats who joined with the Republicans, attracted by the moderate and conciliatory course of Abraham Lincoln, and the dying injunction of Stephen A. Douglas, and there would not be enough left of the organization around General Garfield to command the electoral vote of a single Northern State. In a word, the purpose to which the modern Republicans now devote themselves, is hatred of the South, malignity that Mr. Lincoln scorned from his soul, and a partisan assault upon a brave soldier of the Republic, because he was born and remained a Democrat, a calumny that would have aroused the utmost indignation of Stephen A. Douglas. How what citizen, who cherishes either of these illustrious names, or remembers the sad fate of Abraham Lincoln, and the illustrious career of Stephen A. Douglas, can remain with a party, who regard

General Hancock as unworthy because he is a Democrat, surpasses belief.

General Hancock, at the time that Mr. Lincoln was murdered, was stationed at Winchester, in command of the Middle Military Division and Army of the Shenandoah. He was unutterably shocked at the atrocity of that dreadful deed, as indeed were all the people of the District among whom he was then temporarily located; for to him, as I have said, Abraham Lincoln was something more than a friend. The kind, quaint President always had a warm side for patriotic Democrats like Douglas and Hancock. After he was elected in 1860 by a division of the Democratic party, Mr. Lincoln wrote me a letter, very much to my surprise, in which he spoke of my support of Douglas, his successful competitor for Senator of the United States in Illinois, in 1858, and wanted to know if he could do anything to serve me. I wrote back, deeply impressed by his unexpected compliment. Remembering as I did to his dying day, the simple and kindly nature of Horace Greeley, I ventured to mention Mr. Greeley as a fitting member of his cabinet, stating at the same time that Mr. Greeley had written to Mr. Buchanan nearly four years before, in February of 1857, recommending me to that favorite son of Pennsylvania as a member of *his* cabinet. By return of mail I had a letter from Mr. Lincoln, announcing that my request had been received, but that he had already selected

his New York member of the cabinet, meaning of course Mr. Seward. After Lincoln became President, and after Judge Douglas had himself declared in favor of prosecuting the war in maintenance of the Union, it is well known but for the untimely death of the great Illinois Senator in June 3, 1861, President Lincoln would have sought the first occasion to give him some distinguished position in connection with the Union Army.

When Stonewall Jackson was accidentally killed by his own men on the 10th of May, 1863, in the early part of the war, I wrote a strong editorial for my Washington paper, *The Daily Chronicle*, speaking of the high qualities of that incomparable Confederate soldier, and Mr. Lincoln wrote me a letter, thanking me for my unprompted justice to a gallant enemy. Another incident may be related in proof of Mr. Lincoln's generous appreciation of men who had been his political opponents. In July of 1861, when the called session of Congress met in Washington, a secret and successful movement induced the Republican caucus to elect another man in my place as Clerk of the House. But the next day President Lincoln, mortified at what he believed to be a most impolitic movement, called upon me with Schuyler Colfax, still living at South Bend, Ind., and told me that he had himself, personally called upon a number of United States Senators, and that I would the following morning be elected Secretary of the United States Senate,

which was accordingly done. I held the place for about six years, but, valuable as it was, I then resigned it to vindicate my entire independence of the new masters of "the machine."

All through this broad land patriotic Democrats, North and South, always found in President Lincoln, not only a forgiving and generous, but a singularly magnanimous friend. I have related at another place how he pardoned Roger A. Pryor, and I might write many chapters reciting other instances of equal interest. To Republicans who have watched the course of this extraordinary man, it is unnecessary to say where he would be found this day. He longed to make peace with the South far in advance even of emancipation. Perhaps he may have carried this motive too far; perhaps the fact of his having been born in Kentucky affected him; perhaps also his Southern connections had something to do with it; but when I recollect how he loved Hancock, how much he was affected by the splendor of Hancock's opportune bravery on the 3d of July, 1863, and how rejoiced he was whenever a Southern man fought or spoke for the Union, I have no more doubt that he would be found for General Hancock in the present contest than I have where Charles Sumner would be found, or Salmon P. Chase, or Stephen A. Douglas. The golden current that ran through Abraham Lincoln's whole character was conciliation. There was hardly a day that I was not con-

strained to call upon him asking the exercise of this heavenly quality, and I can name no one case in which my appeals were refused. The Douglas and Lincoln Republicans, to whom I now address myself, have only to search their own hearts to answer the question, whether any single one of the leaders of the present Republican party imitates, either by word or deed, these magnificent attributes of the martyred President of the United States?

In Pennsylvania the whole organization of the Republican party is an iron ring rule; a ring in no one case, aided by a single man in whom Abraham Lincoln had the slightest confidence, and in nearly all cases, engineered by partisans that neither knew him nor were known by him. In New York, if the Republican leadership has more ability than here, it is none the less a selfish and personal combination. Elsewhere patronage, like the policy of the Republican party, is conducted and managed by a lot of pro-consuls, senatorial satraps, who own and distribute the offices of the general government to their special friends, and in many cases to their relatives.

What is needed now is a man in the Presidential office with hands as clean and heart as pure as those of Abraham Lincoln. Such a man is Winfield S. Hancock, the incorruptible soldier and the faithful citizen, and such is the man that the old Democracy who became Republicans under the

example of Lincoln and Douglas, can rally to in all of the States of the Union, North and South.

HANCOCK AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF THE NORTH.

The present movement of the Republican advocates of General Garfield is entirely against Gen. Hancock as a Democrat. That is his only sin in their eyes; because of that all his unequalled record as a soldier, and all his services in saving the State in 1863 (according to the Republican admissions of that day), go for nothing. Let me examine this new and monstrous assumption. I will not answer it by saying that where the present Republican leaders are not the notorious advocates of rings and jobs, they are mainly old Native Americans and Know-Nothings: that could be easily proved. But I will answer it by asking, what will become of the Republican party if the most brilliant services in war and peace are to be rebuked and rejected because those who rendered these services have been and still are Democrats? Apply this rule to the present Republican party, and you at once prepare to drop out of your national column at least six of the free States, north and west. Make, as you are making, Hancock's only sin, the fact that he was born and stays a Democrat, and you lose in a short space of time Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. Observe that all these States became Republican because of the innate hostility of the Northern

Democrats to the extension of slavery; that, and the attack upon the flag, drove almost a million of Democrats into the Republican ranks, and without them the present Republican party would have become a mere corporal's guard, made up of office-holders, office-seekers, and bloody-shirt politicians. The question of slavery is out of the way forever. Even the slave-masters are at last rejoiced that the old man of the sea is off their shoulders. Then, what else is left? Only the cry of hate of the South. Now men get tired of feeding on hate, especially when, as in this case, it is proved that the only effect of eternally hating the South is to eternally help Northern speculators in office, and fill the pockets of certain candidates with the bribes of the Credit Mobilier or the fees of the De Golyer lawyers. But there is another view of the future. Make it a sin for a gallant soldier to be a Democrat, all his education having been in that school, and what becomes of his other Democratic companions-in-arms? Do the present leaders of the Republican party think for a moment that Americans would submit to such insolence? The mere hint of such a theory will deplete their ranks as if the plague had struck them. Are other thinking politicians stupid enough to hope that when all these Democrats consented to co-operate with the old Whigs and Know-Nothings during the war, they therefore bound themselves to submit to an ignorant and

inferior rule for ever? The assault on General Hancock means precisely this. Let us see how it has worked already. The machinery of the Republican party, from Maine to Maryland, is almost exclusively in the hands of office-seeking or office-holding partisans. Look around you in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, and is it not so? Of course, your paid politicians of to-day will say that men's feelings cannot be roused by dead issues, but the pride of a party, like the *amour propre* of a man, never dies, and is soon made healthy and alive; and when a prejudice is made into a creed it is ultimately resented. On the other hand, friendship survives. To be again on good terms with the South is not only wisdom but the best Democracy. It is also the best of sense; it is commercial, religious, and manly sense. The Democrats do not offer a serpent or a sword. Their candidate is a soldier, it is true, but he is also a forgiving, generous and sincere statesman. If he hates anything, it is sectional hatred; and if he loves anything, it is patriotic co-operation and oblivion to the evil past.

THE REPUBLICANS OF THE SOUTH.

Colonel George Williamson, of Louisiana, an intimate personal friend of mine, for several years past co-operating with the Republican party, late Republican Minister to Central Africa, writes a

public letter declining the Republican nomination for Congress in the Shreveport district, and declares his intention to support Hancock. He says, "Hancock represents the magnanimity and honor and military and civil elements of the North. And General Garfield, on the contrary, represents that political element of the North that lives upon hate of the South and glories in Northern sectionalism, while it denounces and yet fosters Southern sectionalism." Colonel Williamson is one of the most accomplished and eloquent men I have ever known. He acted with the Republican party eight years ago, and gave it great power in northern Louisiana, and when Colonel Scott visited that region to secure support for the Texas and Pacific railroad in 1872, one of the most effective auxiliaries was this accomplished gentleman. A Republican in the Southern country will not find it easy to resist the influence of such a nomination as that of General Hancock. Even a carpet-bagger will find his interest in supporting the patriotic side, but a gentleman like Colonel Williamson, born in the South, yet heartily sympathizing with the progressive spirit of the North, and full of anxiety to invite emigration, alike to Louisiana and Texas, (Shreveport is directly on the border of the latter), will find little to attract him in the cause of a candidate like General Garfield, whose only capital in trade is, that Hancock is a Democrat, and that the South is still not to be trusted.

THE GREELEY REPUBLICANS OF 1872.

It is so late in the day to resume the waving of the red flag of sectional discontent, that I think all sensible people regard the experiment pretty much as they would regard the experiment of awakening hostility to an Irishman, because he was not born in the United States. It has become so ridiculous as to be despised even by the hungry office-seeker. Now, the men who did so much to nominate General Garfield as the Republican candidate for President at Chicago, were generally the Greeley men of 1872. This was a large and influential contingent of the Republican party. It included Mr. Whitelaw Reid, my old friend, General John Cochrane, Carl Schurz, Senator Fenton, of New York, G. A. Grow, Murat Halsted, and very many other eminent Republicans, most of them now, as I have said, for General Garfield, and all the unforgiving opponents of Grant.

While one of the motives for these excellent persons falling off from the Republican Party in 1872, was their dislike of General Grant, the chief point they made upon the country, the point with which they captured the South, was the assertion that the South was already reconstructed; there was no opposition to the national law there, and that if we desired to prove ourselves a magnanimous people, then was the time to elect Mr. Greeley and to bring the South back in love and

brotherhood to the national fireside. I was so much captivated by that idea myself, that if I had not acknowledged a superior obligation to General Grant; if I had not believed that he was entitled to the lasting gratitude of this whole people, of both sections, notwithstanding the fact that he had made blunders of administration, from which Washington himself was not saved, I should have gladly voted for Horace Greeley. Nothing in the character of that incomparable editor and unselfish patriot, attracted me more than the enthusiastic courage with which he gave up all his prejudices for the sake of his country, and cut loose from the corrupt jobbers of his own party.

But now, eight years after, the whole current is changed, and these gentlemen are as busy waving the bloody flag as if they were working to earn high wages by their industry. Now the South is to be hunted, hooted and harrowed by all manner of scandals. A special outrage is to be invented every day. Failing to find any spots in the sunny character of Gen. Hancock, they turn out to find fresh fault with the South, which they worshiped with almost heathen idolatry in 1872. There would be no topic for their speeches, if the present Republican leaders could not indulge in denunciation of Gen. Hancock because he is a Democrat, and in denunciations of the South, as a section still to be distrusted, although they were ready to receive it with open arms eight years ago.

THE COLORED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

It has been my good fortune to sustain the most intimate relations with the colored men of the United States for more than twenty years. There never has been an occasion when I have not been their staunch and stalwart friend. This one fact at least they will remember, and I must add that in the long run they have been considerate, kind and indulgent. But no class on the American soil owes less to the present leaders of the Republican party, and none have been treated worse by them. The men most forward in securing their freedom, Sumner, Greeley and Eli Thayer, all lived to co-operate with the Democratic party, and to-day there is no portion of the American people more interested in peace and reconciliation with the South.

Two classes have suffered from the carpet-baggers, the colored and the white men of the late insurrectionary states, and nothing in modern civilization has been such a curse to a great people as the horde of reckless men from the North, poured down upon the South at the close of the war. They had neither morals, manners, nor mercy. Who is there to-day that does not say reconstruction has been retarded ten years by the adventurers who plundered North and South Carolina, Virginia, Louisiana and Alabama? The enormities of these men turned even strong radicals into

sympathizers with the South after the war. It is possible such evils may have been provided as a punishment to the revolting states, but if this was so, these evils produced a counter current in the North and served to arouse profound commiseration for the plundered South.

Meanwhile the Republican party, in the old Free States, fell into the hands, not of the Union soldiery, but of crafty and mercenary men, who, avoiding the dangers of the battle-field, filled their pockets from the plethoric treasury of the United States during the Rebellion. These men, in their careful provision for themselves, deliberately proceeded to put themselves into office everywhere in the great municipalities, taking especial pains to exclude the highly cultivated men of the Republican party, and to give no chance for the new element, the colored voters, who stood cap in hand, at the door, waiting to be recognized. I think it could be established that if the ringleaders of the Republican party, wherever they have control, could be turned out of the places they occupy, and these places could be filled by the intelligent colored men in the same communities, the latter would prove to be the better custodians of the public interest.

My good friend, George T. Downing, now at Albany, N. Y., for a long time resident in Washington, one of the most intelligent men of his race, wrote a few days ago a letter to a conven-

tion of colored men at Trenton, N. J., in which he made this declaration: "There was no special fealty due from his people to the Republican party. Necessity had been a potent element to induce the Republican party to do what it had done." Then he cited the election by the Democrats, of J. C. Matthews, a colored man, to the Common Councils of Albany, N. Y., and his own selection as orator on Independence day in that city, and also the choice of a negro by the Democratic Mayor of Boston to read the Declaration of Independence on the same day.

I have another colored friend, an equally sensible man, Thomas Chester, a very prominent lawyer in New Orleans, who shares these sentiments with George T. Downing. It is the manifest destiny of the colored race that they should rely on neither of the great parties. In their case undoubtedly, fair and frank division of their votes is the wisest policy. Why should they become the "Hewers of wood and drawers of water" to any single organization? They vote as free citizens, and are free to choose, proving every day that their real political power is a weapon which they can use with great effect to command the respect of both parties. The man under God to whom they owed most, was Abraham Lincoln, when he signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, which made them all free, January 1, 1863. And if he were living to-day, he would with me plead for re-

conciliation between the sections and for the fullest recognition of my colored friends.

The great soldier of the first generation in this century, Andrew Jackson, hailed, as among his most loyal and reliable coadjutors, the free colored men who helped him to repel the assault upon New Orleans, and I cannot doubt that Winfield S. Hancock will bear in mind this illustrious example. Their Emancipation has conquered a thousand obstacles; it has made them the masters of their own future, and it will eventually command for them the respect of the Southern people, among whom the most of them were born.

Gen. Hancock, whose course of life is in accord with this great example, is now a candidate of the party that embodies peace to all the sections. It is said, that he is also "the candidate of the men that he conquered." Could there be a higher proof of his own magnanimity than that the men he took prisoners should now be his followers? What nation has ever failed to forgive its erring children? England, with the houses of York and Lancaster, and France, with her two Communes, are feeble copies of the splendid pardon extended by America to her Confederates. Nothing in ancient or modern times parallels that startling generosity. Abraham Lincoln forgave them even while fighting against fate and freedom; for the reason that they were our own. Finally, when universal amnesty was added to universal

suffrage, there could be no partial pardon and no divided equality. You cannot give a conditional liberty; you cannot proffer a part of human love. It is all in both cases. Hence we twain are bound into one. The egg of colored slavery is broken, never to be restored. The chains of white disqualification are melted, never to be reforged. Gettysburg preserved for us the entire and perfect chrysalis of free government; and for the Confederates, we have only to repeat: if they have sinned, they have suffered. Grievously have they sinned, fearfully have they suffered. They are still our brethren, still God's children; and as He freely forgives, what blasphemy for us to refuse?

THE EDUCATION OF THE WAR AND THE BENEVOLENCE OF PEACE.

The census is a rare magician, and it has come just in time to show the people of the Southern country that when they were beaten in their attempt to overthrow the Union they were saved a world of misery. It is unnecessary to revive the argument of an independent South, or the vision of a great sectional Republic based upon the institution of slavery. Enough to thank God for the present. I think even Jefferson Davis, in his cozy retreat at Beauvoir, Mississippi, or my old friend, R. M. T. Hunter, in his quiet home at Lloyd's, in Virginia, or if he were living, the indefatigable J. B. De Bow, of the old *Southern Re-*

view, would be quite content to see that the South have gained more by their loss than they would have gained by their victory, had General Lee won the day at Gettysburg.

And here comes the census, not so much to throw light upon old theories or to rebuke old predictions, as to illuminate the pathway to the great future that awaits all sections of this country, and none more than the South. The following wonderful summary tells part of the story:

[*From the Baltimore American.*]

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1880.

Mr. Robert P. Porter, the political economist and statistician, has recently contributed from a tour of the Southern states a series of letters to the Bradstreets that have grouped in a small space an admirable presentation of the great industrial and commercial facilities of that section. One conspicuous value of Mr. Porter's writings is that he is never excited; he sets down the facts carefully gathered, and permits his readers to form their deductions from them, and his letters are always reliable as compared with those of correspondents who allow themselves to be swept off their balance by intense sympathy with their subject. He aims to show us what progress the South has made since the war, and also what rich possibilities for her people lie in the womb of the future. When Virginia has 58 per cent. of unimproved land, West Virginia over 69 per cent., Tennessee 65 per cent. and North Carolina 75 per cent., as is the case in those states, it is easy enough to see that what is needed for their further development, and the same thing is true of all Southern states, is the influx of labor and capital. How shall they be obtained? Well, immigration with money in its hand is tolerably sure to march into a country whose resources of wealth have been so far developed by the previously resident population as to prove their vastness.

and that there is very much more money to be made out of them. Georgia has hundreds of thousands of acres of good soil for sale at 50 cents an acre, and the financial condition of the state is so sound that its loans are quoted at 12 per cent. above par. The rich and comparatively unknown valleys that lie between the Blue Ridge and the lateral ranges of Virginia and North Carolina, carry gold, iron, copper and coal below the ground, while the surface land can hardly be excelled for grazing purposes, and the hill sides are clothed with valuable timber. Tennessee has received within the last two years 7000 immigrants, who have not come as paupers, but as purchasers of homes. Arkansas has probably taken not less than 10,000 of the same class during that time, and Texas is likely to show by this census a population of fully 2,000,000. Stock-raising in Texas affords a magnificent field for enterprise and capital. The aggregate of Texas cattle is unknown to the best informed operator, but Gen. Walker, Supt. of the Census, is making special effort to discover the particulars in regard to this vast interest. No Southern interest, however, is attracting more attention than the endeavor to distribute cotton manufacturing through the cotton belt itself. The four million bales of cotton produced in the South last year run 12,500,000 spindles, which require nearly one thousand millions of dollars in buildings, machinery and working capital, and employ about 800,000 hands. Besides this total, the 700,000 spindles in the Southern states are comparatively few, and the proportion of cotton which they annually consume is only a drop in the bucket. But we have heretofore shown the increase of profit in manufacturing where the cotton is grown, and it has been estimated by Mr. Porter that if the whole product was milled there it would save to the planter $50,000,000 yearly in transportation. There is plenty of iron in the Southern states, and it can be manufactured there as cheaply as in the North. The business has been taken up to some extent, and one expert has given the opinion that Tennessee may become another Pennsylvania if it will. By employing its laboring population in manufacturing enterprises, the South will not only return within its own borders the money of which it is now depleted, but it will have products to sell to other countries, and the more it has to sell, the more miles of railroads will be built, and the more certain and remu-

nerative will be the home markets of its farmers, and the greater will be the ability of all its people to possess themselves of luxuries and comforts drawn from every quarter of the globe. In Louisiana sugar culture is having a boom. In 1865, the state produced but 5000 tons, this year it has marketed 172,924 hogsheads of sugar and 274,440 barrels of molasses, for which nearly $19,000,000 was realized. Yet there is still much sugar land that is not cultivated. Forty-one mills for extracting oil from cotton seed are being worked in the cotton belt, and there is much money in this industry.

We have not space to follow Mr. Parker through all the details o Southern progress and possibilities that he submits, but enough has been quoted to enforce the conviction that the day is breaking in that section. Its people are going to work in earnest, and in the new life that they are entering upon there must necessarily be an abolition of those political and social intolerances which have been their curse. Busy men have not time to brood over old sores, nurse dead issues, and foster political hatreds.

Last September I addressed the people of Kansas at Lawrence City, on the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of the settlement of that wonderful town, and there ventured, long before any of the paid politicians could question my anxiety to restore peace between the sections, to appeal to the Southern people as follows:

Ah, gentlemen of the South, the great Jefferson would have builded better. Had he been here, he would never have allowed John C. Calhoun's ideas to indoctrinate the South; and if he had failed to stop the poison, he would have demanded, at the close of the civil war, and in the face of the generosity proffered to the South by the North, "both hands full," that his people should not be held back in the new race for empire. He would point them to the gigantic growth of the North under free institutions and the abolition of human slavery, and he would have proclaimed from this part of his Louisiana purchase, that

Kansas was the last and most prodigious product and proof of the justice and beneficence of his prophetic labors. He would say, in words of solemn warning, that whether the Southern Democratic leaders desired it or not, the fiat had gone forth, and they could no more resist the current than Canute could arrest the sea; and then he would talk to the long-deluded masses of the South, and implore them to seize the golden opportunities all around them, and to act for themselves and by themselves, without the reckless pilots that had led them into the storm, and had neither purpose nor capacity to lead them out.

Such would be the master's voice were he alive to speak out. Let me, his humble follower and interpreter, add that there is still time "to recover arms." The South is full of wealth, genius, eloquence, and invention. The mighty elements that helped to make and fire the Revolution are not dead. Harness these elements to progress; inspire them with Jeffersonian liberty; and before the nineteenth century closes its doors, the old Southern States will be abreast of the new Western republics, and the next silver wedding of Kansas will find Texas divided into four empires, each as grand and potential as Kansas is at present, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, an athletic liberty as strong as that of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to-day.

It is astonishing how much farther hard old-time truth goes than ordinary figures of speech, and the tables teaching the philosophy of the census are far more convincing than any rhetoric. Several disenchantments appear. First, the old slaves have worked better in freedom than in slavery. Next, the old slave-owners have got richer in freedom than they did in slavery; next, the increase in the railroads of the South has been almost as rapid as the growth of railroads in the West; next, the population has been astonishingly augmented in many quarters; next, popular education is spreading

wider and staying more steadily; and I may add that Southern journalism, judging by the newspapers that have come to me within the last year, exhibits an enterprise and originality that may well make Northern newspapers prepare for a rare Southern rivalship.

Looking into the same mirror, I find that since the lifting away from the heart of the South of the terrible stone of slavery, there is as much change for the better as there was in the North in the days of its highest prosperity and improvement; society has improved in the condition of the poor whites; there is an immense advance in the condition of the blacks; and greatest of all, we have the improvement that results from free intercommunication. Now there are no barriers between the States; now no traveler is judged by his politics in the South; and now even the carpet-bagger, if he behaves himself, can win respect in the extremest Southern communities. Such is briefly a part of the education of our civil war.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE REBELS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It is not difficult to judge how George Washington would have treated the Confederates, had our civil war occurred during his life. There is a chapter in his life that meets this question. I have often believed that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Horace Greeley, and Mr. Sumner, who, under the

weight of their vast responsibilities, at last all forgot that they ever were partisans, and closed their lives at peace with all their people, had not only read in their reflecting moments, the solemn teachings of history as set forth in the splendid rhetoric of Edward Everett at Gettysburg, on the 19th of November, 1863, but that they had especially considered the example of General Washington himself, when he disposed of the celebrated Whisky Rebellion in Pennsylvania in 1794. His mode of treating the rebels of that period would have made it very certain, that earnest, and honest, and divinely loyal as he was, he would not have imitated the modern Republican partisans, either by waving the bloody flag in eighteen hundred and sixty-three, or insisting that it should still be the banner of his magnanimous party in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

And at the present time, when the people of Pennsylvania are loudly called upon by men, most of whom were invisible in war and invincible in peace, to punish the people of the South, seventeen years after Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States, had freely forgiven them, and fourteen years after the Congress of the United States had amnestied and clothed them with all their political rights, it may be useful to open that page of history which shows exactly what Washington did to the forefathers of the good people of certain counties in western Pennsylva-

nia, chiefly Westmoreland, Allegheny, Fayette, Washington, and Bedford, eighty-six years ago.

Their rebellion arose from opposition to the government tax of fourpence on each gallon of whisky, which had been imposed by Congress as a war tax, or rather, to pay the expenses of the Revolution. In these western counties the inhabitants were engaged in the manfacture and sale of whisky, and they resisted the tax not only by their votes and their voices, but to the death. It was for a time as bitter and almost as bloody as the previous war with the English, or the earlier wars with the Indians. The State was excited to its borders, and the whole country was seriously alarmed. The United States Marshal was obliged to flee for his life, and the house of John Neville, where he had been harbored, was burned, and a number were killed. There was no security for life, and an open defiance of law, in fact one wide reign of terror.

What did the government do at that time? Remembering that the offenders were our own citizens, that the law which they complained of had borne hardly upon them, that some of the officials were tyrannical, and that the proceeds of their whisky manufacture, was in fact at that time, the chief means of livelihood in all that section—mark how singularly these causes of the great rebellion in Pennsylvania eighty-six years ago, resembled the alleged excuses for the greater rebellion which

GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

began in 1861—remembering these things, the government did all it could to conciliate the inciters of the rebellion: Washington taking the lead.

I quote from the last history of Pennsylvania, written by William Mason Cornell: "The laws were modified, proclamations were issued and an amnesty offered to all, uselessly." Here again is the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, here is the source from which he took the mercy, the magnanimity, the toleration, which he showed from the time he took the Presidential office; which he breathed, as I heard him pronounce his first inaugural address, at the side of James Buchanan, on the 4th of March, 1861; which he repeated in every subsequent public paper; which, with his last breath, like that Greater One who cried, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," he proclaimed from the portals of the White House on the 11th of April, 1865. It seems as if he had observed the very methods and manner of George Washington in 1794. The stubbornness of the South between 1860 and 1865, like the stubbornness of the rebels in western Pennsylvania in 1794, did not incense George Washington any more than the contumacy of the South incensed Abraham Lincoln. Like Washington, Lincoln put himself in the very shoes of the men who were violating the law and taking the lives of their neighbors and friends.

Let me still further quote from our historian:

"President Washington asked the co-operation of the governments of the neighboring States to quell the disturbance." Precisely as Abraham Lincoln did to quell the disturbance seventy years after. "And in the autumn of that year (1794) 12,000 men from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia advanced upon the insurgents by way of Bedford and Cumberland." How like the joint selection of the battle-field of Gettysburg, whereon to decide our other civil war! Again says the historian, "General Lee, of Virginia, took the command. Under him was the Governor of Pennsylvania. This force soon caused them to succumb."

How remarkable again the coincidence, that the father of Robert E. Lee should have come forward, under the orders of another Virginian, George Washington by name, and that the combined troops of four of the old revolutionary States should settle the original rebellion near the very battle-field where Robert E. Lee himself was overwhelmed by a citizen of Pennsylvania, when he, Lee, undertook to imitate the Pennsylvania rebels of 1794. General Henry Lee, who put down the Pennsylvania rebellion, was called "Lighthorse Harry," and lived to March, 1818. He pronounced, by order of Congress, the great eulogy on George Washington after his death in 1799, and was the author of the sentence referring to the first President and the savior of his country: "First in war,

first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Whatever may be said about the fatal theory which led his great son, Robert Edmund Lee, to lead the Confederate forces, none can doubt that he was sincerely and religiously captivated by the States Rights dogma, nor can any one doubt that he deserved the affection and confidence of the people of the South, as he finally secured the respect of the people of the North. And there is little question that his son, who died at Lexington, Va., October 12th, 1870, retreated with his shattered columns from Gettysburg and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Md., into his native State, Virginia, more than once reflected that almost on that very spot his father, the friend and companion of Washington, had *suppressed* a Pennsylvania rebellion against the same government, seventy years before.

But see how the historian concludes this marvellous similitude between our rebellion in Pennsylvania and the rebellion of 1861 and 1865: "Some of the leaders who were found, were taken to Philadelphia for trial. *No blood was shed, and thus happily ended the whisky rebellion.*" The Republican partisans in the counties made additionally famous by this local revolt against the general government, are now calling upon the people of Allegheny, and Westmoreland, and Somerset, and Bedford, and Washington, and Fayette, and Greene, and Armstrong, and Butler, and Cumberland, and

Franklin, and Fulton, to join in November next in the punishment of the great soldier of Pennsylvania who saved them from an invasion only surpassed by the insurrection of their own fathers! They will tell you, in their anxiety to make votes for Mr. Garfield, and in their eagerness to efface from his tainted record the dark blots placed upon his character by a Republican Congress and a Republican constituency, fastened there by the New York *Tribune* and other Journals, that in 1872 denounced General Garfield, as the very prince of congressional jobbers—they will tell you that General Hancock deserves no more credit than the man they will call the "traitor Lee." Perhaps, then, while in the midst of one of these rhapsodies, some old Republican who wants to vote for Hancock, like my friend, Senator Edward Cowan of Greensburg, will read them the curious chapter which I have spread before you, not alone to show that the father of Robert E. Lee put down the whisky insurrection begun by their fathers, but that under the advice of Washington their ancestors were forgiven after having been first persuaded and argued with and almost promised rewards for their violation of law.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, ROGER A. PRYOR, AND GENERAL HANCOCK.

Abraham Lincoln began early to treat the misguided authors of our civil war with mercy. His

very first utterance at his inauguration, March 4, 1861, closed with these immortal words: "I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies; though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, and every living heart and hearthstone all over this free land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

And to show that he never forgot anybody, when he spoke at the great Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, June 16, 1864, he made this prediction, amid successive cheers for Grant, and Meade, and Hancock:

"Grant is this evening, with General Meade and General Hancock, and the brave officers and soldiers with him, in a position from which he will never be dislodged until Richmond is taken. And I have but one single proposition to put now, and perhaps I can best put it in the form of an interrogation: if I shall discover that General Grant and the noble officers and men under him can be greatly facilitated in their work by the sudden pouring forth of men and assistance, will you give them to me? Are you ready to march? (cries of 'yes,') then I say stand ready, for I am watching for the chance."

Another singular incident of his retentive mem-

ory and his characteristic mercy, is recalled to me by the current cry of Republican partisans, that the Southern people are never to be forgiven or trusted, and that the American people must retain the government in the hands of politicians who have proved themselves to be utterly unworthy of it. You see how he remembered General Hancock at the Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia, and how he classed him with Grant and Meade, nearly a year after the battle of Gettysburg, and you will not fail to contrast the tenacity of his regard for the young hero who decided the great struggle on the 3d of July, 1863, with the persistent abuse of that hero because he happens to be the candidate of a large portion of our citizens for President of the United States. I am also reminded by Mr. Lincoln's immortal example, of an incident brought back to me in all its freshness by a speech spoken a few days ago, by General Roger A. Pryor, an ex-confederate, now living in Brooklyn, New York. Taken in connection with Mr. Lincoln's conscientious mercy to the misguided men of the South, and his habit of never forgetting a favor, what I am about to relate serves to illustrate both these attributes. If it proves anything in reference to myself, it proves that, while it is universally known that I never had a thought after the outbreak of the rebellion but that of punishment for the authors of that rebellion, yet when the civil strife was ended, I never had a thought that was not animated by

an intense desire to bring all the confederate masses back to the family hearthstone.

Late in February of 1865, while Grant was advancing upon Richmond, my old friend, Washington McLean, of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, came rushing into my rooms on Capitol Hill, full of excitement. He is still living, one of the most ardent and whole-hearted men I ever knew. He said, "I want you to do me a favor, and I know you will. Your old friend and mine, Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, taken prisoner some days ago, is now confined in Fort Lafayette near New York, and I want you to go with me to see President Lincoln to secure his release, so that I may send word to his distressed family." The rapidity of this extraordinary request almost took my breath, but before I had time to expostulate, McLean hurried me into a carriage waiting at the door and drove rapidly towards the White House. Then I said to him, "Do you know what you are doing? You are asking me to go to the President to demand the release of a violent Confederate, who is said to be the first man who fired from Charleston harbor upon our flag on Fort Sumter, and who was perhaps the most resolute of all the enemies of the government." "Yes," he replied, "and your old associate on the organ of the Democratic party of the nation in Washington, when we were all Democrats together, and as you know, one of the best men alive, with all his extreme Southern

opinions." By this time we had reached the President's, and hurried up stairs to his room fronting the Potomac, which I found, as usual, crowded with people. But Mr. Lincoln was always more than kind to me, and we soon obtained an audience.

First joking with McLean because he was so earnest a Democratic editor, Mr. Lincoln then listened to my appeal for General Pryor. I still see his expression and the humorous sparkle of his eye as I told my story. Then pausing he said, "I have a kindly recollection of Roger A. Pryor. He is the man who, when a company of Pennsylvania volunteers were taken prisoners at Petersburg, Virginia, (Pryor then lived at Petersburg), found them almost starving on the streets and took them home, and gave them, not only a hearty breakfast, but literally swept his house clean to make them comfortable, and I think I have here a little memorandum to that effect signed by these Pennsylvania boys." And so turning around, he took from his pigeon-hole a paper testifying to this fact, and also urging that General Pryor's kindness should never be forgotten by the American Government.

This proves the fidelity of Abraham Lincoln's gratitude and good memory. He then gave me a card to the commandant of Fort Lafayette in New York harbor, Colonel Burke, asking him to release the Confederate General Pryor, who would report

to his friend Col. Forney on Capitol Hill. And McLean rushed off to New York by the next train, returning to Washington the subsequent evening with Roger A. Pryor on his arm, who came to my house on Capitol Hill and remained with me as my guest for more than a month, even down to the fall of Richmond.

There was a great deal of opposition to this peculiar pardon of the President, in some quarters, coming from the men who then, as now, tried to show their patriotism by proclaiming their unforgiveness and hatred of the South. But the President stood firm to the last, and General Pryor remained with me until he found it convenient to return to his home. At parting, he showed much emotion, and declared that while he never would forget all the kindness that had been shown to him, I would live to see the day when he would prove that he would labor as hard to re-unite the country and restore kindly relations in the North and South as he had fought hard to separate them. Nobly has Pryor kept his faith. The last evidence of it is the speech that I hold in my hand, uttered a few days ago, early in July, 1880, from which I take this remarkable extract:

"Hancock was not the preference of the Southern people for President. Their choice—unanimous and enthusiastic—was Bayard, of Delaware. How, then, came the Southern delegates to proffer Hancock as the candidate of the Democracy? I will tell you, and mark well the significance of the fact: Since the close of the war the Repub-

lican party in the North, for purposes of party aggrandizement, have persisted contrary to fact, contrary to truth, in representing the Southern people as enemies still of the Union, and as cherishing yet the exploded dogma of secession as a tenet of the States Rights creed. In vain have the Southern people endeavored to vindicate their patriotism by protestation and acts of loyal devotion to the Union. Hitherto, in every election, it has sufficed for the defeat of the Democracy that the 'bloody shirt' was waved by stalwart arms, and fabricated 'outrages' propagated by Republican papers. So, at Cincinnati, the Southern delegates said:

'You may impute to us hostility to the Union, but we will refute the calumnious accusation by setting as sentinel over the Union the vigilant and unconquerable hero of the Union. You may impute to us the mischievous heresy of State sovereignty, involving the right of secession. Now, we will disprove the charge by nominating for the Presidency a man educated by the General Government, and taught the supremacy of the Nation as the first and fundamental rule of political faith; a man who holds his commission from the Federal Government; who gets his subsistence from the Federal Government, for whom no career is open but in the service of the Federal Government, who knew no other object of fealty than the Federal flag—a man, in short, whose every interest binds him to the support of the Union by the most intimate and indisputable ties.' 'You say we are still unreconciled to the North, and that in our hearts still burns the secret flame of sectional animosity; then, to repel the reproach, we take to our bosoms the man from whom we sustained the severest blows in our Confederate struggle—the man who arrested our retreat at Williamsburg; who checked our pursuit at Fraser's Farm; who hurled our assaulting columns from the heights of Gettysburg; who drenched the soil of the South with the best blood of the South; the man who smote our ill-starred Confederacy to the ground.'"

I repeat the question, How long is this bloody shirt to be waved; how long are the millions of Southern people to be distrusted; how long shall

the corrupt politicians in the North be kept in power by this fiendish hatred of your own brothers? As I said before, Mr. Lincoln began to forgive the Southern people in the midst of their sins, and even as he died, he died with Christ-like pardon for them on his lips, and when he had passed away, the Republican party of the United States, when it was led by statesmen and inspired by patriots, incorporated into the Constitution those great practical guarantees, not only that the slave should be free, not only that the freedman should vote, but that the so-called rebels should be forgiven, their property restored to them and their right to vote in all our elections secured; in other words, universal suffrage with universal amnesty. And now when the South gives the pledge, in the words of Roger A. Pryor himself, a forgiven man by the President of the United States, that pledge made in the person of the soldier who by the admission of the Republican leaders themselves saved the Republic in the extremest peril, the Southern people are still to be hounded on by the declaration that the South shall never be trusted; it is not surprising that the great body of the humane people of the United States should rise against this savage exhibition of party malevolence, and, worse than that, unpatriotic contempt for the great example of Lincoln and the solemn covenant of the Constitution of the United States!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONQUERED CONFEDERATES.

THIS is the moment when every kind word spoken and every good action done by the people of the North and South respectively should be cherished. Already a new civil war, so far as the revival of sectional animosities is concerned, has been determined upon by the Republican leaders, and if there is a moderate and thoughtful patriot in these United States to-day, he should be roused to reprobation of the inhuman spectacle. It is clear that every other question will be subordinated by the violent men who still hold possession of the Republican party in order that they may keep themselves in office. Not the least surprising feature of this conspiracy to re-light the fires of hatred between the States is the activity in it of many of the organizers of the movement to make Horace Greeley President in 1872.

The platform of these men eight years ago was

that the South had suffered enough and had been punished enough, and ought to be brought back into the Union. Mr. Greeley, himself, directly after the peace of 1865, became the voluntary instrument of fraternal relations. The dogmatic, passionate and apparently proscriptive founder of the *New York Tribune*,—the man who did more than any other man in the nation to arouse the malignities of the war—gradually, in the face of the overthrow of the conflict, mollified all his extreme views, and when Jefferson Davis was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, Horace Greeley startled the nation by proffering himself as the leading bail of Jefferson Davis in May, 1867.

Thousands of Republicans supported him in 1872 as the candidate of the party of which Mr. Davis was in fact the Southern chief, and hundreds of Republican leaders were as extreme in their demands for Southern forgiveness and rehabilitation as Greeley himself. Now the *New York Tribune* and most of these men are on the other side. True, they all had personal hostilities against General Grant in 1872, as they had in 1880, but the keynote of the contest of 1872 was Southern forgiveness. Their movement was held forth to the North as the best manifestation of Christian charity, and there is no page of political history, at once more instructive and curious, than the manner in which hundreds of Republican leaders, to make votes for Horace Greeley, pledged themselves

to perpetual allegiance to the South. Those who were as soft and gentle as cooing doves when they spoke of our Southern countrymen are as violent as wild animals to-day.

In 1872 it was a Republican soldier that they hunted down in their preference for Horace Greeley. It was to destroy a Republican soldier that they joined the Democratic party. Now this very Democratic party becomes to them a terror, and the Democratic soldier who carries the flag of the Union is proclaimed the instrument and symbol of a new rebellion, the chief of a movement pledged to overthrow all the covenants of peace!

It would be inconceivable if the American people, North and South, who witnessed this extraordinary scene, should not resent the actors in it with indignation and dignity in November next. Long before Mr. Greeley unfurled the white flag of reconciliation, Abraham Lincoln, even two days before his death, made known to the world his sincere desire to pardon and bring back our offending brethren. And in the same month, not much more than a week after, General Grant, so far from being inflamed by a spirit of revenge over the fate of the martyred President, carried into legal effect the great act of forgiveness, by making a magnanimous treaty with Robert E. Lee, the Confederate Commander-in-chief. Now, seventeen years after Gettysburg, fifteen years since Lincoln's death and Grant's treaty with Lee, eight years since thou-

sands of Republicans voted for Horace Greeley as the Democratic candidate for President on the basis of eternal reconciliation, we have the great Republican party formed in battle array, not only under what is vulgarly called "the bloody flag," but stimulated by more than one hundred thousand office-holders into a new war of sections, to force an Ohio politician, blackened all over with charges upon his public and private character by his own party, into the Presidency.

These unaccountable changes of sentiment, by a party which claims to have put down the war, and to have forgiven the authors of the war, and to have crystalized into the Constitution the two great guarantees, universal amnesty and universal suffrage, is in morals as much a violation of faith as in law repudiation of a private or public debt would be a crime.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

A very interesting incident, showing how this spirit of conciliation and magnanimity pervaded the very air after the close of the war in 1865, is related in a contribution made by Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor, printed in the Philadelphia *Times*, before his death, in April, 1879. He was in command of a Confederate detachment when intelligence of Lee's surrender reached him. General Canby, who afterwards lost his life in an

Indian ambuscade in the Rocky Mountains, commanded the Union armies in the Southwest, and had advanced up the eastern shore of Mobile Bay and invested Spanish Fort and Blakely, two important Confederate works in that quarter. General Richard Taylor, the Confederate commander, had known Canby before, and the Union Admiral, James Palmer, both old friends of mine. A truce of two days was declared, to await intelligence from the North in regard to the collapse of the Confederacy. Now hear what Taylor said of this affair:

"We then joined the throng of officers, and although every one present felt a deep conviction that the last hour of the sad struggle approached, no allusion was made to it. Subjects awakening memories of the past, when all were sons of a loved, united country, were, as by the natural selection of good breeding, chosen. A bountiful luncheon was soon spread, and I was invited to partake of *pate*, *champagne frappe*, and other 'delights,' which to me had long been as lost arts. As we took our seats at table, a military band in attendance commenced playing 'Hail Columbia.' Excusing himself, General Canby walked to the door. The music ceased for a moment, and then the strain of 'Dixey' was heard. Old Froissart records no gentler act of 'courtesie.' Warmly thanking General Canby for his delicate consideration, I asked for 'Hail Columbia,' and proposed we should unite in the hope that our Columbia would soon be, once more, a happy land. This and other kindred sentiments were duly honored in '*frappe*,' and after much pleasant intercourse, the party separated."

This interesting incident occurred in the May of 1865, more than fifteen years ago. General Canby, whose friendship I had the honor to share during his splendid life, treated the Confederates

not only like a soldier, but like his fellow countrymen. He remembered what Mr. Lincoln had said in 1863 at Gettysburg, what he had said three days before he was assassinated, what General Grant had pledged himself to in his April treaty with General Lee, and inspired by these examples, observe how he treated the people of Alabama and Mississippi at that time in a most deplorable condition. Writes General Taylor: "The waste of war had stripped large areas of the necessaries of life. In view of this, I suggested to General Canby that his troops, sent to the interior, should be limited to the number required for the preservation of order, and be stationed at points where supplies were more abundant. That trade would soon be established between soldiers and people, furnishing the latter with currency—of which they were destitute—and friendly relations promoted. These suggestions were adopted, and a day or two thereafter, at Meridian, a note was received from General Canby, inclosing copies of orders to Generals Granger and Steele, commanding army corps, by which it appeared these officers were directed to call on me for and conform to advice relative to movements of their troops. Strange, indeed, must such confidence appear to statesmen of the 'bloody shirt' persuasion. In due time, Federal-staff officers reached my camp. The men were paroled and sent home, public property was turned over and receipted for, and this as orderly and quietly

as in the time of peace between officers of the same service.

What, in the meanwhile, have the Southern people done that the whole North shall now turn upon them as if they were so many savages? In these days of universal brotherhood, when every part of our country is prosperous, a new gospel is preached, chiefly by partisans, who, to use the words of General Taylor, "never were within the sound of a gun" during the civil war. They declare that our countrymen of the South are not yet fit to be admitted into their share of the Government. Every American citizen will answer this question for himself, and none more emphatically than the Union men who fought against General Taylor and his soldiers. He concludes:

"What years of discord, bitterness, injustice and loss would not our country have been spared, had the wounds of war been healed 'by first intention' under the tender ministrations of the hands that fought the battles! But the task was allotted to ambitious partisans, most of whom had not heard the sound of a gun. As of old, the lion and the bear fight openly and sturdily—the stealthy fox carries off the prize."

NATIONAL UNION FOR THE PEACE AND PROSPERITY OF THE NATION, AND FOR AN ENDLESS POSTERITY.

During the war for the preservation of the Union, men of all parties in the North came together to support the Government. In the South men of all parties came together to subvert the Government. The latter failed after fierce effort. The first act of the rescued Government was to forgive

every offender and to enfranchise every native alien. To the slave it gave liberty; to the Confederate is gave pardon. Nothing strengthened our nation so much abroad as this double revelation, or rather the humanity of the liberty and the magnanimity of the forgiveness. Nothing startled the foreign tyrant or lifted up the foreign serf like this God-like spectacle. Following Washington's great example, Mr. Lincoln preached pardon during all his life, and preached pardon at his death. He did not grant the ballot with as much readiness as he pardoned the Confederate; but when he gave the one and forgave the other, he did what he knew would stand through all time. Had he not done both, we should now be living in the midst of a ceaseless civil conflict, conducted on the one hand by warlike, ingenious and desperate whites, and harassed on the other by keeping in slavery four millions of blacks full of equal distrust and greater hatred of our miscalled Republic. And now that both sides are benefited by the general rescue and the universal reconciliation which came from all the best qualities of our nature, alike in arms and arbitration, alike in the conflict of the field and the Congress of the country, we must permanently unite for peace.

Let all parties unite for peace. As the Democrats flew to the Republican standard in the hour of the country's trial, now let Republicans fly to the Democratic standard in the hour of the coun-

try's conciliation. How much more ennobling the inspiration of the last invocation than the stimulant of the first! How much more compensation in a great people gathering around their own fire-side, forgiving their own family quarrels, and simply remembering that they are kindred and friends, than to contend and threaten in conventions and Congress, to spread disaffection through the press, and to assail motives and invent calumnies! The text of the hour that is sure to be preached with most effect, to be listened to with most attention, is that at the head of this page: National union for the sake of peace, for the sake of prosperity, and for the sake of an endless posterity.

PRESENT POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

While this volume was going to press, I was called upon by my long absent friend, Thomas J. Mackey, at present Judge of the Sixth Circuit of South Carolina, who has voted the Republican ticket since the candidacy of Fremont in 1856, and for most of the Republican candidates from that day to this, and is now openly in the field for General Winfield S. Hancock. After my congratulations at meeting him and his son, Mr. Beckford Mackey, in reply to my question as to the present political condition of the South, he spoke as follows:

The campaign has begun in South Carolina, or rather I should say it is continuing, for since 1876, when the state was redeemed from long misgovern-

ment, under the benign leadership of Wade Hampton, an organized effort has been continually made to assimilate the colored man to the Democracy by a just and equal administration of the laws, and by commending the government of the state to him through a system of low taxes and a faithful execution of all public trust. To-day throughout the thirty-four thousand square miles of territory embraced within the limits of the state, the law is keeping watch, a silent and sleepless sentinel, over the person of the humblest negro. The colored population of South Carolina constitute as orderly and honest a body of laborers as exists in any quarter of the globe, and in proportion to numbers commit fewer crimes than any other industrial class of which I am informed.

The nomination of General Hancock has been followed by a very striking expansion of sentiment in my state on the part of the whites. It has furled the Confederate banner forever within the limits of South Carolina.

As an evidence of this, I note the fact that a few weeks ago the inhabitants of the county of Newbury assembled to dedicate a monument to the Confederate dead who fell in organizations sent from that county. The monument consisted of a tall marble shaft on which the names of some twenty-eight hundred dead Confederate soldiers were inscribed. There were at least ten thousand ex-Confederates from various parts of the state

present at the dedication, and when the ceremonies closed, the vast assemblage made the welkin ring with hurrahs for Hancock—the great Union soldier before the deadly fire of whose invincible corps many of those whom our citizenship had assembled to honor fell in battle. Those hurrahs came from the heart, for every people is sincere at the graves of their dead. There were at least fifty United States flags encircling the monument during the dedication.

As another evidence of this expansion, I note the fact that the Fourth of July was celebrated universally by the white people in South Carolina in the present year, for the first time since the year 1860, by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. All classes, ages, sexes and races participating, white and colored intermingling and partaking together of a sort of national sacrament administered by one who had shed his blood upon the altar of the Union, and might well preside as a high priest at the office of national reconciliation. It is in view of this sentiment of returning devotion to the Union specially inspired by General Hancock's nomination, that I welcome his candidacy. As an ex-Confederate soldier who served four years at the front in obedience to the false political theory of my State, and as an earnest Republican, I regard the nomination of General Hancock as the most benign incident that has occurred since the war, as I know his election will

be effectual in restoring the concord to American citizens by binding them together in a common devotion to the Union.

As a further illustration of the change which that nomination has effected, I refer to the fact that since the war South Carolinians generally were in the habit of referring to the United States troops stationed in the State as "Yankee soldiers," or "Federals." But a few weeks since, while I was standing in a group of ex-Confederates at Columbia, a detachment of United States soldiers passed, and an ex-Confederate remarked, "There go some of *our* soldiers."

It is a mistake to suppose that the colored people of South Carolina follow the race line any longer in their political classification. The colored man, like the great body of the hand-workers of the world, does not control his conduct by abstract propositions. Like the greyhound, he runs by sight, and is influenced in his judgment of parties by visible results. The Republican administration of Governor Chamberlain was overthrown in 1876, not by the Democratic party proper, but by the union of good and true men of all parties and races who sought reform in the administration of the government. Governor Chamberlain was a man of splendid intellect and unsurpassed culture, and in my judgment an unsullied and honorable chief magistrate. But all of his efforts directed on his part to effect reform in the administration

of the State were paralyzed by the baser element of the Republican party. And hence the combined movement to overthrow the power of that political organization in South Carolina. The Democracy prepared for the union of the better elements of the Republican party by adopting a platform, inspired by Wade Hampton, which is distinctively Republican, its first article being as follows: "We accept in perfect good faith the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, accepting and standing upon them, we turn from the settled and final past to the great living and momentous issues of the present and the future."

Under the benign leadership of Hampton, that platform and principle have been translated into action in the practical government of the State. There are six hundred and fifteen more schoolhouses for colored people in South Carolina than there were in 1876, while the taxes have been reduced seventy per cent., and the colored agricultural laborers who received but seven dollars per month and rations in 1876, now get from twelve to fourteen dollars per month with much better rations.

South Carolina to-day presents Hampton, the fearless defender of the adjudicated title of Kellogg, the Republican Senator from Louisiana, the man who reported the bill at the recent session of

Congress appropriating fifty thousand dollars to the execution of a map of Gettysburg, showing the position of every command on that memorable field, the symbol of her loyalty and the standard of her civilization. The North stands to-day on the mountain ranges of civilization: we of the South have long been in the valleys, but we are climbing up, and the stalwart arm of Hancock will aid in lifting our people to a higher plane.

CONCILIATION IS VICTORY, AND ALL SUBSTANTIAL INTERESTS ARE FOR CONCILIATION.

The prediction of Jay Gould to Mr. Thomas Cornell, of Delaware Co., N. Y., that Hancock and English will certainly be elected, in November, is not the prophecy of an over-sanguine politician, but the result of the careful reflection of a cool and sagacious man of business.

Mr. Gould controls a continual line of Continental railway, and a vast Atlantic cable, and apart from all other considerations he reads the future with a commercial eye, and sees how utterly impossible it is to establish an imaginary line between two sections, and between the respective States of a great people, bound together by all other interests, practical, domestic, religious, and social.

During the war the North was united to save the country, the South was united to divide the country, but now North and South see their true

interests in honest harmony. They can no more be kept asunder than two old friends, bitterly parted, and after all brought together by the renewal of their original and undying ties.

Jay Gould is worth millions of money, and thousands are dependent upon him; people who own his investments, people who work in his various enterprises, people who are connected with the development of our outlying territories, and many other co-relative institutions and interests. It requires no inspiration to anticipate where all other men equally practical, will be found before the close of this controversy. What motive, for instance, can a great city like Philadelphia have for the encouragement of useless sectional alienations? What municipal advantages can come to us of Philadelphia by prolonging the calamitous rule under which this municipality has suffered for the last fifteen or twenty years?

On the other hand, apart from such local reasons, why should not Philadelphia invite back to her great colleges and to her great merchants that Southern patronage which she enjoyed before the Civil War? Why should Philadelphia alone, of the great cities of the North, allow herself to be controlled by trading politicians? New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, and St. Louis, are all under cosmopolitan influences. And there is no reason why Philadelphia should not revert to her imperial position before duty and inclination con-

strained her to resort to those extreme measures which converted that old Whig city into a Republican stronghold. There is not a merchant or manufacturer in Philadelphia who is not more or less directly concerned in the restoration of confidence and friendship between the North and South.

How, in view of such a philosophy as this, how contemptible appear the small passions of the small politicians, of the small localities! It is such facts as these that will decide the vigorous men of the North to withhold their contributions to the present managers of the Republican party.

The financial institutions of the United States are primarily for conciliation. Up to within a few years they were led to believe that they must pay large bounties to maintain a certain political party, because the other party was charged with hostility to the present financial management of the government. But these far-seeing men now understand that when every other branch of business, when science, and religion, and great industries, and tremendous railroad corporations, are united in believing that the true business of the future can best be controlled by conciliatory measures, they, themselves, will hesitate before allowing their money to be used to promote the interests of sectional politicians. And the placemen themselves, taxed to death by the organiza-

tions of the party to which they belong, encouraged by the civil service promise of President Hayes, will learn at least consideration from the incoming power by frankly refusing to make contributions to a beaten party.

Finally, conciliation is the fashion. Twenty years ago, what is called loyalty was the fashion in the North, but to-day peace and friendship are the great elements of universal acceptance. And peace and friendship with our own people in different States are the true harbingers of future prosperity. It will be perceived that in this presentation of the case, I leave entirely out of the question the military element, the men who fought down the Civil War at Gettysburg, and afterwards aided General Grant to finish it at Richmond.

THE CLERGY AND CONCILIATION.

There is a Baptist clergyman in Philadelphia, an original Democrat, who preached forty years ago in Richmond, Virginia. He was born in Vermont in 1810, and like thousands of his school became a Republican when the civil war broke out. His wonderful eloquence and disinterested example did incalculable service to the Republican party. This interesting man recognizes General Hancock as the great political missionary of conciliation, and, Republican as he is, regards peace between the sections as the very highest evangelism. He sees the union of the churches,

the union of the schools, the union of the railroads, the union of great boards of trade, the union of transportation companies, and express companies, as the resistless mission that must compel the union of pulpits and the union of schools.

His beautiful temple in the city of Philadelphia, the Free Baptist Church, on Broad street, near Brown, is crowded every Sabbath and several evenings during the week; and his last sermon on the Divine Democracy is a general elucidation of his present position. The text is from chapter twenty of St. Matthew, verses 26, 27, 28, and 30, viz: "Whoever will be great among you let him be your minister. And whoever will be chief among you let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. And so they departed from Jericho, a great multitude following him."

The individual example of Dr. Magoon, apart from his courageous connection with the present movement for the reconciliation of the sections, is worth relating. He is now alone in the world, with the exception of the widow of his son, and her child. Originally, a Vermont bricklayer, he recalls his rough beginning by the first brick which he laid, placed before him, on his table, as an inkstand, which he uses when he writes his sermons. His active and frugal life leaves him, at seventy years of age, in fine health, with a competency.

His large collection of water-colors, painted by the famous artist Richards, of Germantown, Philadelphia, is among the finest of its kind in the world, mostly marine pieces. His theological library, including volumes in several languages, and his miscellaneous library, have all been distributed, the art treasures to General Di Cesnola's Great Art Gallery in Central Park, New York; his theological library to Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, who, although a Catholic, is the personal friend of the Protestant priest; and his other collections to his Alma Mater, the College of Rochester, N. Y.; while $5000 is given to found a scholarship at Vassar, of which he is a trustee.

This distribution was made in obedience to the request of his accomplished son, Frank, who died, in 1879, at an early age, and who asked his father to make disposition of his property before he himself was called away; in other words, to administer on his own estate.

No man could have been more earnest, during the war, in favor of freedom, than Dr. Magoon; and none is more earnest in promoting the kindest feelings between the people of the North and South. It is here that his influence will be most effective. Nothing, during the war, was more natural than ardor in the pulpit, North and South; yet it must be admitted that nothing excited so much ill-feeling. The clergy, on both sides, were often violent and vituperative. Here history

repeated itself, because this violence and vituperation became contagious, frequently converting heretofore fraternal congregations into political conclaves. But now, that the real disturbers of public opinion, the political managers, North and South, not only themselves called a halt, but from Jefferson Davis, on the one side, to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on the other, recoil, with something like regret from their extreme utterances ten and fifteen years ago, it would be a painful phenomenon if our religious teachers did not also unite in a happy oblivion to the bitter past.

Hence, such men as the Rev. Dr. Magoon are found in every commmunity. It seems more difficult, however, for some who should be the apostles of peace to preach methods of forgiveness.

The injuries of the war in the South still stir the blood of many of the theologians, precisely as the savage memories of slavery irritate the religious leaders of the North; and it happens that, on more than one occasion, when the statesman sees the light of truth, and finds that, in order to judge for the country, he must take into consideration the interests, as well as the prejudices, of others, we sometimes realize that many clergymen still nurse their wrath to keep it warm. But when trade, commerce, finance, art and science, and the other agencies of an improving civilization,

combine against those who delight in scattering the seeds of discontent among the people, very few of those followers of the forgiving Christ, who, to the last, pleaded even for his executioners, will find congregations to listen to them.

THE BALLOT AND THE PARDON.

There is a magnificent and boundless future depending upon the election of General Hancock to the Presidency. Even if this fact were not clear, the experiment itself would be worth trying. To satisfy the sections is to my mind the first essential. When Judge Mackey, of South Carolina, relates that the 4th of July, 1880, was celebrated for the first time in the South in twenty years, and that General Hancock's nomination was the moving cause, he states a profound and significant fact. Alternation of administration is the highest philosophy in any free government, particularly in the United States. To leave fifteen states in a condition of alienation and distrust for more than fifteen years after they had been enfranchised by a great government, is a fearful trial in such a country as ours, and none but madmen would think of it. And yet that is just what the Republicans now intend.

What madness to keep the whole South like a running sore in the side of the nation! The business men of the country want to feel the Southern people in the channels of trade and commerce, and

all other interests are equally concerned in their return. After the prosperous reign of Queen Elizabeth, in Great Britain, came twenty years of civil war, and with that civil war, inconceivable misery. We have had our share of depression since our twenty years of civil war, and it will be our own fault if we do not elect Hancock, and better so for our people. When we get rid of this greed of money as we have got rid of slavery, the culture of the North and the culture of the South, and the industry of the North and of the South, will move together hand in hand, and sweeter manners and better laws will reign in all the states.

There are two great instrumentalities working to this happy sequel. The ballot to the freedmen, and the pardon to the Confederate. These are the twin influences, springing from different motives, and yet both irresistibly working to the same end. When Mr. Sumner spoke of the ballot as the colored man's lawyer, physician, school-master, and clergyman, as the colored man's soldier and solace, and as the protector of his home and future, he did not state an extravagance. He might at the same time have added to the ballot the magnanimous pardon extended to the Confederate by the government. The ballot freshly enfranchised the freedman, the pardon freshly strengthened the Confederate. The ballot can no more be withdrawn from the one than the pardon can be

withheld from the other, given at the same time in one spirit of generosity and magnanimity. In justice to the freedman and in clemency to the Confederate, they will go together to the end and contribute equally to the prosperity of the South.

FIFTY YEARS OF HISTORY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

A Presidential struggle in the United States is a spectacle to the foreigner of original and momentous magnitude, but no similar event has aroused more novel issues and will live longer in history than the present political agitation. Exactly fifty years ago, General Jackson had been two years President, and was preparing for another term, which was also crowned with victory, in the midst of unparalleled excitement.

The next great agitation was twenty years after, when the compromise measures aroused the whole people and led to the formation of what is called the Republican party in 1856. That party obtained the administration, four years later, by another division of the old Democracy, and held the National power from 1860 to the present time. Thus it will be seen that the Democrats were about half these fifty years in power. And now more than twenty years since the exclusion of the Democrats, the American people seem disposed to try them again, and judging by the accessions from the Republicans, the chances are clearly in favor of the

election of the Democratic candidate, General Hancock.

The campaign has hardly opened, but already the manifestations of distrust of the present Republican party are so numerous as to presage a revolution like that which swept Jackson into the Presidency in 1828, General W. H. Harrison into the Presidency in 1840, General Zachary Taylor into the Presidency in 1848, Lincoln into the Presidency in 1860, and Grant in 1868 and 1872. These five elections were largely the result of popular discontent. Jackson was triumphant because the people of all parties were convinced that John Quincy Adams had been elected, during the previous year, 1824, by the House of Representatives, to the Presidency wrongfully, and because also Jackson was a great military favorite. Harrison was elected because the people were dissatisfied with Martin Van Buren, the heir of "Old Hickory," as General Jackson was called. Taylor—Zachary Taylor—was elected by a division of the Democratic party on the slavery question, the Wilmot proviso figuring largely in the disruption. And Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860 by another Democratic division, more serious, because slavery had finally resolved upon a partition of the Union. Grant came in because the popular heart thrilled to his bravery in the field, and his great magnaminity to the conquered South. The Old Democracy are getting together as rapidly as they separated

twenty years before. Conciliation has taken the place of coercion, patriotism has pushed mere party aside, the North is hungering to take the South back into its arms, and the South is pleading to come to the National fireside, under the administration of the Union soldier who helped to conquer the Confederacy.

History in all these fifty years shows how faithful the American people have been to two ideas: gratitude to those who have served them in the battle-field, and tenacious fidelity to freedom. Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, and Grant were four soldiers who had served with great distinction, representing different parties, coming into the Presidency with the help of other parties; and although Lincoln was no soldier but a simple Republican, his honest patriotism literally created and absolutely crystalized the most powerful party of his generation.

Now comes Hancock, another soldier and another Democrat like Jackson, with equal claims to national consideration. Jackson drove back the British army and saved New Orleans and the whole Louisiana purchase, together with the command of the Mississippi, on the field of Chalmette, January 8th, 1815. Hancock saved his native state from successful invasion in 1863, by this act also delivering the whole North including our commercial metropolis, New York, and our political metropolis, Washington, from Confederate

invasion. Such is fifty years of history teaching by example.

The individual illustrations of this theory are as startling as they are numerous. They prove that every useful political revolution in this country has been consummated by the concerted action of patriotic men of all parties. Neither Jackson, Harrison, Taylor, nor Grant, could have been made President without a combination between men of different organizations. They were not elected by any one party, although nominated by certain distinctive organizations. Hancock is the candidate of the Democratic party, but his success will be assured by contributions from many other quarters. There is not a county in the Union, North or South, in which this assertion is not daily established. And although mere partisans who gather under the flag of the mere party candidate, General Garfield, are claiming accessions to their columns, the assumption is too ridiculous for belief.

In the South, the colored men who would have been solid for Grant, are daily inclining to Hancock in view of his declarations in favor of maintaining the Constitutional guarantees since the war. In the North, the immense percentage of Democratic volunteers in the Northern army is increased by recruits from the Republican veterans, and the returning tide, composed of Democrats who were diverted from the old organization in 1860 by

Lincoln and Judge Douglas, is constantly adding to the Democratic organization. But stronger than all, more effective than all individual accretions, is the one great principle of Conciliation. Loyalty to the flag and fidelity to the Union were the elements that organized and made irresistible the Union Party from 1860 to 1865. Now, the war being over, the Constitution amended by the abolition of slavery, and the forgiveness of the domestic enemy, peace and prosperity being restored, Conciliation is as natural and necessary to the American people as the preservation of their institutions was twenty years ago.

THE DOCTRINE OF TRUE NATIONALITY.

That common-sense philosopher, James Parton, enunciates in a very interesting paper contributed to the *Magazine of American History* for August, 1879, on "The Traditional and Real Washington," a plain principle from which I quote because I think it touches, as it settles all disputes in reference to National Allegiance and State Sovereignty. Like General Hancock's Order No. 40, and his thoughtful reply to Governor Pease of Texas, this axiomatic presentation of a common-sense truth, is the platform of all genuine Americans. Since our Civil War and the overthrow of slavery, and the abandonment of State Sovereignty, in the sense that it preceded the higher obligation to the Constitution of the United States, I think there are few,

of any party, who will question the striking illustration of Mr. Parton.

"Jefferson, trained from youth in republican ideas, believed that men could govern themselves, as well on the great scale as on the small. Hamilton, as we know, not merely did not hold this opinion, but had little patience with it; he held it in contempt, as an evidence of provincial narrowness or fanaticism. Jefferson, a native of Virginia, descended from a Jefferson who was a member of the first legislative body that ever sat on the Western Continent, a Virginian of the Virginians, was opposed, by patriotic instinct, to every measure which made Virginia seem anything less than sovereign. Hamilton, not a native of the country, was devoid of sympathy with the pride of New Yorkers in New York, and with the pride of Virginians in Virginia. He would have willingly seen State government abolished, and State lines obliterated. No man unassisted by feeling would have been equal to the invention of the federal system. But Jefferson *was* assisted by his feelings, and he took naturally to the doctrine of strict construction. The American system, as he conceived it, and as Madison expounded it, was then, and is now, the one chance of the United States: a central government, very simple, inexpensive, unimposing, and strictly confined to the duties assigned it by the letter of the Constitution; leaving to the States every other governmental function. Never was there anything devised so excellent, so safe, so practicable. I see in it the solution, not merely of our own political problems, but of those which perplex and alarm Europe and parts of Asia. No man can foresee how long the struggle will last in the Old World, between dynasties and peoples, between authority and freedom, between equality and privilege; but if the inhabitants of Christendom really have it in them to advance in political knowledge and self-control, nothing is more certain than that the American federal system—*E Pluribus Unum*—as it existed in the minds of Jefferson and Madison, modified by time, place and events, is the system in which they will find peace and safety at last."

CHAPTER X.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF A GREAT SOLDIER'S CAREER.

MY old friend, Stephen A. Douglas, was not as practiced an "Anecdotarian," if I may invent a word, as Abraham Lincoln, who was the model story-teller of his day and time, but he had a fund of exquisite humor. Whenever he talked about the Presidency he rarely failed to relate the incident of the western candidate for office, whose wife said to him, "Now, my dear, you are anxious to be squire in our township, and I want you to tell me honestly, whether you have ever done anything in your life that you are afraid that the world should know; because, my dear, a man who wants to be squire of our town, will be *cussed and discussed*, and if they found out anything bad you will be sure to be disgraced."

And so Douglas would add, "I am in the position of a man resolved not to be astonished about anything they say about me." And then he would tell with infinite humor, how, on one occasion a friend of his was charged with horse stealing, while he was running for the Legislature. "There,"

he said, "I am resolved to make a point," and he brought suit against his calumniator, and the worst of it was that the man who charged him with stealing a horse, proved it upon him! I do not think that General Hancock need to be ashamed of any part of his record since he was an entered cadet at the United States Military Academy, when he was 16 years old.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S CONSIDERATION FOR THE HONOR OF HIS OFFICERS.

Captain ——— was a gallant officer of the 2d Delaware Regiment, (4th Brigade), which was largely recruited in Philadelphia. He had on several occasions been tested by General Hancock, and his Colonel, (David Stryker), in trying exigencies and proved himself worthy of their confidence.

On one occasion he had just returned to camp after days of picket duty during heavy storms, worn-out and fatigued. But unfortunately just before he had prepared himself for rest, an injudicious friend handed him a copy of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which had come into camp during his absence and pointed out to him a War Department statement which had been telegraphed to the newspapers throughout the country, through the Associated Press. It contained a long list of "*Officers absent without leave*," and among the most prominent of them stood the name of "Capt. ———."

The blow was a severe one, especially in his tired, worn-out condition. Publicly disgraced to his family and his friends! Posted at his own home!

Naturally, a man of quick decision, the Captain forgot his fatigue, drew his sword from its scabbard, and without saying a word to his comrades, walked direct to the Colonel's tent.

The Colonel was at the time busy writing or dictating to his Adjutant.

"Colonel!" hoarsely shouted the indignant Captain. "There is my sword," he threw it upon the vacant tent-cot. "I fight no more

for my country, which has disgraced me. You can do wh you please with me—cashier me if you like,—but I perform no more duty."

The amazement of the Colonel, who was a bosom friend, as well as a superior officer, may be imagined, as the Captain disappeared as suddenly as he had made his dramatic entrée.

Personal friendship conquered official pride, and within fifteen minutes the Colonel was at the Captain's tent and seated on a stool at his bed-side.

"Come, William," he said soothingly, as he took his brother officer's hand in his. "There must be some grave error here. What is the cause of all this demonstration—so unusual on your part and unworthy of you? Talk to me as a friend and brother."

"It's no use, Colonel. I had hoped to go through the war with you, but my country has disgraced me at my home, and I can fight for it no longer."

And then the Captain's companions showed the Colonel the obnoxious paragraph in the War Department order, and he grasped the subject of the trouble at once.

"This will never do, Captain! I'll ride over to General Hancock's headquarters at once, and I know he will never allow you to rest under this stigma."

In an hour or so the Colonel was back. "General Hancock wishes to see you at once, Captain. He says there has been a grave mistake somewhere, and he is determined to have it righted. He told me to say to you that he knew and remembered you well."

"It's no use, Colonel. Let me rest. The thing has been done. My family and friends are all ashamed of me. I cannot face them again. My services are over."

A day or two elapsed before the Captain had overcome his despondency, and even then he was still reckless.

"You must go, Captain. The General has waited for you long enough. The first thing you know you may make him angry, and have a guard sent after you," was the Colonel's clincher.

"General Hancock, I've come to you against my will, but because of my personal respect."

"Sit down, Captain, and tell me all about it," was the hearty greeting he received, with the General's open hand.

It did not take long to tell.

"I want you to understand, Captain, that I consider the personal honor of my officers and soldiers as sacred as my own!" exclaimed General Hancock, as he grasped the whole subject. "Especially those in whom I know I can place trust. Now, Captain, go back to your tent and leave this whole matter to me. There has been some gross bungling somewhere, and I am going to find it out and have it remedied. You need do no duty; amuse yourself as you may; and I promise you that I, if I do not set this whole thing right within one week, both to your satisfaction and my own, I will give you an honorable discharge!"

It took four days to discover that not only Captain ———, but twelve other officers had been the victims of the hasty and careless execution of War Department orders by an aide-de-camp. The Department for information, knowing that a good many officers were then absent at a time when they were all needed, had issued orders to have their names collected quickly, and instead of through the usual formalities. So the Aide having charge of the brigade comprising the regiment to which the Captain belonged, had suddenly popped in on Colonel Stryker, a couple of weeks before with the query,—

"Colonel, how many of your officers are out of camp to-day?"

"Well, let me see. There is Captain so and so, and Lieutenant such and such, and Captain ———, —he hasn't got in yet," and so on returned the Colonel, little knowing the purpose of the information, and that he was innocently disgracing his best friend by not classifying him as "absent on picket duty," and a weary one at that.

But General Hancock righted him. The War Department promptly issued an order of explanation and rectification, and made it as public as it had the obnoxious one a fortnight before.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S HORSE SHOT UNDER HIM AT THE BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION, VA., AUG. 25, 1864.

At the battle of Ream's Station, Va. Aug. 25, 1864, General Hancock had his horse shot under him while engaged in pushing some of our

troops against the enemy, under a very hot musketry fire. The horse received a very singular wound in its effects. It was shot through the neck "creased, as the hunters on the prairie would call it, that is, the ball passed so close to the spinal cord as to paralyze the animal; it fell instantly to the ground, as if dead. The General extricated himself, and was about to mount another horse, when the wounded animal commenced struggling, then rose to its feet, and, in a few moments, was apparently well as ever. The General mounted it again, and rode it the remainder of the day. It was a favorite with him, and he kept it until 1868, when it met an accidental death.

Hunters on the western prairies are said to capture wild horses by "creasing" them, that is, striking them with a rifle-ball so close to the spinal cord as to temporarily paralyze them; and while in this stunned condition, they are secured. Horses are said not to be permanently injured by "creasing," but it requires good shooting to accomplish it.

THE WOUND RECEIVED BY GENERAL HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG, AND ITS EFFECTS.

At Gettysburg, where General Hancock commanded the "left centre" of the army, July 3, 1863, consisting of the 1st, 2d and 3d Army Corps, he received a wound, which was supposed, at the time, to be mortal. He was stricken, by a musket-ball, while on his line of battle, just at the moment of the repulse of the enemy's grand final assault. The ball passed through the front of his saddle, and carried into the wound with it a large wrought nail from the saddle-tree. The bullet and the nail entered near the groin, the ball passing through the thigh, and lodging near the socket of the thigh-bone, which it slightly splintered. The General was assisted from his horse by the officers of General Stannard's staff, who were near him at the time. He remained upon the ground until the assaulting column had been driven entirely from the field, giving orders to his troops. From the point at which he lay, he could see the field of battle, by raising himself on his elbow; and from that point he sent one of his aids to inform General Meade that we had won a great victory.

This wound so disabled General Hancock as to unfit him for field-

service, until the following December, when he returned to the Army of the Potomac, and resumed command of the 2d Corps, to take part in the campaign of 1864. The wound, however, had not healed, and gave him great trouble and annoyance during the campaign; and although he continued with his command, he was obliged to travel in an ambulance the greater portion of the time.

His habit, on the march, was to remain in his ambulance, at the head of his column, until within the vicinity of the enemy, when he mounted his horse, and so remained until the fighting was over.

During the whole of the summer of 1864, he was daily attended by a surgeon, on account of his wound, which, at that time, was much irritated, and discharging more or less, all the time, small portions of the bone, at times, passing from it.

While in front of the enemy's works, at Petersburg, Va., in June, 1864, where the troops were constantly under fire, and the General was obliged to be mounted nearly all the time, both day and night, his wound became so inflamed and dangerous that he was compelled to relinquish command of the Corps, for a few days. June 17th, after the bloody fight of that day was over, he turned over the command to his next in rank. He did not, however, leave the field, but continued with the troops, and again assumed command of the Corps June 27th, finding himself much relieved from the discharge of quite a large piece of bone from the wound.

He continued to suffer from his wound during all the remaining time of the war, and, indeed, feels serious effects from it to this time.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT THE BATTLE OF "WHITE OAK SWAMP," JUNE 30th, 1862.

On the evening of June 30th, 1862, after the battle of "White Oak Swamp," on the Peninsula, had closed, General Franklin, commanding the 6th Corps (and rear guard of the army), to which Hancock's brigade was attached, sent for General Hancock, and said to him, that his (Franklin's) orders seemed to require him to hold his position at "White Oak Swamp," until the following morning, but that he had information which convinced him that a force of the enemy had inter-

posed between his force and Harrison's Landing, the point on James river to which the Army of the Potomac was then retreating. He had taken the opinions of others of his commanders as to whether or not, under the circumstances, he should hold on where he was until daylight, or march then, and rejoin the other corps of the army by the next morning, and he now wished the views of General Hancock on the same point. General Hancock at once gave it as his opinion that he should march then, and not wait for daylight, stating as his reasons therefor, that if the enemy had placed himself, on the road, between the 6th corps and the James, he would be much better prepared to dispute his passage by morning than that night, when we would come upon him suddenly, and most likely break through.

General Franklin concurred in this view of the matter, and the corps was immediately put in motion, General Hancock taking command of the advance, during the night-march, when it was momentarily thought we would come in contact, with the enemy, on the road.

As it turned out, it was well this course was pursued, for had the 6th corps remained all night at "White Oak Swamp," it could have only joined the main army next day by a desperate struggle, for early the next day the enemy were in great force on the road on which it marched during the night.

COLONEL H. BOYD M'KEEN, 81st PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

One of the most distinguished young officers of the 2d Army Corps was Colonel H. Boyd McKeen, 81st Pennsylvania volunteers. He was conspicuous for daring courage in action, and had a mind and temperament of that order which would have fitted him to have exercised high command, had he lived to attain sufficient rank. General Hancock had tried him on many fields, trusted him to the fullest extent, and had commended him, in his official reports, on many occasions.

When the General was about setting out on the "Wilderness" campaign of 1864, in command of the 2d Army Corps, he sent for Colonel M'Keen, then commanding his regiment, and said to him: "Colonel, I am sorry that you have not more rank; for if you had, I could give you a brigade, at this time, and I should be pleased to do so." M'Keen

said, in reply: "I am obliged to you, General, for your kind intentions towards me, of which I am well advised; but I shall *win* a brigade before this campaign is over.

Before the corps had been in the field a month, the General was enabled to give M'Keen a brigade, owing to the large number of casualties, in the different battles, among brigade commanders; and while leading it, against the enemy's works, in the terrible assault at Cold Harbor, June 3d, 1864, he was killed, with his colors in his hands. General Hancock felt his loss bitterly, and it was a severe one to the army and the country, as he had probably no superior, of his grade, in our whole service.

Tears came into General Hancock's eyes when his noble conduct and death were announced to him.

COL. EDWARD E. CROSS, 5TH N. H. VOLS.

Another soldier of the Second Army Corps of marked ability and of most intrepid courage was Col. Edward E. Cross, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers.

No man excelled in leading troops in desperate contests, and he commanded a regiment unsurpassed for good conduct and stubborn, dauntless valor. It would *not* break or give way. At "Fredericksburg," during the assault on "Marye's Heights," it had five commanders killed or wounded. Col. Cross was the first to fall with a dangerous wound. While at "Gettysburg," on the second day of the battle, it lost just *one-half* of its numbers killed outright.

General Hancock made many efforts to obtain Col. Cross' promotion to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers, for his conspicuous bravery and services, but was not successful. The Colonel was not right with his own State authorities politically (whose preferences were disregarded by the appointing powers) and in addition to his Democratic views was not slow to give vent to his likes and dislikes; talked too plainly perhaps.

Just before the action began at "Gettysburg" General Hancock said to him that he regretted "that thus far he had not been able to procure his promotion, but that he felt quite confident *that* battle would make him

a brigadier." "No, General," said Cross, this is my last fight; I shall be killed here." And sure enough, the brave old Colonel was shot through the body in that day's battle, and died within a few hours thereafter. He had been severely wounded in different battles, at least six or eight times previously.

GENERAL MEADE'S ESTIMATE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

In a letter addressed to General W. G. Mitchell, dated December 15, 1875, by General R. C. Drum, the writer uses this language: ". . . In the latter part of 1869, after his recovery from a severe attack of illness, General Meade, in speaking of the various officers who had served under him, while in command of the Army of the Potomac, used the following: 'No commanding General ever had a better Lieutenant than Hancock. He was always faithful and reliable.'"

FAREWELL TO HANCOCK.

When General Hancock was ordered to other duties, the following little ode was written by a member of the corps and sung at the time. The writer was Sergeant L. Reynols.

FAREWELL TO MAJOR GENERAL HANCOCK,

On his taking leave of his gallant "Old Second Army Corps."

AIR—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

"As with sorrow the lone, lone mother is parting
Her fond, favorite child, though a young, happy bride,
As grieves the true friend when his comrade is starting
For wealth, or for glory, o'er ocean's dark tide—
So, our heart now in sorrow, dark shadow oppressing,
For the hero who guides us to conquest no more;
So, each eye frames a tear, and each bosom a blessing,
For Hancock, the pride of the bold Second Corps.

"We remember the perils from which your skill saved us—
How you felt for your troops as the sire for his son;
How when foemen loud cheering with gallant pride braved us,
You led the fierce charge and the victory won.

Though life's pathway may lead thee to still brighter glory,
Forget not your comrades in battles of yore,
For pure is the record, and glorious the story,
Of Hancock, the pride of the bold Second Corps.

"Farewell! Oh, how painful to break our connection,
But duty compels it, and sadly we part;
But nothing can sever the bond of affection,
That binds to brave Hancock the true soldier's heart.
As gold to the miser, as the bride to her lover,
Art thou to those friends who may see thee no more;
We'll think of thee, Hancock, we'll love thee forever,
Then remember, brave chieftain, thy bold Second Corps."

This glorious Second Corps is remembered by both armies. It is related of a Republican friend of Hancock, who asked him after the war,—"Well, General Hancock, how about the Second Corps?" The General paused a moment, and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder—"They are at rest, most of them are in heaven!"

For some of the preceding, as well as for the following incidents and anecdotes the writer is indebted to his gallant and accomplished friend, General Mitchell, who belonged through the war, and yet belongs to General Hancock's staff.

CHARLIE'S CHOICE OF HORSES.

When General Hancock was on the "Peninsula," in the Spring of 1862, commanding his brigade, he had a servant named "Charles" (colored) who was a good groom and kept the General's horses in fine condition, but it was not generally considered around headquarters that "Charles" was at all fond of shooting.

One morning we were about to go into action and "Charles" reported to the General to know which horse of his two (he had a fine bay and a sorrel) he would ride that day. "I think I will ride the bay to-day, Charles," said the General. Charles stood awhile as if buried in deep thought and then turning to the General said: "I think you better ride de sor'l, to-day Gineral, he's de *swiftest*." It was understood by those who knew Charles that he gave this advice because he considered the best horse for a fight one that could get away the fastest. Some supposed, however, that the *bay* was really the "*swiftest*" and that Charles wanted to ride it that day himself so that he could move more rapidly in case of the enemy getting after him.

THE N. C. LIZARD.

General G. K. Warren commanded the Second Army Corps at Bristow Station, October 14th, 1863, General Hancock then being absent on account of disability from his Gettysburg wound.

The Confederates were beaten, and a number of prisoners were captured, most of them North Carolinians. One of them was brought to where General Warren and his staff were, and the General complimented the man on the gallant manner in which his brigade charged our lines in column under a very hot fire. "Well," said the man. "that's so, General, we done purty well, but for my part I was never in a fight before, and when I see'd our fellows breakin' I knowed the thing was gone up, so I jest threw myself on the ground and laid closer nor a lizard to a rail."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS OF PITTSBURG, PENNA., AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

One of the bravest spirits in our army, during the war, was General Alexander Hays, of Pittsburg, Penna. He joined the Second Army Corps with his division near Centreville, Va. On the march to "Gettysburg," and during that battle, his troops held the ground immediately on the left of the Taneytown Road, on our front line of battle.

His skirmishers were deployed in the valley before him. A large barn stood on the plain just beyond his skirmish line, which was held

by the Confederate skirmishers in considerable force, and from which they maintained a galling fire.

Seeing this condition of affairs, Hays mounted his horse and, with his staff following him, his division flag flying, rode directly to his skirmishers, ordered them to advance at a run, himself leading the way to the barn. The Confederates in the building and on their skirmish line opened a hot fire, but Hays could not be stopped, and his men, catching his spirit, drove the Southern skirmishers back on either side of the barn and captured all who were in the building. Hays sent his prisoners to the rear, retired his skirmishers to their original line and awaited further developments. The Confederate skirmishers were soon reinforced, and advancing, took their former line, again occupying the barn. Hays then repeated his first movement—rushed down to his skirmishers, carried them forward as before, and again bagged all of the Southerners in the barn.

Very sharp musketry fire accompanying these movements, caused some to suppose that a serious fight was going on. General Hancock, who had been quietly watching the matter, now sent an aide to Hays to say to him that he might bring on a general engagement, (which was not at that moment desired by General Meade) by holding on to the barn, within the enemy's skirmish line, and that he would please, therefore, burn the building and retire his skirmishers to the line originally held by them.

These were very unwelcome orders to Hays, who was then in his element, and delighted with the manner in which he had been bagging the enemy. Turning to the aide he said, "Major, please return to General Hancock and say to him that that barn is my *trap*. I have caught more than one hundred and fifty in it this morning and if he will only allow me to withdraw my line so that they will come into it again, and then let me take one more dash at it, I will willingly burn it as he directs." But the aide replied that General Hancock's orders were peremptory, and must be carried out at once. Seeing that there was no hope of the orders being rescinded, Hays reluctantly caused the barn to be set on fire, and then slowly carried his skirmish line back to its first position.

The stone foundations of the old barn were still standing in 1867 (when the writer visited the field of Gettysburg) a prominent landmark on the plain. This is but one of the many instances which could be related of the conspicuous gallantry and dash of Hays. He was greatly beloved of General Hancock, and indeed by all who knew him. He was killed while under General Hancock's command, leading his troops at the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG.

At Gettysburg, a regiment under General Hancock's command, one that had joined the Second Corps on the march to the field, and had not yet been under a hot fire, was posted at an important point on the left of battle.

Whenever the General passed by that regiment, as he did frequently, while riding along the line, the men cheered him loudly, clamoring to be led against the enemy. These demonstrations were repeated so frequently that the General became impatient, coming as they did from men who had not "smelled much powder," and thinking to stop them he drew up his horse beside the regiment and quietly said to them, that all he required them to do was to maintain a firm line and hold their ground in case they were attacked. At this a dozen or more big-throated fellows rushed out of the ranks toward the General and cried, "General, we'll never leave this ground until *you* order us away." "That's right, my men," said the General, "That's right, *your line is entirely safe now, for I will never order you away.*" This was a little more encouragement than the new soldiers wanted. Their countenances fell and lengthened visibly as they went back to their places in the line. The *cheering* stopped there and then. The old Second Corps men, who witnessed this scene, some of whom had followed the General on every bloody field from Antietam to Gettysburg and knew how little he was given to order men to quit a line of battle, had a grim laugh, as he rode off to another part of the line.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

When General Hancock was encamped with his brigade near Lewinsville, Virginia, in the Spring of 1861, before the Army of the Potomac

moved to the Peninsula, certain officers of his command desired to know whether he would accept as a mark of esteem from the brigade, a silver service.

The General declined the gift, stating to those who had come to see him on the subject, that he did not approve of such presentations, and, at all events, it would be best to wait until the war was over, as, in the meantime the officers and men concerned might change in their feelings towards him. This ended the matter, as it was plainly perceived by those engaged in it, that the General would not accept such a favor from those under his command.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

In September, 1861, soon after General Hancock had been assigned a command in Smith's division, Army of the Potomac, he was ordered to proceed with several regiments to join in the general movement to occupy Munson's Hill on the south side of the Potomac, in front of Washington. The march was to be made after night fall, and to accomplish it, he had to pass through a picket line of another command. The pickets (owing to some neglect), were not informed of the matter, and, mistaking General Hancock's regiment for the enemy, opened fire upon them, killing and wounding a number of men. This caused the greatest confusion, and, (the troops being unused to fire), a general stampede seemed likely to occur. One volley from the pickets killed or wounded five or six cavalry orderlies of a mounted party with the General at the time, also killing or wounding some of their horses, but left him unhurt in their midst. A number of faint hearts, taking advantage of the night, started to the rear. The General specially noticed (it was a moonlight night), two individuals making hasty strides in that direction. He halted them, asked them who they were, and where they were going. They replied that they were "*officers*" and were not leaving the field on account of being alarmed, but because they had not *yet been mustered into service*, and they did not think it *right* for them to go into action in that unprotected state. "Well," said the General, "if that is your only trouble, I can relieve you. I am General Hancock, your commanding officer, I will muster you into service now. Hold up your

right hands." They held up their hands and the General administered the usual oath from memory. "Now," said he, "You are mustered in; join your command and remain with it." They started slowly towards the front and continued in that direction as long as they were under the General's eye. But it is presumed that they went rearwards again as soon as they passed beyond his observation. The General heard no more of them until a few months later, when he received a letter from an officer saying that himself and another officer, with thirty of his men, could not draw their pay because there was no record of their having been mustered into service—that he, General Hancock, had mustered himself and the other referred to into service, and that he would be obliged to the General for a certificate to that effect.

The General replied that he recollected distinctly of administering the oath to two officers under the circumstances herein related. He did not now, nor then know who they were, and had never seen them or heard from them since that eventful night, but, the letter of the applicant convinced him that *he* was one of the persons in question, for he was very sure that no one would have written for a certificate of muster made, unless he was one of the officers concerned. Whether or not they received their pay upon the presentation of the General's letter, is not known.

GENERAL HANCOCK (THEN LIEUTENANT HANCOCK) AT THE BATTLE OF CHERUBUSCO, MEXICO.

At the battle of Cherubusco, Mexico, August 20, 1847, General Hancock (then Lieutenant Hancock) was struck on the leg below the knee by a musket-ball. The contusion, however, was so slight, that he did not report himself as wounded. (Report of Capt. Wm. Hoffman, commanding 6th Infantry in that action, dated Tacubaya, Mexico, August 23d, 1847, mentions Lieutenant Hancock for gallant conduct.)

GENERAL HANCOCK'S HORSE SHOT UNDER HIM AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, General Hancock, then commanding 1st Division, 2d Corps, had his horse shot under him. This occurred at the junction of the roads near the Chancellor House,

where the General had fixed his headquarters during the operations of a part of the 2d and all of the 3d of May. A ball struck the horse, wounding it very severely, and while it was being led away, after the General had dismounted, a round shot struck it again in the side, killing it at once. The fire was very severe at that time and place, especially from the enemy's batteries, which completely swept the open space occupied by General Hancock and his staff.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG. (ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS, DEC. 13, 1862.)

During the assault on Marye's Heights, battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, and while General Hancock, on horseback, was leading his Division (1st Division, 2d Army Corps), to the attack against the famous stone wall, behind which the enemy's troops were posted, a ball cut through his vest, just grazing the skin of the abdomen, and passed on through his coat on the right hand side.

That assault was one of the bloodiest affairs of the whole war. No troops engaged behaved more handsomely or suffered more severely than those of Hancock's division. His official report shows that of 5,000 men and officers, taken into action on that occasion, 2,013 were killed or wounded, and of these 156 were commissioned officers. As above stated, General Hancock himself narrowly escaped death, and of five officers of his personal staff with him, three were wounded, and four had their horses shot under them.

HANCOCK AT GETTYSBURG.

One of the traits which wedded Hancock's men to him was his dauntless bravery, so natural to him, which always led him to that part of his line of battle, where the fire was hottest. A never-to-be-forgotten display of the chivalric nature of the man in this respect was made at Gettysburg on the last day of that battle.

Lee preceded his final assault by the fire of 125 guns, directed wholly on the line occupied by Hancock's troops. It was literally a storm of shot and shell. The oldest soldiers there—those who had taken part in the most desperate battles of the war—had witnessed nothing like it. The men lay close to the earth and sought every inch of shelter their

light works afforded, while the shell burst over their heads, tore through their ranks, and filled the air with that awful rushing sound, which causes the firmest hearts to quail as in the very presence of death.

In the most tumultuous moments of this fire, Hancock, mounted, started at the right of his line of battle, and followed by his staff, his corps flag flying in the hands of a brave Irishman of the 6th New York cavalry—rode slowly along the terrible crest, to the left of his position, while the shot and shell roared and crashed around him, and every moment tore great gaps in the ranks at his side.

It was a gallant deed of heroic valor, such as a knight of olden time might have performed, and withal, was not a reckless exposure of life, without an object; for the noble presence and calm demeanor of the commander as he passed through his lines during that fiery crisis, encouraging his men, set an example before them, which an hour later cropped out, and nerved the stout hearts to win the greatest and bloodiest battle ever fought on American soil.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT THE GREAT SANITARY FAIR IN PHILADELPHIA, 1864.

"On Mrs. Forney's table near the south-western end of Union avenue, appropriated to the Committee on Labor, Income, and Revenue, beneath many graceful folds of the national emblem, may be seen the most exquisite and appropriately finished photographic album ever made in any establishment in the world. It is from the manufactory of Messrs. Altemus & Co. It is finished in the most costly style, and is designed for two hundred pictures. The album is about twelve inches by sixteen inches in size, and royal purple in cover. The covers present a series of embossed panel work, in the centre of which is the National shield. The edges of the work are handsomely done in gold with running vine, of oak and laurel, and patriotic designs. The beautifully chased clasps are inscribed with the following words: "For Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, 1864."—*The Press, June* 20, 1874.

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG IN 1862.

The following is the opening paragraph of an editorial in the N. Y. *Herald* of May 24, 1862, re-

ferring to the full report of the battle of Williamsburg published in the *Herald* of the same date written by Colonel Findley Anderson:

"The battle of Williamsburg must become historical. Of all our battles it was the best contested and the hardest won. The opposing forces engaged were very nearly equal. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery did each its share of the work. The losses upon both sides equalled those of the Allies and the Russians at the terrible battle of Alma. The whole contest demonstrated the superiority of American soldiers, who are officers and privates at once, over the unintelligent troops of other countries. The result proved the wisdom of McClellan's long discipline of his army. The severity of the conflict; the fluctuating fortunes of the day; the unrivalled bravery of our troops; the desperate valor of the rebels; the continual arrival of reinforcements upon both sides; the daring charges; the determined and steady resistances; the skillful manœuvres and evolutions, and the final irresistible dash of Hancock's brigade, made up a narrative matchless in its thrilling interest.

"The battle had now raged from early in the morning till near night. By the superior intrepidity of our troops the vigorous attacks of the enemy had been repulsed, and his last grand advance along the line had been handsomely repelled by Gen. Kearney's troops. The enemy had tried to turn our left, and had failed, and the subsequent advances gradually extended from left to right. The rain was still descending, as it had been all day. Gen. Hancock's brigade, which I have previously placed on our extreme right, remained in the position he took up when he crossed the dam, and occupied some of the evacuated earthworks earlier in the afternoon. Expected reinforcements not coming up in time, it was deemed more proper that he should fall back from his advanced position to the one he occupied at first, immediately after crossing the dam. Being occasionally engaged with the enemy, however, in order to avoid the bad effect which a retrograde movement on his part might cause, he held the position, keeping his skirmishers deployed in front.

"The fire near Fort Magruder, to the left, had now almost subsided, and Confederate troops were observed moving in different directions. A force of the enemy's infantry filled a work which had remained unoccupied, and a body of his cavalry assembled on the plateau, apparently with a view of charging on the battery.

"A vigorous attack on the right made General Hancock apprehensive that his position might be turned, and he cut off from an opportunity of retreating, if he should find it necessary, across the dam. His brigade fell back in line of battle, followed by the Confederates, firing and cheering as they came; and our artillery was also brought back piece by piece, the last gun firing a few rounds of canister at the advancing enemy. As soon as the artillery was safe, the Fifth Wisconsin regiment on the right, was ordered to retire in the same manner as the other, disputing the ground as it retreated. Another line was being formed on either side of the redoubt by our retiring regiments. The enemy was pressing them so hard that when the Fifth Wisconsin had reached the second line, followed by the Fifth North Carolina shouting 'Bull Run, Ball's Bluff,' it was immediately formed to the right and left of the redoubt.

The Confederates were now within some forty yards, and General Hancock ordered an immediate advance of his entire line. This, it will be remembered, was composed of the principal portions of the Fifth Wisconsin, Sixth and Seventh Maine, Thirty-third New York, and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania regiments—in all about two thousand five hundred men. These regiments went forward with alacrity, and, as they came close to the enemy, delivered a few volleys. Then General Hancock, whose politeness is equal to his bravery, gave the command: "*Gentlemen, charge!*" And his gallant soldiers, with tremendous cheers, dashed down the slope. The enthusiastic spirit of the men seemed to be sufficient to frighten the opposing force, which was said, by prisoners, to be General Early's brigade, and, with the exception of three resolute Confederates who stood to receive the bayonets, the line broke and the Confederates ran. Pursuing them down the slope General Hancock's command halted and fired ten or twelve volleys at them, and also at another Confederate force which was observed advancing to support the first. When the

smoke cleared up the ground was thickly covered with dead and dying Confederates.

"The loss of the enemy at this time must have been tremendous. The Fifth North Carolina regiment was almost annihilated. The Twenty-fourth Virginia and other regiments lost many officers. General Early is said to have been wounded and several Colonels killed. The prisoners we have captured say that before they went into the action General Hill made a brief address to the Confederate troops in which he told them that we had better arms, that the conflict would be close, that he knew they were equal to the task, and that they must walk in and give us the cold steel. Then General Early asked them if they were ready to take that battery, and they replied that they would try it. They did try it, but instead of giving us the cold steel they themselves fled at the sight of it.

"Towards the close of the engagement the Prince de Joinville rode off and came back with General McClellan who arrived with heavy reinforcements, at the scene of action on the right, just about the time that General Hancock's command made the final charge. He was loudly cheered as he passed, and his presence on the field created the most unbounded enthusiasm among his devoted troops.

"General Hancock's loss in the operations of the day, including this charge, was nine killed, ninety-five wounded, and thirty missing. That was about the concluding act of engagement; and when night closed on the final scene, our troops all along the line soundly slept on the field they had so bravely won.

"This battle was a series of charges on either side, from the left to the right of the line, from the commencement of the action to its close; but as the ground was covered with felled timber it was difficult for troops to manœuvre speedily in any place except on the right, where the advantage of position gave General Hancock an excellent opportunity to charge. No soldiers ever fought with greater determination than did the enemy's and ours. The repeated attempts to turn our left were successively repulsed in the most gallant manner, and history does not furnish instances of greater individual valor than was displayed on that memorable field. Surely the ancient days of noble chivalry have been revived."

GOING UP TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE PONTOON TRAIN.

"We had left our camps opposite Fredericksburg, and moved up towards United States Ford, on our way, keeping some distance from the river, as the movement was intended to be a secret one.

The night before reaching the Ford was a terrible one, it having commenced to rain soon after we went into bivouac that evening. It rained in perfect torrents, and I was awakened out of my tent, at about twelve o'clock at night, with the notice that I had to take command of a detail.

On arriving at brigade headquarters, where the detail had been assembled, I was put in command of the same, and with but the directions, pointed out in the dark, "Captain's out on the road; there you will find an engineer-officer, and you will report to him.

After stumbling along wet grass, and through ditches, I very luckily struck the point where the engineer-officer was standing. He inquired if "that was a detail?" (Our colonel having been on picket-duty, I thought I would have the night to sleep.) I told him, "Yes;" that I was looking for an engineer-officer. He said he was the man. He then inquired how many picks and shovels we wanted. I told him we had not any. "Then," said he, "your detail won't amount to much." He stood there, as if deliberating what to do, and finally concluded we would have to go up the road to division headquarters.

We tramped up the muddy road for about three-quarters of a mile, and came to where large camp-fires were burning, under some trees, just off the road, around which were ranged a number of tents, in a semi-circular shape. Here we halted. (I should have said that this was the division headquarters for the night.) The engineer-officer then went off hunting up the picks and shovels, and my men commenced to circle round the fires.

Scarcely had this occurred, when General Hancock's head emerged from under the back cover of an ambulance wagon, and inquired, "What troops are those moving?" Some one answered, "It is only a detail, General." Then he inquired, what detail it was? and as none of us knew, at that time, what our duty was intended to be, our only

answer was, that it was only a detail, upon which the General asked, who commanded it. I stepped forward to where the ambulance-wagon was, and replied that I did. He then asked me, if we were detailed to get the pontoon train up. I told him I had no instructions about what we were to do, but simply to report to an engineer-officer on the road. "Yes," said he, "your detail is to get the pontoons out. What are you doing up here?" I replied, "I believe we came up to get shovels and picks; the engineer-officer said we could do nothing without them." Said he, "That's some of that d——d adjutant's work! Orderly," said he, "call the adjutant here."

In a few seconds the adjutant appeared, and the conversation Hancock had with him, was this. He said, "What orders did you give in regard to this detail? Here they are, without a shovel or a pick among them." The adjutant replied: "Well, I can't help it. I gave the order just as I got it from corps headquarters." Hancock replied, "Oh, quit my sight." Then turning to me, he said, "Captain, how many men have you?" (I really did not know how many men I had, as I had not been informed, by the adjutant of the brigade, at the time the detail was turned over to me.) But there was something in Hancock's manner that impressed me that it would not do to be ignorant on any subject, just at that time, and I replied, "Two hundred and eighty." He asked "How many sergeants have you got?" Of course, I was also ignorant on this point, but the impression of the necessity of not being ignorant on any point being still very strong on me, you understand, I replied, "Eighteen," as that would be about the number necessary for that many men. Then, to my surprise, he asked, "How many corporals have you?" "I really forget now how many," I replied; but, at last, I doubled, in my mind, the number of sergeants, and replied, "Thirty-six," upon which Hancock triumphantly turned to his adjutant, and said, "There's an officer, but a Captain, who's an example to you." I came near bursting out laughing at the ludicrousness of the thing.

He then, in stentorian tones, ordered some two or three of his staff and some half-a-dozen orderlies, to start off in different directions through the woods, and up and down the road, to hunt up and bring in the officer commanding the tool-wagon; and at that dead hour of the night, raining

as it was, to bring it there at once; and in less than fifteen minutes, a wagon of shovels and picks was brought there, and the same distributed among the detail I commanded.

While the men were receiving the picks and shovels, Hancock again popped his head out from the back of the ambulance, and calling me to him, said: "Captain, the pontoon-train is stalled some distance below here; and I want you, with your detail, to get them up in time, so that the bridge can be laid by daylight, ready for the troops to cross;" meaning the Rappahannock river at United States Ford. I replied "Yes, sir," and turned away, and was about proceeding to get my detail in order for marching, down the road, where the pontoons were, when out came the head again from under the cover, and, in a sharper tone, called, "Captain, do you understand? You are to get those pontoons up in time to lay the bridge, by daylight, in the morning." "Yes, sir," said I, "I perfectly understand." Again the head withdrew into the wagon, and again I turned towards the detail; but scarcely had I taken a step, when the head popped out again, and in still sharper tones: "Captain, do you understand perfectly; you are to get those trains up, so that the bridge can be laid by daylight;" continuing, "I will hold you personally responsible to get that train up;" then, "I shall take no excuse, that train must come up: kill every mule in the train, but what you get it up." Then, in softer tones, and with a considerable degree of anxiety, he explained to me, that the movement of the whole army depended on those bridges being laid by daylight.

The result of all this was that I left him with an idea that if I did not get those pontoons up that night, I had better make a blue streak for the North without explaining how it was that I could not get them up. He certainly left that impression on my mind. So we started on down amid a drenching rain. A tramp of about three miles down the muddy road brought us to where the head of the pontoon-train had stopped. The head of the leading wagon of the train was down in a gully, I should judge some forty or fifty feet deep. The rain of the night had made what had ordinarily been a mere stream that one could step across, swollen almost to a good-sized river. The head of this pontoon was buried in this river, and the water was rushing clear over

the top of it, making a noise like a cataract, and in the dense wood on either side the men belonging to the train had camped for the night and gone to sleep, no doubt fully impressed with the impossibility of getting any further that night with their train. The noise of the talking and the splashing of my detail awakened up the officer commanding the pontoon-train, and emerging from one side of the dark woods he inquired what the troops were for. I replied that they were to get the pontoon-train up, asking who was in command there. He replied that he was. I stated to him my order and that I was ready to go to work. He replied that it was absolutely impossible to get the train up. They had worked at it for hours before the stream had swollen to the extent that it then was, but without being able to accomplish it. As Hancock's words were still ringing in my ears about holding me personally responsible for it, and that he would take no excuse, I told the officer that I was going to try it at least. He answered then, "Oh," said he, "Captain, that's all right; but it's sheer impossibility to get the train up, and you needn't worry yourself about orders like that; I'll explain it all to the General in the morning. I've got something good to drink in the tent; just come in and make yourself comfortable for the night. I've got a nice cot, and so you had better come in and be comfortable for the night. Let your men make themselves comfortable for the night in the woods here, and when it is light enough in the morning for us to see what we are to do, we'll all turn to and get the train up."

I gave his request a moment's thought, as it certainly was an inviting thing to be able to secure a good night's sleep out of the rain of that night; but the peculiar tones of Hancock still ringing in my ears that these pontoons were to be up in time for the bridge to be laid by daylight, made me think it was better to make every effort first at getting the train up, before adopting the suggestion of this pontoon officer, so I told him, "The General's a very peculiar man. When he orders a thing done it has to *be* done, and he told me to kill every mule in your train but what I got the wagons up. Now, I'll have to kill some of them anyhow before I'll dare give up the job of getting the train up." The officer replied in a good-natured tone, but I could see by his man-

ner that he supposed I was ignorant about the difficulties and could only be convinced after an hour or two of fruitless effort. "Well," said he, "you can come in and have the drink anyhow, and I'll put the mules and drivers at your service;" upon which we repaired to his tent in the woods, a little to one side of the road, and there, drawing forth an ambulance keg containing whisky, he poured me out a glass, and helped himself also to the commissary (that was our term for it). There a new idea came into my head, and I asked the officer if he could spare me that keg of commissary; that with it I was certain I could get that pontoon-train up. He laughed and said, "Yes," that it was at my disposal. I then went out on the road, and calling together some half dozen of the men of my own particular regiment, who I knew would have gone into the Confederate lines for a glass of whisky, yet who otherwise were just the men for such an occasion as that night, I told them that the pontoon-train had to come up if we had to kill every mule and carry the boats piecemeal to the river; that I would start with them by giving them a drink, and occasional ones as we progressed. The drink being furnished, this half a dozen went to work with their axes, and in a few moments saplings were cut, and in less time than it takes to tell, numbers of them had stripped themselves stark naked, walked into the flood of boiling waters, and shoving a number of the saplings through the spokes of the wheels, lifted the head of this first boat sheer and clean out of the water, and with the assistance of some six or seven mule teams, doubled and trebled, slid the boat on its trucks (I say slid, for the soil down there was a compound of clay and sand, and in wet weather came up to the hub) till it reached the top of the hill. There a new difficulty presented itself—it was found impossible for the mules to pull the wagons, and to overcome this we cut off the foliage of pine trees, and filled the roadway some two feet thick with them, building fires on each side of the road to light our operations. Having thus succeeded in crossing a sufficient number of pontoons to lay the bridge, we started with these along the road leading to the river, arrived there in time, and the bridge was all laid by daylight in time for the troops to cross. We then went back and assisted in bringing up the balance of the train; and in person I was passing with the last wagon by Han-

cock's quarters, when the General emerged from his ambulance, and in sharp tones inquired, "Have they got those pontoon-trains up yet?" and I stepped up to him and answered, "Yes, General, the bridge was laid by daylight. This is only one of the reserve pontoon-wagons." In a very courteous manner he said, "I thank you, Captain; you have done a good night's work." His face was all smiles; he was very much pleased. Said he, "Now, Captain, take your men and let them have a good breakfast and a reasonable amount of sleep, and then you follow on with them as quickly as possible."

HANCOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG.

"We arrived at Falmouth in front of Fredericksburg on or about the afternoon of the 17th of November, 1862. At that time General Lee with his army was somewhere in the neighborhood of Culpepper Court House, presumably watching all the different roads, down through which the Union army might pass. At Fredericksburg there was but a home guard with four pieces of artillery.

On our arrival near Falmouth, a rather laughable incident occurred. It appeared that some of Sigel's cavalry had made a raid into Fredericksburg the Sunday before, and, to guard against future operations of this kind, the home guard had procured these pieces of artillery. At the same time Lee had his scouts on our side of the river, who, coming down for the purpose of ascertaining the movements of our army, on their road, presented themselves opposite Fredericksburg. The home guard there, supposing them to be another lot of Sigel's cavalry, let drive into them with the four pieces of artillery. They, in turn, supposing the Union forces had got down before them, and were occupying Fredericksburg, turned tail and ran down the road on which we were advancing. The result was that the whole party ran into our lines, and were captured.

At the commencement of this firing, General Sumner, who at that time commanded the second corps, immediately detailed a portion of our brigade, in which our regiment was included, to act as skirmishers; and upon the word "forward" being given, we cautiously advanced along the road and fields some hundred yards on each side of the road, until we came to the base of the hills, the tops of which overlooked the

low ground of Fredericksburg opposite. The Confederate artillery-men, supposing they had driven off Sigel's cavalry-men, were leisurely hauling their guns over the ploughed field, upon which the word being conveyed to our rear, the battery of our brigade, commanded by Captain Pettit, came dashing up the hill, and before the astonished Confederate artillery-men on the other side could scarcely comprehend the situation, our battery was raining shot and shell down on them ; and in a few seconds, unhitching their horses or cutting their harness, they abandoned these guns and made for cover behind the houses on the northern extremity of Fredericksburg. We made several requests to be allowed to go over and secure these guns, but were refused permission on account of the pontoons not having arrived.

For a few days the camp of our brigade was on the Falmouth bank of the river. Scarcely a soul could be observed in the town of Fredericksburg or on the heights back of it. About the evening of the fifth day, I noticed lights from camp fires on the hills that skirt the southern back of the town. On the next evening I noticed the range of these fires extended; so on, night after night, in regular succession illumination of their camp fires extended, until all the hill tops that skirt the back of the city round, were one livid glare, denoting that the whole of Lee's army was confronting us.

In the daylight of these days we noticed that they soon began throwing up breast-works, first on the tops of the hills that they occupied, which, being completed, they descended down the slopes of the hill and put long lines of breast-works there. Then the same at the base of the hills; and lower works were thrown up in some places on the bare fields in their front. Then, boldly advancing, they commenced throwing up lines of breast-works on the river margin. All the while we stayed thus gazing at them and wondering what was to be the end of it; and it is a positive fact that the day before we did cross the Rappahannock, one of their pickets cried across the river in my hearing, "Yanks, we got our breast-works all finished now, and we're ready for you at any time." The whole proceedings on our part did really look to me as though we had really waited until they could finish their breast-works before we should cross. (I give you this preface to the battle of Fredericksburg

that an idea may be had of the difficulties we were likely to, and did have, simply in the mere act of crossing.)

The crossing of the Rappahannock preparatory to the battle of Fredericksburg was begun about three o'clock on the morning of December 13th. On the hills on our side artillery had been concentrated, bearing upon the foot of a street midway the town on the line of the river, and although there were discharges of shot and shell by complete batteries at a time, and for hour's duration, yet not a single boat could be laid. Hundreds of men and officers on our side fell thick and fast as soon as they debouched from the gully on our side, down which the roadway for the pontoon-train had been made. The Confederate sharpshooters on the opposite bank behind the breast-works that I have spoken of as having been made apparently secure against our artillery, fired at any distance; and until four o'clock in the afternoon it did look as though it was a matter of sheer impossibility for the whole Army of the Potomac to cross against a mere handful of Confederate skirmishers; until finally maddened, some of our troops in charge of the pontoon-train shoved the boats into the river, and, jumping in, boldly pushed across, plying their rifles as they went. The landing of a few of these boats had more terror for the enemy than the entire artillery of the Army of the Potomac. One Confederate skirmisher could be seen springing up and hastily going to the rear as fast as his legs would carry him, behind houses and through the yards. Then could be seen squads scampering in a like manner to the rear.

In the meantime the success of these bold movements on our part being apparent, others of our troops having charge of the pontoons, likewise pushed off and crossed the river, and in an hour's time from the commencement of this ferrying across the river we had the entire front, both up and down the river, as far as the eye could see; and that afternoon and night bridges were laid at three different crossings; large bodies of troops were sent over, and occupied the first and second streets of the town running parallel to the river. Thus was accomplished the crossing to Fredericksburg.

The following morning our division (the First Division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock), crossed early; the major portion of us were drawn up along a street fronting the river. From here

a number of details were made up for skirmisher's duty up the streets running right angles with the river. Other details were made to report crossing preparatory to the movement. Considerable difficulty was experienced in routing the enemy from the houses fronting the streets running at right angles with the river, and it was not until that evening that we could see that we had possession of the entire town on the bank, the Confederate skirmishers retreating to their hills back of the town.

The next morning, or the second day after our crossing, our division was moved up into the main street, running through the heart of the town parallel with the river; the river in front of Fredericksburg, running as nearly as I can judge east and west. After some two hours and a half rest, the officers of our division were called to General Hancock's head-quarters. There the intended movement against the enemy's position was explained to us, to wit: that the Second Division, I think it was, would go in first on our front, and get as near the Confederate hill as possible and then lie down, when the First Division was to go through the Second Division, and in turn get as near the enemy's position as possible; and the Third Division was in like manner to follow and go through us. The watchword was given to us "Scott," after General Scott. As we had considerable length of streets to go through before we reached the fields back of Fredericksburg, and that stretched some distance in front of the enemy's position, the line was broken up into brigades, and these, passing through the different streets, turned right and left on reaching the rear of the town, and so joined on to one another. But this movement of our troops was not allowed to be perfected except under a terrible fire from the Confederate artillery, that seemed to have cannon particularly planted to sweep the streets through which we pushed forward; but luckily for our own particular brigade their range seemed to be either too high or too low.

In forming line, the second division having preceded us and gone a considerable distance, we made a rush forward over fences, around brick-kilns, down gullies, through ditches, but though out of breath, we never stopped until we had gained a rising ground, but within scarcely a hundred yards from the foot of the hills on which the Confederate artillery was posted. Here, my own particular observation, was some

half a dozen huge guns on the crest of the hill immediately in front of me. My orders to my own men were to direct their rifles at these guns, to keep down their fire so that they would be able to assist the coming up of the succeeding lines of our troops that were to follow us. This we kept up for fully one hour. In the meantime, some half a dozen lines of our troops came up behind us, but instead of going through us, according to the arrangement, they immediately came up the hill and threw themselves on the ground behind us, until their numbers became so great that there was a compact mass of soldiers behind our line, some twenty-five or thirty feet in width, and stretching right and left as far as the eye could see.

To me the wonder of the assault was that there were no generals to command the troops. This remark, though, would not apply to Hancock's division, for we had gone farther towards the Confederate position than it was expected we would be able to go. Having performed all that was asked of us to do and seeing that there was likely to be a movement of the other troops, I laid down on my back and gazed on the events taking place there, watching the swarms of wounded men staggering, hopping and limping to the rear.

While doing this I noticed a commotion at the head of the streets from which we had emerged, and presently there dashed out into the broad open field, General Hancock, on horse back, surrounded by his numerous staff, that made him a very conspicuous mark for all the artillery on the enemys hills, and, in less time than we could count ten, you could see the ground being ploughed by the cannon shot all around the road. Some idea may be given this thing: when, immediately following General Hancock's emergence from the head of the street, some of our artillery advanced and attempted replying to the cannon of the enemy on the hills, but the Confederates having a considerable down hill range, forced the artillery of ours to leave after firing scarcely a round. Such was the inspiration of the moment caused by Hancock's gallantry that if the command "forward" had then been given to all the troops, I have not the slightest idea but that all positions of the Confederate line on hills in our front capable of being climbed, would have been taken.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. SURRATT.

EVERY living American, North and South, likes to describe his special sensation at the time of the news of the murder of Abraham Lincoln, at Washington, on the night of April 14th, 1865. No individual event ever created such a shock throughout the civilized world. The daily record of the death of great men, of suicides, murders, shipwrecks, steamboat explosions, and conflagrations, hardly affects us: but the sudden killing of the unpretending President of the United States affected mankind at the same moment with a matchless horror. I never met an American who could not tell some story connected with that tragedy, and some personal revelation of exactly at what time and place he heard of it.

I heard of it at Richmond, on Saturday, the 15th of April, 1865, where I had been sent by Mr. Lincoln a few days before, with letters to the General in command, directing me to go with him and see the editors of the city and induce them to re-organize their newspapers, and to encourage

them to support the restored authority of the United States. Among my traveling companions were the present Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, Hon. Samuel J. Randall, the Hon. Emanuel B. Hart, of New York, the late General George M. Lauman, of Pennsylvania, and several others. After this news we returned to Washington by the earliest conveyance. On Sunday we reached the national capital to find Vice-president Andrew Johnson, installed in the presidency, holding his receptions at the Kirkwood House, while the dead body of the martyr was lying in the Presidential mansion, preparatory to that marvellous funeral, extending through all the states between Washington, the national capital, and Springfield, the capital of Illinois.

The idea, if not the apprehension of assassination was more or less before the mind of Abraham Lincoln, from the day of his election, November, 1860, to the day of his death, on the 14th of April, 1865. He did not seem to fear death, but there was so much written against him, and so much said to do him injury, and there was such an ingenuity of invention among those who did not know or did not like him, that even a calmer philosopher than himself would have been forced to pay some attention to a consideration that was more or less forced before his own and present in other minds. The reader will perceive that from the time he left Illinois on

the way to Washington, on the 11th of February, 1860, to his arrival at the National Capitol, the ghost of murder seemed to track his steps, and yet travelling with this ghost was the angel of forgiveness, as if sent as his holy sentinel.

At Indianapolis, he said "The question is, shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generation?" In the Indianapolis State House, he said, at the same time, "What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country by its people by merely calling it a State?" At Cincinnati, "We mean to treat you as nearly as we possibly can as Washington, Jefferson and Madison treated you." At Columbus, "It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out there is really nothing that hurts anybody." At Steubenville, "If I adopt a wrong policy, the opportunity for condemnation will occur in four years time." At Pittsburg, "As a rule, I think it better that Congress should originate, as well as perfect, its measures, without external bias." At Buffalo, he expressed the hope that he might be able "to relieve the country from the present, or, as I should say, the threatened difficulties.

At Albany, "When the time comes I shall speak for the good, both of the North and South of this country, for the good of the one and the other, and for all sections of the country." At New York, "I am sure I bring a heart devoted to the

work." At Philadelphia he made the declaration which seemed to presage his assassination: "This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world for all future time, and if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle—I was about to say—I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it." And on the very day before he was assassinated this was his language, after having received the news of the capture of Richmond: "Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restore the proper practical relations between the Southern states and the nation, and each forever after innocently indulging in his own opinion, whether in doing the acts he brought the states from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it."

President Johnson, full of honest grief for a death which opened his way to four years of disturbed executive power, was also full of anger, and if you will turn to his speeches, particularly that to the Indiana Delegation, you will see how sweeping this anger was, and how indiscriminate his charges against the people of the South, who mourned the loss of Lincoln as if he had been one of themselves, as indeed he was their best friend. The story of the capture of Booth need not be repeated, nor the fate of his confederates, nor the

attempt to kill Secretary Seward. What concerns General Hancock is the fact that when Mrs. Surratt, convicted for being accessory to the great crime, was executed, the General had been recalled from Winchester, where, as I have said, he was stationed with his great corps, waiting to carry forward certain decisive operations rendered unnecessary by the catastrophe to the Confederacy. The officer who had immediate charge of Mrs. Surratt was General John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania. The Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, who, like the President, was greatly excited against the authors of the assassination, and in accordance with the prevailing public opinion, demanded their condign punishment. In most all political excitements, as our own experience has shown, a soldier is frequently called upon to carry out unpleasant orders from his civil superiors. General Grant himself has had more than one of these dilemmas to meet, and when General Hancock was placed in command of the Washington Department, he found himself in the midst of a wild unreasoning phrenzy. No one was more resolute, more obdurate and unapproachable, than President Johnson himself as his order directing the execution of Mrs. Surratt will show. General Hancock did not hesitate to express his great repugnance at the unpleasant duty forced upon him. Hence when Judge Clampitt, now of Chicago, Mrs. Surratt's leading counsel in 1865, visited Wash-

ington some weeks ago, and stated the following, which was printed in Don Piatt's Washington *Capital*, he simply reveals what is equally well known to myself:

"Hancock," continued Judge Clampitt, "had no more to do with these details or matters than you had. When Judge Wylie, with a Roman majesty of character, issued, almost at the peril of his life, the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Mrs. Surratt, President Johnson and Secretary Stanton decided to suspend the writ, and the execution followed.

"We had hopes to the last of a reprieve and a pardon for Mrs. Surratt, and I waited at the arsenal, hoping against hope. General Hancock rode down, and approaching him, I asked, 'Are there any hopes?' He shook his head slowly and mournfully, and, with a sort of gasping catch in his speech, said: 'I am afraid not. No; there is not.'

"He then walked off a bit—he had dismounted—and gave some orders to his orderlies, and walked about for a moment or two. Returning, he said to me:

"'I have been in many a battle, and have seen death and mixed with it in disaster and in victory. I've been in a living hell of fire, and shell, and grape-shot; and, by God! I'd sooner be there ten thousand times over than to give the order this day for the execution of that poor woman. But I am a soldier, sworn to obey, and obey I must."

"This is the true and genuine history of all that Hancock had in common with the affair. He was commanding, and as commander and conservator of the National Capital, was compellantly obedient to the orders of the Court, which sentenced the conspirators and the so-called conspirator to death. He had no voice in the matter, and could have no action save as the agent to see that the letter of the law was carried out in an order of alphabetic certainty."

The attempt to make General Hancock responsible for the execution of Mrs. Surratt, is as infa-

mous as the effort to make the Southern people responsible for the murder of Mr. Lincoln. It is worse than to condemn the officer who obeyed General Washington's order and officiated at the death of Andre. Apart from all questions of guilt in either case, the really innocent parties were, of course, those who had nothing to do with the punished offence. In the case of Mrs. Surrat, Hancock obeyed his Chief, THE PRESIDENT; in the case of Lincoln, the murderer was an infuriated lunatic; in the case of Andre, the officer present at his execution obeyed George Washington.

The attempt to make General Hancock responsible for the execution of Mrs. Surratt is so vile that even the Republican papers, reckless as to all other things, recoil from it as from a leprosy. Her death was the decree of a party *furore*, almost a delirium at the time. The multitude wanted a sacrifice, a victim, a Paschal lamb. The loss of Lincoln made the North mad and stunned the South. It was not an act of decreed revenge. The man shot was shot by a maniac even as that man pleaded that that maniac might be restored to reason. And many of the partisans who really made the frenzy under which Mrs. Surratt died realize their mistake, and, like all such natures, they now reverse a sense of justice, after the lapse of years, to coolly try to fix the crime, as they confess it, upon an innocent man! This, to use a profane illustration, is like Pontius Pilate blaming

the most innocent of the apostles for the crucifixion!

A few more facts will serve to expose and blast this monstrous wrong

Mr. John W. Clampitt, Mrs. Surratt's attorney, offers, in further vindication of General Hancock, a paper published in the New York *Herald* of the 28th of July, 1880. Nothing could be more conclusive.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S POSITION.

It is true that the order of the President directing the execution of the condemned parties was transmitted through the commandant of the military post to Major General Hartranft, who had been designated by the President in executive order, dated May 1, 1865, (as above quoted), as a special provost marshal for the purposes of said trial and attendance upon said commission and the execution of its mandates. It could not have been otherwise in feature and form, from the very nature of the military organization of the government and its regulations and rules of procedure. General Hancock was in command of a geographical military division, comprising several States, of which Washington City, where his headquarters had been located by the President's order, was a part at the time Mrs. Surratt was sentenced to death. Being chief in command of that military division the order of the President, through the War Department, had inevitably to pass through him for transmission to the officer specially designated by the same authority (Ex. Order, May 1, 1865,) to execute the mandates of the commission that condemned Mrs. Surratt to death.

It is a notable fact that Brevet Major General Hartranft, and not Major General Hancock, gave the verbal order of execution, after first reading, while standing on the platform beside the prisoners, the finding of the military commission and the President's order of approval.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

I was an eye-witness to the execution, and assert these facts as beyond contradiction. In this General Hartranft performed his duty as the

subordinate officer of the President, from whom he had derived the powers as special provost marshal. The functions of General Hancock were purely ministerial as the "commandant of the military post," &c., and not judicial, and he took no part in the execution. The act, which was performed in obedience to an order of the President, was not Hancock's act, but the act of his superior, having power to command. The President's order for the execution of Mrs. Surratt was not the order of Hancock, but was the President's order, and was made on the responsibility of the President. The responsibility of that order rested with Andrew Johnson and his ill-advisers, and Andrew Johnson is in his grave.

CHARGES DENIED.

As the counsel of Mrs. Surratt I can testify to my own knowledge that he was deeply moved in her behalf and distressed on her account. As to the point whether on the morning of the execution of Mrs. Surratt he refused her the privilege of having the spiritual consolation of her religion by denying her the assistance of a priest; this charge I know to be untrue, and it is effectually refuted by the testimony of the Rev. J. A. Walter, her spiritual adviser, which has come to my knowledge. This testimony is in the form of a letter addressed by Father Walter to General Hancock, dated Washington, November 14, 1879, which has been published, in which he completely refutes the charge. I quote a portion of his letter as follows, to-wit:—

'I am at a loss how to account for this malicious report. I have always believed you to be too much of a Christian and gentleman to suppose for a moment that you would interfere with any one's religious feelings, much less in the case of this unfortunate lady for whom you showed much sympathy. Duty which I owe to truth, and strict justice to you, compel me to deny those false charges and exonerate you from all blame.'

In corroboration of the foregoing explicit statement of Rev. J. A. Walter, I can add my own testimony establishing the fact of the presence of her spiritual advisers; as on the morning of the execution, and just previous to that terrible event, when I came to bid her "Good-by," and pressed her hand in parting, it was in the presence of Fathers

Walter and Wiget, whose holy serenity seemed to fill her cell with a heavenly light.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

As to the charge that General Hancock refused to obey the writ of habeas corpus, sued out by me as the counsel of Mrs. Surratt before Judge Wylie, I know this to be wholly groundless. The records of the Court show that on the morning of the execution, upon proper application, at the early hour of two o'clock, Judge Wylie with characteristic firmness issued the writ of habeas corpus, ordering the commandant of the military district in which she was confined to produce the body of Mrs. Surratt in his court at ten o'clock (the hour of execution having been named in the order as between ten A. M. and two o'clock, P. M. of the same day). This writ was by me handed to the Marshal of the District of Columbia, at a very early hour in the morning. It is a fact sustained by the records of the court, that General Hancock appeared in obedience to that summons before His Honor Judge Wylie, accompanied by the Attorney General of the United States, who, as the representative of the President, presented to Judge Wylie the following return, which was an executive order suspending the writ of habeas corpus, to wit:—

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, July 7, 1865—11 o'clock, A. M.

To Major General W. S. Hancock, Commanding, &c.:—

I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare that the writ of habeas corpus has been heretofore suspended in such cases as this, and I do hereby especially suspend this writ, and direct that you proceed to execute the order heretofore given upon the judgment of the military commission, and you will give this order in return to this writ.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President.

It is thus seen how false is the charge that General Hancock refused to obey the writ issued by Judge Wylie. The very reverse is the truth. Not only did he obey the writ so far as he was permitted to do so, thus subordinating the military to the civil power of the government, but so prompt and clear was the performance of his duty in the estimation of the Court that Judge Wylie complimented him on his ready obedience

to the civil authority, and discharged him from the process because of his own inability to enforce the order of the Court. Judge Wylie acquiesced in the suspension of his writ by the President and declined to go any further. General Hancock's appearance before the Judge showed his respect for the civil process of the Court, and it became his duty to present to the Judge the order of the President suspending the writ and to know whether he would submit to or reject the suspension of the writ. If Judge Wylie had said that he would consider the question of validity of the order suspending the writ when Mrs. Surratt was brought before him and directed her to be brought into court, General Hancock would doubtless have produced the body. But the Judge, complimenting the General for his respect for the civil authority, dismissed his proceedings here. There was not the slightest show of any disposition on the part of General Hancock to resist the civil process of the Court. The charge, therefore, that he refused to obey the writ is without the slightest foundation in truth. No one can at this time realize the extent of the popular frenzy and clamor for the execution of the parties condemned; and Judge Wylie showed great judicial integrity in awarding the writ at all under the circumstances. Had the order of the Court extended further, and Judge Wylie insisted upon the production before him of the body of Mrs. Surratt notwithstanding the order of the President, General Hancock might then have been chargeable with disobeying the process had he refused; but no such further order was made and General Hancock was dismissed by the Court from the process. What else could he have done? While he acted under the orders of the President he submitted to and showed due respect for the judicial authority.

THE APPLICATION FOR PARDON.

The question asked in newspaper discussions, Why General Hancock was present at the Arsenal on the morning of the execution, is easily answered. The application for a pardon for Mrs. Surratt was expected to be renewed that morning, and that on his own suggestion, and he deemed it proper to be at a convenient place to afford his aid in case of a pardon. I was myself on the ground and deeply interested in all that occurred at that time, and I know the fact that General Hancock

afforded to Mrs. Surratt every kindness in his power, and was anxious that she should be spared by a pardon, and he hoped for it up to the very last. And when Miss Anna Surratt called upon him at his hotel early on the morning of the execution, and asked him what she could do to save the life of her mother, he replied, "that there was but one thing remaining for her to do, and that was to go to the President, throw herself on her knees before him and beg for the life of her mother." She did not ask General Hancock to accompany her to the President, nor could it have been expected, as that would be improper in him. And it was unnecessary, as her protector, Mr. Brophy, was with her. It has been stated that Miss Surratt thought his manner cold. His language to her certainly should convey any other idea. He was at that moment in a state of great perplexity as to the disposition of the writ of habeas corpus which had been served upon him and suspended by the President, and he had but little time to make answer and return the same. To this fact may be ascribed his serious manner, taken for coldness. The facts show that so deeply was General Hancock moved in the matter that his feelings led him to believe it possible for the President to relent at the last moment; and should the President so act, that the reprieve might not arrive too late, but be borne swiftly on its mission of mercy, General Hancock had couriers stationed at points from the White House to the Arsenal, in order that if a pardon or respite should be issued by the President at the last moment it should reach its destination promptly and before the execution. This is the evidence of General W. G. Mitchell, chief of General Hancock's staff. This evidence is corroborated by the sworn testimony of Mr. John P. Brophy, now at St. Louis College, New York, and at that time a resident of Washington City. Mr. Brophy was a friend of the family, and after the imprisonment of the mother he befriended the daughter Anna. On the the morning of the execution he met her at the Executive Mansion in the hope of seeing the President, whither she had gone at the suggestion of General Hancock to beg the life of her mother. Mr. Brophy, who did all in his power to befriend the hapless girl and aid the mother in her sorrowful condition, and who is a gentleman of high character, testifies, under oath, as to the humanity displayed by General

Hancock toward the unfortunate mother and daughter on the morning of the execution. The following are extracts from his sworn statement:

"On our way from the White House to the Arsenal I noticed mounted soldiers at intervals along the route." These were the couriers stationed by order of General Hancock to convey to him any notice of reprieve from the President. At the Arsenal gate, he accompanied Anna Surratt to bid her mother farewell, met General Hancock, who spoke to Anna, and, in a voice of subdued sadness told her that he feared there was no hope of Executive clemency. He informed Mr. Brophy that he had, however, stationed mounted men all along the line to the White House, for the purpose of hastening the tidings should the President at the last moment relent and grant a reprieve for Mrs. Surratt. He also stated to Mr. Brophy that, should a reprieve be granted by the President, it might be directed to him as Commandant of the Department, and he would be at the Arsenal till the last moment to give effect to the same should it arrive.

Mr. Brophy further states that he is "impelled by a sense of duty to add his testimony to other in vindication of one who has been most unjustly assailed for alleged misconduct of which no brave man could possibly be guilty. That he is not a politician, but loves justice and feels that he has done an act of simple justice to as knightly a warrior as ever 'saluted with his spotless sword the sacred majesty of the law.'"

And now, my dear sir, I believe I have covered all the points of your inquiry in as brief and candid a manner as the importance and gravity of the subject demanded.

GENERAL HANCOCK NOT RESPONSIBLE.

There are many facts connected with the trial and execution which I have omitted as not within the scope of our inquiry. This much, however, is fully established—that General Hancock was in no wise responsible for the organization of the military commission that condemned Mrs. Surratt to death; that her trial and execution rested entirely on the will and determination of the President and his constitutional advisers, and that General Hancock in all matters pertaining to the same had no discretion or responsibility whatsoever, nor could he, from his official position, have influenced or controlled them in the slightest de-

gree. He never attended the sessions of the commission, but was busily engaged in the diversified and extensive cares of the military command which required his entire time and attention. As I attended the commission every day of the trial I know that he was never seen about the rooms of the commission. General Hartranft attended on the commission daily, and this he did as special provost marshal, so as to be under the immediate direction of the President and Secretary of War, instead of the military commandant of the post.

DICTATES OF PARTY.

In conclusion permit a single reflection. The trial and execution spoken of were demanded at the time by the whole Republican party. The intensity of the public feeling and the infuriated demand for the execution of the condemned parties cannot now be realized, and President Johnson, Secretary Stanton and Judge Advocate General Holt, who had the entire control of the matter, were acting under the dictates of that political party and simply carrying out its imperative demands. How humiliating to the intellect of the country the reflection that the same political party that had the entire responsibility for the atrocious murder of that innocent woman should now, for mere political effect, attempt falsely and most wrongfully to injure a brave soldier, who so often perilled his life to save the Union, by charging upon him misconduct for having in some way participated in that act which that whole party demanded and approved at the time!

Respectfully yours,

JOHN W. CLAMPITT.

CHAPTER XII.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE nomination of Gen. Hancock at the Cincinnati Convention on the 23d of June, 1880, was spontaneous, if not unexpected. It was in no one sense the result of organization. It had no established bureau, literary or financial. It came from two States, widely separated, from Vermont in the far East, and South Carolina in the far South. It is therefore the double harbinger of Union. It is the union of sentiment and sections. It is the union of Federal and Confederate, of the veteran that fought for and the veteran that fought against the old flag. It is the union of an ultra-Republican with an ultra-Democratic community.

Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, on the 26th of January, 1830, in the Senate of the United States, in his reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, used these celebrated words, which apply with singular fidelity to the two commonwealths that started for Hancock. Paraphrase this splen-

did passage, substitute Vermont for Massachusetts, and see how apposite they are to-day:

"Sir, let me recur to pleasant recollections. Let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past. Let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Vermont and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. The bones of their sons falling in the great struggle for independence now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, and there they lie forever."

DOUGHERTY'S GREAT SPEECH NOMINATING HANCOCK.

On the 23d of June, 1880, Daniel Dougherty of Philadelphia, to whom a place in the Convention had been assigned by Mr. Spear, delegate from one of the Pennsylvania counties, made the speech nominating General Hancock, with which his name will always be associated. Never was the Democratic party more fully represented by its ablest and strongest men than in the National Convention at Cincinnati, in June, 1880. The President of that great deliberation, John W. Stevenson, of Kentucky, son of the well-known Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, for six years Speaker of the National House of Representatives, afterwards American Minister to Great Britain, recalled the dignity and force of his historic father, and the other men from the different States were all chosen with an eye alike to individual strength and national success.

The appearance of Mr. Dougherty in a Democratic National Convention, the first time in more than twenty years, revived to the hundreds who had known him in past days, the young, impassioned and irresistible orator, who in 1856 electrified Pennsylvania by his fresh and captivating eloquence in favor of James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for President. Here he renewed the friendships of other days, and without apologizing for his patriotic course during the civil war, met them like brethren, and they met him with something more than admiration in the warm affection springing from confidence in his integrity and intellectual superiority. Like many others in this convention, Dougherty had voted for Lincoln and for Grant, and he represents as he did when he severed his connection with the Democratic party in 1858, a vast constituency.

He was born in Philadelphia, and has lived there fifty-three years. He was the intimate friend of most of the contemporaneous statesmen of his time, and, apart from his eloquence as a popular orator, his wit, his patriotism and personal independence, made him a favorite in all circles. He has grown into a profitable practice at his profession of the law, and is one of the most honored men in our country. Indeed, I know no more spotless and exemplary citizen. Certainly there never was one whose public acts were less controlled by private considerations. His sole ambition in pub-

lic life has been to sacrifice everything like party to the preservation of the American Union, and to that end he has labored with ceaseless energy. It was that which induced him to join the friends of Judge Douglas in 1860; it was that which made him support Abraham Lincoln in 1864, that which led him to support Grant in 1868, and again in 1872. No effort was too great, no sacrifice too costly, if by that he could serve his country; and like thousands more he does not consign the whole Democratic party to ignominy because of the war, thus following the illustrious examples of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner; thus, while loving the Union and the Constitution with all his natural fervor, he was among the first to urge the return and the forgiveness of the Confederates. Nor did he accept the republicans as the infallible physicians to cure the nation's ills. He had known too many of the true-hearted men of the South in better days to place them forever out of the pale of his sympathy, and he was too familiar with thousands of the so-called Northern leaders not to feel that many of them used the opportunities of civil war to enrich themselves and to punish men who did not praise their companionsl Time only served to add to his sympathie for the misguided men of the South and to increases his distrust of most of the reckless Republican partisans of the North. No independent voter accustomed to the sad experience of the Republican party in Pennsylvania

within the last ten years, can fail to realize the justice of this view of Dougherty's character, and to make it the pattern of his own.

He had seen the corruption in State Legislatures, the terrorism in our great cities under which the worst men were put in office and the best kept in private positions, the elections turned into open frauds, and the public press forced to support nominations and measures which the editors detested, but were driven to sustain under pain of poverty and ostracism. Naturally he turned for relief to his old party, the party he had known and loved before the war. General Hancock was his friend, had fought for his country, was acceptable to the South, was a native son of Pennsylvania, and was the man of all others to begin the work of reconciliation.

Mr. Dougherty, inspired by this leading purpose of his life, went to Cincinnati in 1880, as he had gone to Cincinnati in 1856, to help a candidate who, besides being his own neighbor, was, as he believed, the very best instrument to promote peace among all the people North and South. James Buchanan disappointed Dougherty and a vast community of Democrats of the same patriotic school twenty-four years before. Winfield S. Hancock comes now with an unblemished character, national views, an incomparable battle record, to heal the wounds of war, to bring the people of all parties and classes in our happy Union together

WAITING FOR TICKETS OF ADMISSION.

once more. These were the motives which inspired Dougherty's oration at Cincinnati on the 23d of June.

I quote from the eloquent pen of Alexander K. McClure, in the "Philadelphia *Times*," of the 24th of that month:

The grand occasion of the day was when Dougherty surpassed himself in all the attributes of a popular orator in presenting General Hancock. He received a royal welcome when he took the speaker's platform, and he bore himself most gracefully during the ordeal. A dead silence followed, and then Dougherty's voice rang throughout the vast hall clear as the notes of a silver bell. Without exordium or any prefatory remarks, he at once grappled with his theme and touched the heart of his audience. As an oratorical effort it captivated by its elegance alike in matter and in manner, and as an impressive and powerful appeal to a great body of representative men it will be remembered with Ingersoll's presentation of Blaine in 1876 and Conkling's presentation of Grant at Chicago. It differed as much from both of those exceptionally great efforts as they differed from each other, but it had as distinctive merits as can be claimed for them, and will stand in imperishable association with them in our political literature. When he reached the climax of his peroration and named Hancock the scene was indescribable. It was the first time that any more than a regulation applause of the convention had been invoked, and for nearly a quarter of an hour the delegates and galleries displayed the wildest enthusiasm. It proved that the heart of the great audience was for Hancock, as the heart of the Chicago assembly was for Blaine, and a master-hand had touched the chords and drawn out the fullest tones. It was a revelation to the convention, for it told for the first time how strong the Pennsylvania Democratic soldier was in the supreme tribunal of the national Democracy. Hancock was fortunate in the followers of his chief advocate. Daniel, of Virginia, a one-legged Confederate soldier, who had confronted Hancock on the field, seconded Hancock's nomination in a speech

that ranked second only to Dougherty's in brevity, eloquence and power, and Hubbard, of Texas, another Confederate warrior, followed in a handsome tribute to the gallant soldier he had met in the flame of battle. These appeals bore rich and speedy fruit, as was proved in Hancock's leading vote on the ballot taken soon after.

"The convention was a school of eloquence. One might have fancied himself in the grove of the Academy, listening to the rich and lofty style of Plato mingled with the clear, solid sentences of Demosthenes. With a voice sweet as the Æolian harp, and yet powerful and far reaching, Voorhees set forth the claims of Indiana's favorite son. McSweeny had a fitting theme for the exercise of his massive intellect in the exalted character of that great and genial man, whom the State of Ohio has lent to the Republic to be *princeps senatus*. The claims of the eminent jurist from the Pacific coast, and of the other distinguished gentleman named for the Presidency, were set forth in glowing and eloquent terms.

"The name of Hancock had not yet been mentioned. There was a yearning in that vast audience for some one to step forward and pronounce his name 'with all that it implied.' Our old friend, Daniel Dougherty, proved equal to the grand occasion. His sentences flowed clear and musical as the tones of a silver trumpet. Dwelling in brief terms on the patriotic career of Pennsylvania's great son and soldier, he touched with a master hand a chord that was uppermost in the hearts of that vast assemblage. The effect was thrilling. Never were the artistic graces of oratory displayed to better advantage or with more powerful effect. Hancock's nomination was the fitting response.

Dougherty was followed by Daniel of Virginia, Breckinridge of Kentucky, Hubbard of Texas, and others, whose speeches were marked by great oratorical power and polished culture."

Now comes the genuine text of Daniel Dougherty's speech, nominating General Hancock for the Presidency, at Cincinnati, June 23d, 1880. There have been some misprints, but this gives the

exact words of a memorable utterance. Wonderful is the gift of speech! It sways more than music, because it is articulate inspiration. Mere harmony is one thing, but intellectual harmony is like putting words into the songs of the birds, or the sighs of the sweet South breathing over a bank of violets. Short speeches win most votes. The rhetoric of conventions is a special study. We hear of quick effusions at the bar, and the church; but the heart of the people pours out in their quadrennial Presidential conclaves; and in these vast love-feasts, where men strive and contrive for the high seats in the Republic, such marvellous appeals read like the voices of the gods when men were supposed to speak from on high. Such was Joseph Holt's wonderful speech at Baltimore, when he saved Richard M. Johnson from defeat for the renomination as the Democratic candidate for Vice-President. I heard it as a boy. Holt is now an old man in Washington, and when he spoke he was the greatest orator in the Southwest, dividing the honors with Sargent S. Prentiss, W. C. Preston, and Bascom, the Methodist preacher. It was so resplendent that it electrified Horace Greeley, and he embalmed it in his *New Yorker*. What a flame of eloquence, pure, fervid, bewildering! Then I heard James Dobbin, of North Carolina, nominating Franklin Pierce at Baltimore, another outburst of classic beauty that swept the delegates like the chords of a great organ. Alas, too, how different the heart-

broken plea of Rufus Choate before the Whigs in the same year, 1852, for Daniel Webster. It was like the young Raphael pleading for the old Angelo before a circle of withered cardinals. And when General Scott got the Whig nomination Choate voted for Pierce, and followed it by his support of Buchanan in 1856. I thought the day of Convention oratory was over till Robert G. Ingersoll set the Republicans on fire for Blaine at Cincinnat in 1876, and Roscoe Conkling proved his sincere devotion to Grant at Chicago in 1880, and Dougherty made his magnificent *coup* for Hancock last June in Cincinnati. They are interesting features and facts of history, and show that eloquence is not extinct in this country, and that after all American politics have other and higher uses for our youth than to be the burden-bearers of ignorant machine-men, or mean sleuth-hounds seeking and finding places for themselves:

"I present to the thoughtful consideration of the convention, the name of one who, on the field of battle, was styled 'the superb,' yet won still nobler renown as the Military Governor, whose first act, in assuming command in Louisiana and Texas, was to salute the Constitution! by proclaiming amid the joyous greetings of an oppressed people, that the military, save in actual war, shall be subservient to the civil power.

"The plighted word of the soldier was proved in the deeds of the statesman.

"I name one who, if nominated, will suppress every faction, and be alike acceptable to the North and to the South. Whose nomination will thrill the land from end to end, crush the last embers of sectional

strife, and be hailed as the dawning of the longed-for day of perpetual brotherhood.

"With him we can fling away our shields and wage aggressive war. With him as our chieftain the bloody banner of the Republicans will fall from their palsied grasp. We can appeal to the supreme tribunal of the American people against the corruptions of the Republican party and its untold violations of Constitutional liberty.

"Oh! my countrymen! in this supreme moment,—the destinies of the Republic,—the imperilled liberties of the people, hang breathless on your deliberations—pause! reflect! beware! make no misstep!

"I nominate him who can carry every Southern State. Can carry Pennsylvania, Indiana, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York. The soldier statesman with a record stainless as his sword. I nominate Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania. If elected he will take his seat."

But there were other men in the Democratic National Convention, in June of 1880, men as far separated after the civil war, as any that served in the previous Republican Convention at Chicago, men as different from each other as the States from which they came, men from both shores of the ocean, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, men from the borders of our inland seas North and South, men from the White Mountains and the Rocky Mountains, men from the Granite Hills and the Southern cotton fields, types of all ideas and races. Dougherty was among the best representative of that school, which reared in the belief of a perfect Democracy, recoiled from the slightest attempt to imperil the Constitution of the Union. Others from New England reared to the habits and opin-

ions of John Langdon, of New Hampshire, some from California, full of a gigantic feature, delegates of moderate ideas of the conservative Middle State of Pennsylvania, and of course from the South, the natural politicians of the past, and still the leaders of what is left of the lost cause. Among these latter, let me mention the name of Major John W. Daniel of Virginia, who made a speech almost as characteristic as that of Mr. Dougherty, when he seconded Dougherty's nomination of Hancock for the Presidency. The ancestors of Daniel were the best of the Constitutional school of his name, among them Peter Vyvian Daniel, the famous Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I mention Major Daniel, because, like Roger A. Pryor, he is one of the witnesses to prove that the recent Confederate States are not only pledged, in the language of the South Carolina Democrats, to abide by the amendments of the National Constitution, but to promote the great work of conciliation between the sections. At present many Republicans stand ready to vote for Hancock, but hesitate before the apparition raised by the ring politicians in the North, that in the event of his election, not only will the Confederate debt be added to our own, not only will the freedom of the slave be declared inoperative, but that the Southern Rule will be enforced over all the States in the Union. It is astonishing, after so many years of discussion, how sensible men have been affected by this puerile fear.

A witness like Major Daniel, who spoke with rare ability in the National Convention at Cincinnati, on the 23d of June last, deserves additional confidence from the fact that, as long ago as June 27, 1877, he delivered a discourse before the literary societies of the University of Virginia on "The Conquered Nations," in which he laid down the principle that by the overthrow of the South in the civil war, not only were certain cherished Southern ideas themselves overthrown, but that a long and brighter future was open to the whole country, and to the South especially, by the triumph of resistless progress, and, in fact, by the collapse of the Confederacy. This speech of Major Daniel was in itself so exhaustive and original that I wish I could present it at greater length. But the following passages will show exactly where the South stands to-day, and where all the authorities prove it will continue to stand through all time. It is among the cruel malignities of the day that in the face of all the proofs of forgiveness, in the face of all the pledges of our laws and the binding forces of our constitution, the Republican party of the North should be controlled by men who insist that the South cannot be trusted, and that the only way by which the North can be maintained in the Government of the country is by insisting that the South is unworthy of belief. How intelligent men can allow this vulgar assertion to terrify them into the support of the very worst

elements of Northern society is a marvel. Thousands who have sworn over and over again they are determined to encourage national reconciliation, and have repeatedly advertised their contempt for the selfish men in control of the Republican party of the North, still allow themselves to be guided against General Hancock and to be written down as the unforgiving adversaries of eight millions of our own countrymen.

In the oration of Major Daniel, on the 27th of June, 1877, after a retrospect of the march of conquest since the beginning of civilization, he concludes as follows:

PHYSICAL INFLUENCES THAT CONQUERED THE SOUTH.

Pause we to inquire. What conquered the South? Physical Geography had much to do with our defeat. Mountains, rivers, and oceans are great philosophers, law-givers, and nation-builders. The configuration of the continent in a large measure preserved the unity of the American race. The Mississippi river flows from North to South—a thousand miles long—through a Mesopotamian valley, capable of sustaining the population of Europe. It is the natural outlet to the ocean for the vast granaries and commerce of the teeming West. And the Western yeoman, who cared not a straw for slavery, vowed that a foreign State should not cut in twain this great artery—this inland sea—of Western navigation. And his stalwart arm cleaved open its channel through the barriers of Southern steel. The Mississippi river is the reason that Daniel Voorhees, "the tall sycamore of the Wabash," did not transplant himself with a forest of Indiana bayonets on the southern banks of the Ohio and the Potomac.

OTHER INFLUENCES THAT CONQUERED THE SOUTH.

The superficial observer would say that the North conquered us because she had more men than we had; because she had the world at

large to recruit from, and a navy that swept the seas. This is all true. These are the surface facts. But why was the North better armed, equipped, and provisioned than we? Why did the world back the North—not the South? Why were Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon, who hated, and were jealous of northern power, "willing enough to wound, and yet afraid to strike?" Why did Germany and Russia give the North their quiet sympathy and co-operation?

It was because the North had cultivated the conquering ideas of the world. It was because she had conquered the South before a gun was fired. It was because she had shown herself our superior in finance, in literature, in arts, commerce, and manufactures.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a stronger fortress of Northern power than Fortress Monroe. The Northern spindles were harder to fight than Northern bayonets. She coined the money of the country, and drained the money of the South. She wrote, printed and bound the books that made the literature of the country. She created the arts that adorned our homes. She wove the bridal veil, furnished the house, clad the inmates, compounded the medicines of the sick, shrouded our dead.

HOW THE SOUTH WAS TRIBUTARY TO THE NORTH BEFORE THE WAR.

Every Southern gentleman, every Southern lady wore the livery of the North. The hat of the beau, the bonnet of the belle, the kid slipper of the ball-room, and the rough brogue of the cotton-field, the dress-coat, the silk train, the calico wrapper, and the "linsey-woolsey" gown—all these were Northern liveries which we wore. From the crown of our heads to the sole of our feet we wore the badges of commercial slaves.

OUR PHYSICAL INFERIORITY TO OUR CONQUERORS.

When we went to the field the Southern soldier carried an old-fashioned musket or a sportsman's shot-gun; and was shot down by repeating rifles before he got close enough to fire back with his shot-range weapon. While our artillerists were trying to get near enough to loose their inferior cannon, and were discharging shells which burst so close to their own muzzles that they were often more terrible to friend than

to foe, the Northman sent whizzing from rifled steel those far-flying messengers of death which delivered the messages in our ranks almost before our enemy was seen. While our ports were hermetically sealed; our currency being carried to market in baskets for what might be brought back in the hand; our people living on what Lazarus would have despised; the North was sweeping the seas and guarding our harbors with iron-clad monitors; whose admonitions could only be rejected to incur desolation and destruction; was upholding paper money to an approximate equality with gold; was affluent, opulent, and unstrained; and while we could not build a sixty-mile military railroad between Danville and Lynchburg, the North was laying its iron rails across the mighty stretch of the Western plains, climbing the Rocky Mountains, and connecting its splendid highway with the golden gates of the Pacific. These are the facts; thus it is that we were conquered.

WHAT THE SOUTH LOST BY THE NORTHERN CONQUEST.

Vast and terrible were the losses of the South by the Northern conquest of her Confederacy. The wrath of the tremendous revolution left no condition of her people at its close which the beginning found.

Four millions of slaves became freedmen; in them alone millions of capital were annihilated, and that ever a dollar will compensate the loss is only a lunatic's dream. Besides this the land was devastated; millions of private property were destroyed and irreparably lost; her labor system was broken up; her rich beggared; her bravest and noblest slain in battle; as President Davis said, "the seed corn was ground up," and it seemed to her when the end came, that with her hopeful youth committed to early graves "the year had lost its spring." But what is more,

THE SOUTHERN CAUSE WAS IRRETRIEVABLY LOST.

France and Germany fight for Alsace and Lorraine, for the boundaries of the Rhine. The war ends, but the land is there; the cause of war remains; and one war begets another. But between North and South the war eliminated, annihilated its cause. What was that cause? Slavery was the material bone of contention; secession was the fiction of law adopted in pleading for its defence. The war ended, but slavery

had departed forevermore, and by the arbitrament of battle secession was buried with it in a common grave. It may suit the frenzy of declamatory utterance to declare that "our cause was not lost"—but the pretence is vanity of vanities! As well might man hope to solve the problem of Nicodemus, to enter into his mother's womb and be born again; as well attempt to rehabilitate the dead "whose holy dust was scattered long ago"—as to revive in any form that cause. If there be any who fancy otherwise—I believe there are none—I would answer in the language of Phocion to the pompous harangues of Leosthenes, "Your speeches resemble cypress trees, which are indeed large and lofty, but produce no fruit." No, the cause is dead, dead—let it rest!

THE SPIRIT OF TRUE PATRIOTISM AND THE STATESMAN OF THE HOUR.

There is nothing now to divide us; together we builded the Union, together we made it a temple of liberty and grandeur; together we fought at Yorktown, at Saratoga—on the fields of Mexico, and at Lundy's Lane our blood flowed in a common stream; and together now let us blot out dissensions and endeavor to make reality of Plato's dream: "Could we create," said he, "so close and tender, and cordial a relation between the citizens of a State as to induce all to consider themselves as relatives—as fathers, brothers, and sisters—then this whole State would constitute but a single family, be subjected to the most perfect regulations, and become the happiest Republic that ever existed on the earth." This is the spirit of true patriotism, and he is the hero, and the statesman of the hour, who carries it out.

THE LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE.

All the American methods for the selection of President of the United States are peculiar, and, as experience has shown, almost providential. Our national conventions are certainly the best conceivable schemes for digesting public sentiment; but they are still far from perfect.

Clay and Webster were successively sacrificed in the conventions of their party; but public opinion corrected the wrong to them, by rebuking their party rivals, and preferring their political competitors.

Presidential letters of acceptance are still more peculiar than our national conventions. They are a literature essentially American. Like the frequent messages of all our chief magistrates, State and national, they preserve a continuous communication between the sovereign people and the servants of the sovereign people.

In Great Britain, the monarch speaks a few cold sentences, prepared by the ministry, at the opening of Parliament, in the House of Lords; and that is the end of all communication between the Queen and the community she still continues to call her "subjects."

The Emperor of Germany delivers his dicta through the severe lips of his iron chancellor, decisions almost as costly and as scarce as if they were divine revelations.

In other nations, the king is a simple conduit for his cabinet; but, in the great republic, while the party-platform is often that party's guillotine, a Delphic or cabalistic utterance is no longer tolerated. Frankness and courage are demanded here, as they are exacted from the statement in the Senate, or the orator on the hustings.

The Americans are an entirely abnormal people.

No other on earth have so rapidly established the great physiological fact, that, to mix the races, is to produce the best. Scientists may argue that single families are preserved by the transmission of certain traits and gifts; but the master truth for the masses, in this age, is, that you improve the whole by quick adaptation and universal assimilation. The present generation is distinguished by the courage of its opinions and its thought, the utility, as well as the novelty, of its inventions, the voracity of its reading, and the general independence of its party politics: and as long as these habitudes prevail there is little danger of free institutions.

The letter of General Hancock, the Democratic candidate for President, was evidently written in the spirit of this estimate of the American people. Less technical than the letter of Mr. English, but equally emphatic, General Hancock appeals to the reason of his vast constituency. He writes like a genial philosopher. His style is clear to the oldest and youngest voter. I remember, in my boyhood, a copy of the inaugural message of Simon Snyder, the great Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania from 1811 to 1817, printed on satin, hanging up in my grandfather's room; and how often I pondered upon that early platform; and now, if I desired to enshrine another letter, I would take these words of General Hancock, and the last paragraph of Abraham Lincoln in his

inaugural of 1861, and print them together in letters of gold. They deserve precisely such immortality.

Hancock kept his faith, and sealed it with his blood at Gettysburg. Lincoln clasped his faith close to his heart, like the prayer of the English saint; and as his life ebbed out on the 14th of April, 1865, he was almost repeating the syllables of pardon to his Southern fellow-citizens.

In Hancock's letter of acceptance, he writes: "The war for the Union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All classes of our people must share alike in the blessings of the Union, and are equally concerned in its perpetuity, and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace. Henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship, and not of animosity, among our fellow-citizens. Our material interests, varied and progressive, demand our constant and united efforts."

Such is the judgment of the great soldier in 1880. And now read what Abraham Lincoln said to the South before his administration, and before the civil war: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, *will yet swell the chorus of the Union*,

when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." Such was Abraham Lincoln's platform nineteen years ago, and I place it side by side with the significant pledge of Winfield S. Hancock of July 31, 1880. To this central idea Abraham Lincoln constantly adhered. Let General Hancock be as true to his central idea and his election is as sure as his administration will be successful.

Mr. English strikes another key. Naturally he writes more like a politician than General Hancock, but there is one thought in his letter that will strike every reflecting mind: his text prompted by his experience in Congress and by his individual wrestle with the world is that the control of the Government by the Republican party deserves to expire. Here Mr. English is the simple echo of the popular heart. Certainly the Republican leaders have presented no claim to prolonged occupation of the public offices; judged by their administration in every State of the Union they have failed. The great ideas which gave prestige and power to the party organized under the influence of Abraham Lincoln and Seward, Sumner and Greeley, have already been lost sight of. From California to Maine there is a spirit of deep unrest among the masses of the Republican party, that justifies the declarations of Mr. English. If we compare General Hancock with General Garfield, the verdict for the Democratic candidate for Presi-

dent is made by General Garfield's own constituents. By the Congress in which he has served, and by the newspapers that now defend him: They all utterly condemn Garfield. If we place Mr. English and Mr. Arthur, the Republican candidate for the Vice-President, side by side, we find that the strongest verdict against the latter comes from the Republican President of the United States, who removed him from office for incompetency and favoritism. The independent voter need not be told that when a great party, organized for a great purpose, falls from its original declaration, breaks faith with the very men that created and saved it, turns upon its own record as preached by Abraham Lincoln, substitutes for his mercy and magnanimity cruelty and coercion, and at the same time rejects the great warnings and appeals of Greeley and of Sumner, that party proves its incapacity to govern this great country by its own confessions. It is hardly necessary to add that the idea of Mr. English that it has served out its time and that its lease of administration should stop is illustrated and proved by the damaging charges against its own candidates for President and Vice-President, in the Courts, in the Press, in Congress, and in the country.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S LETTER.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK CITY, July 29, 1880.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 13, 1880, apprising me formally of my nomination to the

office of President of the United States by the National Democratic Convention lately assembled at Cincinnati. I accept the nomination with grateful appreciation of the confidence reposed in me.

The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past and shall endeavor to maintain in the future. The thirteeth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable. If called to the Presidency I should deem it my duty to resist with all my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the Constitution, which, in every article, section and amendment, is the supreme law of the land.

THE UNION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution forms the basis of the Government of the United States. The powers granted by it to the legislative, executive and judicial departments define and limit the authority of the general government. Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, belong to the States respectively or to the people. The General and State governments, each acting in its own sphere without trenching upon the lawful jurisdiction of the other, constitute the Union. The Union, comprising a general government with general powers and State governments with State powers for purposes local to the States, is a polity the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom. This is the Union our fathers made, and which has been so respected abroad and so beneficent at home. Tried by blood and fire it stands to-day a model form of free popular government, a political system which, rightly administered, has been and will continue to be the admiration of the world. May we not say, nearly in the words of Washington, the unity of government which constitutes us one people is justly dear to us? It is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our peace, safety and prosperity and of that liberty we so highly prize and intend at every hazard to preserve.

FRAUD MUST NOT SUBVERT POPULAR RIGHTS.

But no form of government, however carefully devised, no principles, however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless the adminis-

tration is faithful and efficient. It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to subvert the rights of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest constitutions and wisest laws are useless. The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen. It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact as required by the theory of our government. Take the foundation away and the whole structure falls.

PUBLIC OFFICE A TRUST.

Public office is a trust, not a bounty bestowed upon the holder. No incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be entrusted with it, or, if appointed, they should be promptly ejected. The basis of a substantial, practical civil service reform must first be established by the people in filling the elective offices. If they fix a high standard of qualifications for office and sternly reject the corrupt and in ompetent, the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they entrust with appointing power.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The war for the Union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All classes of our people must share alike in the blessings of the Union and are equally concerned in its perpetuity and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace. Henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship and not of animosity among our fellow-citizens. Our material interests, varied and progressive, demand our constant and united efforts. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the public credit, together with a wise and economical management of our governmental expenditures, should be maintained in order that labor may be lightly burdened and that all persons may be protected in their rights to the fruits of their own industry.

THE WAY TO PROSPERTY.

The time has come to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation. As one people we have common interests. Let us encourage the harmony and generous rivalry among our own industries which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign na-

tions, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources and increase the prosperity and happiness of our people.

If elected I shall, with the Divine favor, labor with what ability I possess to discharge my duties with fidelity according to my convictions, and shall take care to protect and defend the Union and to see that the laws be faithfully and equally executed in all parts of the country alike. I will assume the responsibility fully sensible of the fact that to administer rightly the functions of government is to discharge the most sacred duty that can devolve upon an American citizen.

I am, respectfully yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

To the Honorable JOHN W. STEVENSON, President of the Convention; Honorable JOHN P. STOCKTON, Chairman, and others of the Committee of the National Democratic Convention.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE FROM MR. ENGLISH.

WHY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY SHOULD GIVE WAY TO THE DEMOCRATS.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 30.—Hon. William H. English transmitted the following letter of acceptance of his nomination as candidate for Vice-President to the committee of notification to-day.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 30, 1880.

To HON. JOHN W. STEVENSON, President of the Convention; Hon. JOHN P. STOCKTON, Chairman, and other members of the Committee of Notification:

GENTLEMEN: I have now the honor to reply to your letter of the 13th instant, informing me that I was unanimously nominated for the office of Vice-President of the United States by the late Democratic National Convention which assembled at Cincinnati. As foreshadowed in the verbal remarks made by me at the time of the delivery of your letter, I have now to say that I accept the high trust with a realizing sense of its responsibility, and am profoundly grateful for the honor conferred. I accept the nomination upon the platform of principles

adopted by the convention, which I cordially approve, and I accept it quite as much because of my faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the great statesman and soldier nominated on the same ticket for President of the United States. His eminent services to his country; his fidelity to the Constitution, the Union and the laws; his clear perception of the correct principles of government as taught by Jefferson; his scrupulous care to keep the military in strict subordination to the civil authorities; his high regard to civil liberty, personal rights and the right of property; his acknowledged ability in civil as well as military affairs and his pure and blameless life all point to him as a man worthy of the confidence of the people. Not only a brave soldier, a great commander, a wise statesman and a pure patriot, but a prudent, painstaking, practical man of unquestioned honesty, trusted often with important public duties, faithful to every trust and in the full meridian of ripe and vigorous manhood, he is, in my judgment, eminently fitted for the highest office on earth—the Presidency of the United States.

A CHANGE DEMANDED.

Not only is he the right man for the place, but the time has come when the best interests of the country require that the party which has monopolized the executive department of the General Government for the last twenty years should be retired. The continuance of that party in power four years longer would not be beneficial to the public nor in accordance with the spirit of the republican institutions. Laws of entail have not been favored in our system of government. The perpetuation of property or place in one family or set of men has never been encouraged in this country, and the great and good men who *formed* our republican government and its traditions wisely limited the tenure of office and in many ways showed their disapproval of long leases of power. Twenty years of continuous power is long enough, and has already led to irregularities and corruptions which are not likely to be properly exposed under the same party that perpetrated them.

FRAUD MUST NOT BE CONDONED.

Besides it should not be forgotten that the four last years of power held by that party were procured by discreditable means and held in

defiance of the wishes of a majority of the people. It was a grievous wrong to every voter and to our system of self-government which should never be forgotten or forgiven. Many of the men now in office were there because of corrupt partisan services in thus defeating the fairly and legally expressed will of the majority, and the hypocrisy of the professions of that party, in favor of civil service reform, was shown by placing such men in office and turning the whole brood of Federal office-holders loose to influence the elections. The money of the people, taken out of the public treasury, by these men, for services often poorly performed, or not performed at all, is being used in vast sums, with the knowledge and presumed sanction of the administration, to control the elections; and even the members of the Cabinet are strolling about the country, making partisan speeches, instead of being at their departments at Washington, discharging the public duties for which they are paid by the people. But with all their cleverness and ability, a discriminating public will, no doubt, read between the lines of their speeches, that their paramount hope and aim is to keep themselves, or their satellites, four years longer in office. That perpetuating the power of chronic Federal office-holders four years longer will not benefit the millions of men and women who hold no office, but earn their daily bread by honest industry, is what the same discerning public will, no doubt, fully understand, as they will, also, that it is because of their own industry and economy, and God's bountiful harvests, that the country is comparatively prosperous, and not because of anything done by these Federal office-holders. The country is comparatively prosperous, not because of them, but in spite of them.

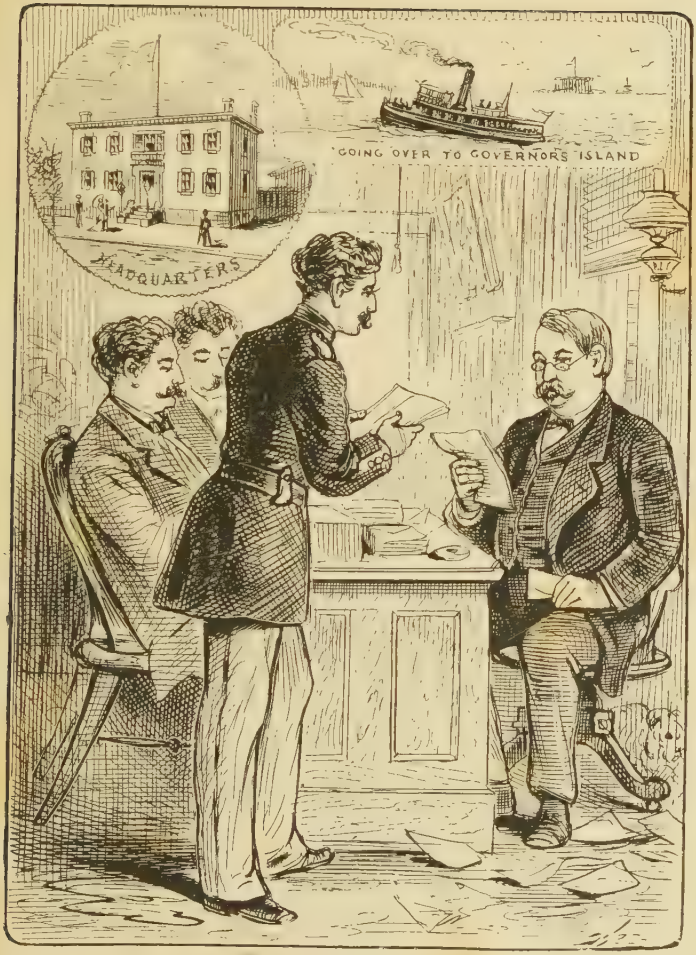
THE PEOPLE AND THE OFFICE-HOLDERS.

The contest is, in fact, between the people, endeavoring to regain the political power which rightfully belongs to them, and to restore the pure, simple, economical, constitutional government of our fathers, on the one side, and a hundred thousand Federal office-holders, and their backers, pampered with place and power, and determined to retain them at all hazards, on the other. Hence the constant assumption of new and dangerous powers, by the general government, under the rule of the

Republican Party. The effort to build up what they call a strong government; the interference with home rule and with the administration of justice in the courts of the several States; the interference with the elections through the medium of paid partisan Federal office-holders interested in keeping their party in power, and caring more for that than fairness in the elections; in fact, the constant encroachments which have been made, by that party, upon the clearly reserved rights of the people, and the States, will, if not checked, subvert the liberties of the people, and the government of limited powers, created by the fathers, and end in a great consolidated central government, strong, indeed, for evil, and the overthrow of republican institutions. The wise men who framed our Constitution knew the evils of a strong government, and the long continuance of political power, in the same hands. They knew there was a tendency, in this direction, in all governments, and consequent danger to republican institutions from that cause, and took pains to guard against it. The machinery of a strong centralized general government can be used to perpetuate the same set of men in power, from term to term until it ceases to be a republic, or is such only in name; and the tendency of that party, now in power, in that direction, as shown in various ways besides the willingness recently manifested by a large number of that party to elect a President an unlimited number of terms, is quite apparent, and must satisfy thinking people that the time has come when it will be safest and best for that party to be retired.

IN FAVOR OF THE CONSTITUTION.

But in resisting the encroachments of the General Government upon the reserved rights of the people and the States, I wish to be distinctly understood as favoring the power exercised by the General Government of the powers rightfully belonging to it and under the Constitution. Encroachments upon the constitutional rights of the General Government, or interference with the proper exercise of its powers, must be carfully avoided. The union of the States under the Constitution must be maintained, and it is well known that this has always been the position of both the candidates on the Democratic Presidential ticket. It is acquiesced in everywhere now, and finally and forever settled as one of



GEN. HANCOCK IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE N. Y.

the results of the war. It is certain beyond all question that the legitimate result of the war for the Union will not be overthrown or impaired should the Democratic ticket be elected.

WHAT THE DEMOCRATS WILL DO.

In that event proper protection will be given in every legitimate way to every citizen, native or adopted, in every section of the republic, in enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution and its amendments. A sound currency of honest money, of a value and purchasing power corresponding substantially with the standard recognized by the commercial world and consisting of gold and silver and paper, convertible into coin, will be maintained. The labor and manufacturing, commercial and business interests of the country will be favored and encouraged in every legitimate way. The toiling millions of our people will be protected from the destructive competition of the Chinese, and to that end their immigration to our shores will be properly restricted.

The public credit will be scrupulously maintained and strengthened by rigid economy in public expenditures, and the liberties of the people and the property of the people will be protected by a government of law and order, administered strictly in the interests of all the people, and not of corporations and privileged classes.

I do not doubt the discriminating justice of the people and their capacity for intelligent self-government, and therefore do not doubt the success of the Democratic ticket. Its success would bury, beyond resurrection, the sectional jealousies and hatreds which have so long been the chief stock in trade of pestiferous demagogues, and in no other way can this be so effectually accomplished. It would restore harmony and good feeling between all the sections and make us in fact, as well as in name, one people.

The only rivalry then would be in the race for the development of material prosperity, the elevation of labor, the enlargement of human rights, the promotion of education, morality, religion, liberty, order and all that would tend to make us the foremost nation of the earth in the grand march of human progress.

I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

GENERAL HANCOCK FOUR YEARS AGO. HIS LETTER TO GENERAL SHERMAN ON THE PRESIDENTIAL COMPLICATION OF 1876.

There is another American peculiarity which has had another equally peculiar illustration. Few of our Presidents, if we believe what was said of them, during the struggles preceding their administration, or while acting, wrote their own State papers. Washington was accused of submitting most of his messages for revision, if not entirely, to the eloquent Hamilton; and although nobody questioned the ability of John Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, to write their great State papers, yet hundreds and thousands believe that General Jackson was indebted to Livingston for his immortal proclamation, that Harrison relied upon Daniel Webster, that President Taylor spoke his thoughts through the clear mind of John M. Clayton, that President Pierce was the willing echo of the opinions of W. L. Marcy, his Secretary of State, that James Buchanan was essentially aided by Lewis Cass, that General Grant did not refuse the experienced hand of Hamilton Fish, his Secretary of State, and that Mr. Lincoln was largely guided by William H. Seward. And now the old practice is renewed, and we have a charge that General Hancock is so mere a soldier that he can hardly write a few sentences of consecutive grammar, and that his suc-

cessful administration of the 5th Military District in 1867 and 1868, composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas, is ascribed to the skill of the lawyers of New Orleans. His letter of acceptance printed elsewhere is only saved from the charge of being the work of some vigorous instrument, by the Republican verdict that it amounts to nothing!

Yet at this moment comes forth a letter by General Hancock on the 28th of December, 1876, covering a discussion on the Presidential imbroglio of that period which dissipates all these assertions, as the rising sun dissipates the mist of the early morning. This letter is so genuine upon its face, so honest and manly, that it seems to be rather the colloquial communication of an accomplished scholar and gentleman than a formal document written with a cold and careful pen. Nothing in the short political experience of General Hancock is more amusing than the transparent attempt to do him injury by discrediting his mental capacity to discuss certain government questions. Happily the people themselves are sufficiently sensible and sagacious not to penetrate the motive for these concerted efforts to do injustice to a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman. At last it appears that failing in every effort to disparage his character and to underrate his capacities, they now take refuge in surprise at the ability of his spontaneous letter to General Sherman in reference to the Presidential complication four years ago, when he had

no selfish motive to speak an untruth, and no aspiration beyond a sincere desire to do his duty to his superior and to be faithful to his oath under the constitution. As a proper appendant to the two letters of acceptance, the full text of General Hancock to General Sheridan in regard to the threatened difficulties after the Presidential election of November, 1876, is now printed. The party papers eager to discover something to the injury of General Hancock, deliberately invented the accusation that he intended to support Mr. Tilden's claim to the Presidency if Tilden attempted to take the oath of office at Washington, on the 4th of March, 1877. It was also charged that he had written a letter to General W. T. Sherman, commanding the Army of the United States, to this effect. Hearing of these allegations General Hancock declared that anything he had ever written to General Sherman might be given to the public. Since then both parties have consented that his letters shall be made public, and the New York *World* laid them before its readers, on Sunday, August 1st, 1880. In reply to a reporter of the New York *Herald*, General Hancock thus frankly explains his relation to the whole affair:

HANCOCK'S REVERENCE OF CIVIL LAW.

"I hardly remembered writing the letter," he said, "until I saw a reference to it in some of the newspapers. When I wrote it I had no idea that it would ever be published. I was in a Western town on pri-

vate business, with no secretary or member of my staff with me. I wrote it frankly and with no constraint."

"And stick by what you wrote?"

"I never wrote anything I am afraid of having known and that I would not stick to."

"And you desire this letter to be published?"

"I only waited for the consent of General Sherman, and that having been given there is no obstacle against its publication."

Following is the full text of the letter:

CARONDELET P. O., ST. LOUIS, December 28, 1876.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your favor of the 4th inst. reached me in New York on the 5th, the day before I left for the West. I intended to reply to it before leaving, but cares incident to my departure interfered. Then again, since my arrival here I have been so occupied with personal affairs of a business nature that I have deferred writing from day to day until this moment, and now I find myself in debt to you another letter in acknowledgment of your favor of the 17th, received a few days since. I have concluded to leave here on the 29th, (to-morrow) afternoon, so that I may be expected in New York on the 31st inst. It has been cold and dreary since my arrival here. I have worked "like a Turk," (I presume that means hard work), in the country in making fences, cutting down trees, repairing buildings, etc., etc., and am at least able to say that St. Louis is the coldest place in the winter and it is the hottest place in summer of any place that I have encountered in a temperate zone. I have known St. Louis in December to have genial weather throughout the month; this December has been frigid, and the river has been frozen more solid than I have ever known it.

When I heard the rumor that I was ordered to the Pacific coast I thought it probably true, considering the past discussion on the subject. The possibilities seemed to me to point that way. Had it been true, I should, of course, have presented no complaint nor made resistance of any kind. I would have gone quickly, if not prepared to go promptly. I certainly would have been relieved from the responsibilities and anxieties concerning Presidential matters, which may fall to those near the

throne or in authority within the next four months, as well as from other incidents or matters which I could not control and the action concerning which I might not approve. I was not exactly prepared to go to the Pacific, however, and I therefore felt relieved when I received your note informing me that there was no truth in the rumors. Then I did not wish to appear to be escaping from responsibilities and possible dangers which may cluster around military commanders in the East, especially in the critical period fast approaching. "All's well that ends well."

The whole matter of the Presidency seems to me to be simple and to admit of a peaceful solution. The machinery for such a contingency as threatens to present itself has been all carefully prepared. It only requires lubrication, owing to disuse. The army should have nothing to do with the election or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President. The Congress declares in a joint session who he is. We of the army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only so far as they may be lawful. Our commissions express that. I like Jefferson's way of inauguration; it suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the "Old Capitol") tied his horse to a rail fence, entered and was duly sworn; then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession. He inaugurated himself simply by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system. The people or politicians may institute parades in honor of the event and public officials may add to the pageant by assembling troops and banners, but all that only comes properly after the inauguration—not before, and it is not a part of it. Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the charter.

But you are placed in an exceptionally important position in connection with coming events. The Capitol is my jurisdiction also, but I am a subordinate and not on the spot, and if I were, so also would be my superior in authority, for there is the station of the General-in-Chief. On the principle that a regularly-elected President's term of office expires with the 3d of March (of which I have not the slightest doubt) and which the laws bearing on the subject uniformly recognize,

and in consideration of the possibility that the lawfully-elected President may not appear until the 5th of March, a great deal of responsibility falls upon you. You hold over. You will have power and prestige to support you. The Secretary of War, too, probably holds over; but if no President appears he may not be able to exercise functions in the name of a President, for his proper acts are those of a known superior —a lawful President.

You act on your own responsibility and by virtue of a commission only restricted by the law. The Secretary of War is the mouthpiece of a President. You are not. If neither candidate has a constitutional majority of the Electoral College, or the Senate and House on the occasion of the count do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is a lawful machinery already provided to meet that contingency and decide the question peacefully. It has not been recently used, no occasion presenting itself, but our forefathers provided it. It has been exercised and has been recognized and submitted to as lawful on every hand.

That machinery would probably elect Mr. Tilden President and Mr. Wheeler Vice-President. That would be right enough, for the law provides that in a failure to elect duly by the people the House shall immediately elect the President and the Senate the Vice President. Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President. I presume, of course, that it is in the joint affirmative action of the Senate and House, or why are they present to witness the count if not to see that it is fair and just? If a failure to agree arises between the two bodies there can be no lawful affirmative decision that the people have elected a President, and the House must then proceed to act, not the Senate. The Senate elects Vice-Presidents, not President. Doubtless, in case of a failure by the house to elect a President by the 4th of March, the President of the Senate (if there be one) would be the legitimate person to exercise Presidential authority for the time being, or until the appearance of a lawful President, or for the time laid down in the Constitution. Such courses would be peaceful and, I have a firm belief, lawful.

I have no doubt Governor Hayes would make an excellent President.

I have met him, and know of him. For a brief period he served under my command; but as the matter stands, I can't see any likelihood of his being duly declared elected by the people unless the Senate and House come to be in accord as to that fact, and the House would, of course, not otherwise elect him. What the people want is a peaceful determination of this matter, as fair a determination as possible and a lawful one. No other determination could stand the test. The country, if not plunged into revolution, would become poorer day by day, business would languish, and our bonds would come home to find a depreciated market.

I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently; and if General Ruger had telegraphed to me, or asked for advice, I would have advised him not under any circumstances to allow himself or his troops to determine who were the lawful members of a State Legislature. I could not have given him better advice than to refer him to the special message of the President in the case of Louisiana some time before. But in South Carolina he had the question settled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State—the highest tribunal which had acted on the question—so that his line of duty seemed even to be clearer than in the action in the Louisiana case. If the Federal Court had interfered and overruled the decision of the State Court, there might have been a doubt certainly; but the Federal Court only interfered to complicate, not to decide or overrule.

Anyhow, it is no business of the army to enter upon such questions; and even if it might be so, in any event, if the civil authority is supreme, as the Constitution declares it to be, the South Carolina case was one in which the army had a plain duty. Had General Ruger asked me for advice, and if I had given it, I should, of course, have notified you of my action immediately, so that it could have been promptly overruled if it should have been deemed advisable by you or other superior in authority. General Ruger did not ask for my advice, and I inferred from that and other facts that he did not desire it, or that, being in direct communication with my military superiors at the seat of government—who were nearer to him in time and distance than I was—he deemed it unnecessary. As General Ruger had the ultimate

responsibility of action, and had really the greater danger to confront in the final action in the matter, I did not venture to embarrass him by suggestions. He was a department commander and the lawful head of the military administration within the limits of the department; but, besides, I knew that he had been called to Washington for consultation before taking command, and was probably aware of the views of the administration as to the civil affairs in his command. I knew that he was in direct communication with my superiors in authority in reference to the delicate subjects presented for his consideration, or had ideas of his own which he believed to be sufficiently in accord with the views of our common superiors to enable him to act intelligently according to his judgment and without suggestions from those not on the spot and not as fully acquainted with the facts as himself. He desired, too, to be free to act, as he had the eventual greater responsibility, and so the matter was governed as between him and myself.

As I have been writing thus freely to you, I may still further unbosom myself by stating that I have not thought it lawful or wise to use Federal troops in such matters as have transpired east of the Mississippi within the last few months, save so far as they may be brought into action under the article of the Constitution which contemplates meeting armed resistance or invasion of a State more powerful than the State authorities can subdue by the ordinary processes, and then, only when requested by the legislature, or, if it could not be convened in session, by the governor; and when the president of the United States intervenes in that manner it is a state of war—not peace. The army is laboring under disadvantages, and has been used unlawfully, at times, in the judgment of the people (in mine certainly), and we have lost a great deal of the kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us.

It is time to stop and unload. Officers in command of troops often find it difficult to act wisely and safely when superiors, in authority, have different views of the law from theirs, and when legislation has sanctioned law seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superiors. Yet the superior officers of the army are so regarded in such great crises, and

are held to such responsibility, especially those at or near the head of it, that it is necessary, on such momentous occasions, to dare to determine for themselves what is lawful, and what is not lawful, under our system. If the military authorities should be invoked, as might possibly be the case in such exceptional times when there existed such divergent views as to the correct result, the army will suffer from its past action if it has acted wrongfully. Our regular army has little hold upon the affections of the people of to-day, and its superior officers should certainly, as far as lies in their power, legally, and with righteous intent, aim to defend the right, which to us is the law and the institution which they represent. It is a well-meaning institution, and it would be well if it should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the rights of the people, and of the law.

I am truly yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

To GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, Commanding Army of the United States, Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LIVING STATESMEN OF THE PAST.

THERE is nothing more depressing to the patriotic philosopher than the fact that a candidate, like General Garfield, all the defects of whose record are charged upon him by his own political friends, should be so strenuously sustained by the leaders of the Republican party, and at the same time that these leaders should refuse to do justice to the admitted excellencies of General Hancock, the Democratic candidate for President. Dwelling upon this painful spectacle, the comparison between the old political leaders still left upon the stage, and the new men who have taken command of the administration party of the country, becomes equally natural and necessary.

Before the civil war, long before the slavery agitation cast its dark shadow upon our national councils, the public men of the United States of both parties were engaged in the work of true statesmanship, and the old Whigs and Democrats of both sections mingled together, differing about evanescent issues, but sincerely desirous to promote

national concord and prosperity. Now the statesmen of the South of both the old schools, Whigs and Democrats, so far as the present Republican party can do it, are pushed into insignificance. Treated as aliens, and not only as aliens, but distrusted by the present controllers of what is called the Republican party, in vain have the best men of the South been forgiven by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner. They are still misrepresented and hated by Mr. Garfield and his sponsors. In vain has the Constitution of the United States restored them to their rights, even including Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederacy. The fact is patent that so far as the Republican party is concerned, no Southern statesman is welcome in the North. None of his views are respected by the modern leaders of that party, and the masses of the people are allowed to derive no benefit from the wisdom of Southern statesmen.

Twenty-five years ago there was not a Southern State in which we could not find honest, able, and patriotic men, anxious for the welfare of the whole Union. They, or men like them, are still living, anxious to show their pride of country, and warmly attached to the Northern people in the great interests of life. Hundreds of them are connected by marriage in the North, and yet so far as the leaders of the party now asking the votes of the North alone, because they have almost abandoned any appeal to the South, are concerned, these disinterested and

most influential elements of Southern society and culture, are no more considered or respected than if they occupied a foreign territory. Who does not recall the days when Robert C. Winthrop of Boston was glad to take by the hand A. H. H. Stuart of Virginia? when Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, was proud to be the associate of Thomas H. Benton of Missouri? when John Sargent of Pennsylvania was glad to be regarded as the follower of his great friend, Henry Clay of Kentucky; and when the Democrats pointed with pleasure to George M. Dallas in the North, and the Whigs to Sargent Prentiss in the South, when John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, and Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, even if they disagreed in politics, were personal friends; but now, under the leaders of the Republican party, the beginning and end of every speech, like the beginning and end of every Republican editorial, is to repudiate Southern associations and to reject Southern counsel.

The question now arises whether this condition of things meets the approval of the merchants, the producers and mechanics of the North and the West, whether men of business are content to let this system of ostracism under the present Republican leaders go on? That, after all, is the great and substantial question, and it is precisely that question which enters so largely into the solid North. The party has become the Northern Republican ring machine. There is nothing

left to-day for the Republican party, as at present managed, but to assail theSouth. That is the burden of every Republican editorial and every Republican speech in Maine, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and in the Pacific States. Now if this country of ours is to be perpetually administered by the men who have General Garfield in charge, and if the South is to be held up as a constant bugbear, and the North in turn held up to the South as a constant tyrant, what becomes of the pardon of Mr. Lincoln? What becomes of the guarantee of your laws? What becomes of the covenant of your constitution? The answer to these questions must be made by the non-partisan people, and not by those who for the time being hold the offices of the General Government, and are simply trying to defeat General Hancock that they may continue to hold these offices.

What merchant in New York or Philadelphia does not desire to join hands with the merchant in New Orleans and Charleston? What distinguished lawyer in the North is not eager once more to enter into social and professional relations with the distinguished lawyers of the South? Other national conventions, whether religious, scientific, legal, railroad, manufacturing and otherwise, come together like combinations of brothers and friends. But when the Democratic party, itself, takes the initiative and presents a candidate for the Presi-

dency, who, according to the Republican leaders and newspapers themselves can never be repaid for his services to the cause of the country, in other words can never be repaid for having aided to crush the rebellion, then and then alone, a party Convention at Chicago professing to represent the Republican party of the United States declares "hands off" to that manly proposition for peace.

How different from the example of the great men who seemed to have passed out of existence with Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, William H. Seward, and the rest. We hear now of no proffers of kindness and conciliation from the leaders of the Republican party, except from General Grant, and they defeated him at Chicago. Now to demand conciliation, and peace, forgiveness for the South, on the part of the Republican party is a crime, an unpardonable offence to be punished by expulsion and by personal abuse of all men having the courage to take such a stand.

The more this extraordinary condition of affairs is presented to the common mind in the North, the more certain will be the indignant repudiation of those who make the ostracism. The day will come and come soon, not only when the people of the North and South will vote together, as they did in former times, but that the leaders will take counsel with each other and a true national sentiment be established and fortified under the influence of the best culture of all sections

GENERAL GARFIELD'S PRIVATE CHARACTER.

In such a volume as this, when so many illogical advantages are assumed by the friends of General Garfield, and when the stupendous attempt is again made to revive the cruel animosities that so long delayed practical reconstruction, when indeed nothing is so favorite a weapon in the hands of the official partisans who seem to have General Garfield's interest most in charge, as the monstrous assumption that a large section of this Union still stands in a rebellious attitude, is still only worthy of gyves and fetters, the strongest system of personal retaliation upon the private character of the Democratic candidate for President might be justified. If General Hancock were placed in Mr. Garfield's position, the whole republican press would ring with comments upon the established truth of his want of personal integrity. Nothing but the fact that General Hancock stands beyond reproach, nothing but the fact that his character is too high and to pure to be even tarnished by the breath of suspicion, prevents the most reckless appeals and the most unbridled calumny.

So far as General Garfield is concerned, whatever bad record presents him to this great constituency, has been made up by his own party. There has been no intimation against his character from a Democratic source. Every allegation that questions his personal honesty or his official integrity, comes from the Republican party, from the Repub-

lican press, from his own Republican constituents, from the Republican courts of justice, from the Republican committees of investigation, and from the summaries made against him by Republican statesmen. Having been made up by such authorities, I leave them to be digested and disposed of by the party among whom they originated, and by the great grand jury of the American people in November next.

HANCOCK AS A CIVIL MAGISTRATE.

When General Hancock was sent by President Johnson to take command of the Fifth Military Division, composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas, in 1867, it was in the midst of the conflict between the Executive, Congress, General Grant, and the Republican party. The carpet-bag rule had reached its worst point in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Louisiana. President Johnson, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Alexander W. Randall, Postmaster General, Mr. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. McCullough, Secretary of the Treasury, were frequently in conflict with the Republican leaders, and necessarily frequently in concert with the Democratic leaders, and when the President, to use the phrase of the day, "swung around the circle," it was amusing to see how the office-holders and party parasites followed the Presidential cortege. General Grant himself, with his

natural avoidance of politics, and his strong attachment to his Republican friends, could not decline the invitation to become a figure in the Presidential tournament, and he well remembers the political harangues which generally punctuated the progress of the Executive as he passed through the great cities.

The policy of reconstruction, as advocated by Andrew Johnson and supported by the Democratic leaders, the determination of Mr. Johnson to remove Secretary Stanton from the war department, the failure of the attempt to impeach Johnson before the Senate of the United States, the issue of veracity between General Grant and the President, the certificates of the members of the cabinet sustaining Mr. Johnson and the reply of the Lieutenant General, how speedily they succeeded each other and how soon they were forgotten! Now, as I write when President Johnson is dead, Mr. Seward is dead, and Thaddeus Stevens is dead, and Charles Sumner, and Postmaster-General Randall, the excitement over all these questions is as dead as these parties to them, we only remember Andrew Johnson to admit his personal integrity and to deplore his personal enmities, and if we recall Mr. Seward, as we do, it is to admire his marvellous toleration precisely as we admire the grim wit and noble traits of Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania.

It was about this time that an attempt was

made to quote General Grant in favor of President Johnson's policy of reconstruction, and this attempt induced the Lieutenant General to write to the gentleman who made the attempt as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

"*Washington, D. C., September* 15, 1866.

"I see from the papers that you have been making a speech, in which you pledge me to a political party. I am in receipt of a letter from General Gresham of Indiana, in which he says that his opponent for Congress had published an extract from a letter received from you, in which you pledge me to the support of President Johnson, and opposed to the election of any candidate who does not support his policy. You nor no man living is authorized to speak for me in political matters, and I ask you to desist in the future. *I want every man to vote according to his own judgment without influence from me.*

"Yours, &c. U. S. GRANT.

"To Brevet Brigadier-General W. S. Hillyer, New York."

This forgotten letter will excite a smile at the present time in view of the efforts making by the politicians to induce General Grant to persuade the Union soldiers of the country to vote against General Winfield S. Hancock for President of the United States. But in 1867 President Johnson determined to make a change in the military commanders of the five Southern Districts, and he was particularly anxious to remove Major General Philip H. Sheridan from the Fifth District composed of Louisiana and Texas, and accordingly issued an order putting General Hancock in com-

mand of the Fifth District in place of General Sheridan. It is unnecessary to renew the difference between General Grant and General Hancock, relating as it did to affairs, no doubt long since forgotten by General Grant, who, as I have said, had considerable difficulty in his intercourse with President Johnson. The real value that now attaches to General Hancock's administration of the Fifth Military District composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas, is the great ability he displayed in the management of certain domestic political questions coming within his jurisdiction as chief of that department. The compliments paid to General Hancock since his nomination at Cincinnati by both Grant and Sheridan shows that their admiration as a great soldier and a great man is still as strong as that of General Sherman, the General-in-Chief.

Here again time has done its wholesome work. And I feel free to say that there is not a position taken by General Hancock while in command of this same Fifth Military District, examined in the light of experience and subsequent events, that will not to-day meet the approval of every intelligent man in the United States. So rapidly has the South rehabilitated itself, so successful have the doctrines herein asserted by General Hancock vindicated themselves, and so entirely have the political parties everywhere yielded to the logic of events, that no man can read what General Han-

cock wrote in 1868 without coming to the conclusion that what he said and what he wrote then he can proudly reaffirm and stand by to the end of his life. There are certain co-relative facts which command and demand recognition: Whites and blacks everywhere in the Southern country, since they have been rescued from the dangers and demoralization of the carpet-bag rule, have in possession of their own franchises, falling back upon the great principle which after all must control in every community — superior intelligence will master natural inferiority—and while universal suffrage was as logical and as necessary, as universal amnesty was religiously right, there is not an intelligent colored man in the United States to-day that will not admit that the class of ignorant blacks can no more rule the destinies of the South than a similar class of ignorant whites can rule the destinies of the North.

A fact like this, stubborn and conclusive as it is, is too constantly illustrated to need argument or explanation. And hence, when General Hancock was transferred to the Department of Louisiana and Texas, he had no more to do than to obey the orders of the Executive; than General Grant himself had to do when he accepted the invitation of the President to become one of his party as he swung around the circle in company with Mr. Seward in his celebrated tour of 1863. The two cases are precisely alike, only it might have been

more agreeable to Gen. Hancock to obey the orders of the Chief Magistrate of the United States than it was to Gen. Grant, but the fact of obedience to their constitutional chief was alike binding upon both.

GENERAL HANCOCK AT WASHINGTON IN 1867.

Nothing in the career of General Hancock was more interesting than his occasional residence in the various towns and cities of the United States, North and South. He seems to be remembered favorably in all of them, and his universal comradeship with the men, and his graceful associations with the ladies, were wonderfully emphasized by his experience in the war with Mexico, and his conflict with the Confederates. This double constituency lasted from 1844, when he passed out of the Military Academy, until 1880, a long stretch of time—even 36 years. In that interval he has met with all phases of life, and is remembered by constituencies as varied as the latitudes and races. At fifty-seven years of age, Winfield S. Hancock is still a young man, unspoiled by office, unpledged to politicians, unembarrassed by pecuniary obligations, and singularly independent and free to follow his own course. A little scene that took place in Washington City, September 24, 1867, just before General Hancock was ordered off to New Orleans to take command of the 5th Military District, deserves to be recalled.

An immense audience was assembled, and Gen. Hancock was introduced by Hon. Amasa Cobb, of Wisconsin, then a republican member of Congress, and now a republican judge of the Supreme Court of Nebraska. Gen. Cobb said:

"To me has been entrusted the pleasure and duty of appearing before you in the capacity of an old friend and comrade of the distinguished General now before you, to introduce him to you on this occasion. Six years ago I had the honor to be in command of a volunteer regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and with three other regiments had the good fortune to be placed under the command of the then newly appointed Brigadier General Hancock. During the long and tedious winter of 1861 and 1862, we did duty in front of this capital, devoting the days to discipline and the nights to watching and picket. We were volunteers. The General was a regular army officer. All of you who passed through similar experience will bear me witness that volunteers felt the rigors of discipline when placed under such disciplinarians as that army was commanded by, and its discipline and after efficiency was owing chiefly, if not wholly, to this fact. The winter passed away, and the army finally moved, and in the course of the war they were brought in front of the enemy. Gen. Hancock's first brigade succeeded in turning the enemy's left at Williamsburg, and afterwards he prevented the victorious enemy from driving the lines of M'Clellan from the Chickahominy, and later on it came up to save the day at Antietam, and now I esteem it a great honor bestowed upon me and my old regiment to have the opportunity of standing here by that great General's side, bearing testimony to his kindness of heart, his gallantry as a soldier, and his trueness as a man."

The speaker here turned to General Hancock and said:—

"Allow me to say that to your new field of duty the hearts of our old brigade go with you, knowing that wherever you may go the country will have a brave and efficient soldier, and that flag a gallant defender."

Gen. Hancock was received with much applause, and applied as follows:—

"CITIZENS OF WASHINGTON:—I thank you for this testimony of your confidence in my ability to perform my duty in a new and different sphere. Educated as a soldier in the military school of our country and on the field of the Mexican War and the American Rebellion, I need not assure you that my course as a district commander will be characterized by the same strict soldierly obedience to the law there taught me as a soldier. I know no other guide or higher duty. Misrepresentation and misconstruction arising from the passions of the hour, and spread by those who do not know that devotion to duty has governed my actions in every trying hour, may meet me, but I fear them not. My highest desire will be to perform the duties of my new sphere, not in the interest of parties or partisans, but for the benefit of my country, the honor of my profession, and I trust also for the welfare of the people committed to my care. I ask, then, citizens, that time may be permitted to develop my actions. Judge me by the deeds I may perform, and conscious of my devotion to duty and my country, I shall be satisfied with your verdict, and if a generous country shall approve my actions in the future as it has in the past, my highest ambition will have been achieved. As a soldier I am to administer duties rather than discuss them. If I can administer them to the satisfaction of the country, I shall indeed be happy in the consciousness of a duty performed. I am about to leave your city, the capital of our country—bearing the proud name of Washington. As an American citizen, the rapid development and increase of its wealth, beauty and prosperity, is a matter in which I am deeply interested. But far beyond this, citizens of Washington, I rejoice with you that in the trying hour of the rebellion the capital of the nation contributed as fully as any State in the Union to the brave volunteer army which has demonstrated to the world the strength and invincibility of a Republican form of government. I shall carry with me the recollections of this occasion, and when I return may I not hope that none who are here will regret their participation in the honor you have done me to-night?

HANCOCK AT ANTIETAM.

An old friend, living at Fort Wayne, Indiana, who fought with Hancock at Antietam, and feels a deep interest in his election to the Presidency, sends me his experience in that decisive battle, in the columns of the *Sentinel* of that city:

[From the *Fort Wayne, Indiana, Sentinel.*]

In a former communication I gave you Hancock at Fredericksburg as he appeared to me. I will now attempt to write of him as he was at Antietam.

The Antietam Creek runs about due south, and empties into the Potomac River some eight miles above Harper's Ferry. On the 16th of September, 1862, Gen. Robert E. Lee, in command of the Confederate army, chose for his position of battle the irregular right-angle triangle, which made the Potomac his rear and the creek his front; his right resting on the creek near the river, commanded by Gen. Longstreet, the centre by Gen. Hill, and the left by Gen. Hood.

At about noon a heavy rebel column was formed for the purpose of capturing battery A, 4th United States artillery, which had been doing terrible execution in the Confederate ranks. Gen. Hancock was ordered up to support the battery and drive the enemy back, which he did by rushing upon the Confederate advance with intrepid energy and with a violence which was irresistible, and by a series of gallant charges, made in the face of a most destructive Confederate fire, he drove them across the open field and beyond the Dunker church, compelling them to seek shelter under cover of the woods. At this moment, while directing one of our batteries, the brave Gen. Richardson was killed by a cannon ball. Gen. Hancock immediately took command of his division. The struggle was now desperate on both sides, and each entertained no desire for quarter, no wish to save or be saved. The enemy's lines were re-formed and drove Gen. Hooker's entire right wing back across the open ground. At short range and in the open field with a spirit of desperation both armies plied their deadly work, and in his extremity Hooker called on Hancock to save his right flank. Gen. Hancock responded at the double quick, and in pushing his way across the open ground was punished terribly. The opressing forces here were literally torn to pieces.

General Hancock, nothing daunted by his dreadful losses, was determined to hold his ground, and advancing to the front recklessly exposed his person to the enemy's bullets, which fell in showers around him. Regardless of danger he carefully examined the ground in his front, and finding a favorable site for a battery, he ordered forward our

regiment to take, and hold that spot, until he could bring up the artillery. Hancock had now pressed the Confederates back, and was holding the ground around and beyond the Dunker church, but at this time Gen. Lee forwarded two fresh divisions to his left, and with this re-inforcement the Confederates again advanced, driving General Hancock back some distance. Here the fight was a perfect pandemonium, the sharp rattle of musketry, the heavy booming of cannon, the earth fairly shaking under the tread of two desperate armies, which crossed and recrossed that blood-stained field five separate times. The situation in which Hancock was placed was exceedingly critical, and Gen. Franklin was promptly ordered to his assistance. He hastened forward and Hancock again gave the order for an advance. In the meantime Hancock had brought up all of his artillery, and concentrating his batteries he opened a murderous fire upon the enemy's lines.

He then fell heavily on Gen. Hill's extreme right, and forcing him back, compelled Hill to call for more reinforcements. For two hours the battle now raged. The rebels being again reinforced, a column was formed, under cover of the woods, to capture Hancock's batteries, which were doing terrible destruction to the rebel lines. The column started at a run to cross the open space and charge the guns, but the heavy fire of the artillery, and the cool, steady volleys of our infantry sent them reeling back to shelter, and covered the ground with their dead and wounded. It was now Hancock's time to charge, and with the brigades of Gens. French, Meagher and Morris, he at their head, raising himself in his saddle, swinging his sword high in air, he rushed like an avalanche upon the retreating foe, driving them more than half a mile. Again and again did Gen. Hill attempt to recover his lost ground, but in vain. Hancock had pushed the rebels to and through Sharpsburg, which he held as night spread her mantle of darkness over the field of death and put an end to one of the most sanguinary battles the world has ever seen. Gen. Hooker now came to inquire of Hancock whether he could hold his ground on the morrow. Hancock replied, that "with the help of God and cold iron he could hold it for a week." On that small piece of ground, between Antietam and the Potomac, night found more than twenty thousand men dead or wound-

ed, but Gen. Hancock master of the situation on the right and in possession of the field. J. W. Y.

A FALSE MAGNANIMITY.

There is nothing in modern life so shameless as the false magnanimity of the ring managers of the Republican party. They boast of their forgiveness of the South, when they had nothing to do with it but to object to it; and now that they take credit for it, they insolently attempt to fetter it with new conditions. They rally half a million office-holders and office-seekers to a new war upon the South, and try to cheat the South out of the pardon offered by the laws and sanctified by the Constitution, by declaring that the people of the forgiven Sections must be disfranchised at the polls because they are still disloyal.

This is to turn pardon into persecution. Now the glory of our country is that when we closed the war we made the Southern people our full equals by taking them back to our hearts and homes. But now the ring Republicans, under Garfield, are doing their level best to undo all the clemency of the founders of the Republican party, by showing that this clemency was only intended as another slavery. I call this a false magnanimity. A better word would be to call it a bold malignity. And the worst of it is, that in this bad world men are ready to take part, who, under other circumstances, would shrink from such a code of morals

as a complete abandonment of ordinary truth and personal dishonor.

THE LESSON OF HALF A CENTURY.

It will be forty-eight years next December since Andrew Jackson's proclamation, like the trumpet of the archangel, aroused the country, by directing attention to the dangers of nullification, preparing, thereby the masses for that civil war which ended in the maintenance of the sovereignty of the Republic. When Daniel Webster, more than fifty years last, since, on the 26th of January 1830, opened his great speech in defense of the Union, he prefigured the great text of General Jackson's proclamation. Before he began that immortal appeal, he set us an example which it is well for us on the outpost of another conflict, to re-publish for our own guidance and the benefit of the people:

"MR. PRESIDENT: When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an open sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are."

I have endeavored in these pages, now brought to a close, to direct the attention to the main point in this Presidential competition, and throughout have kept my eye upon the primary duty which should govern and conclude the struggle. Mr.

Webster pleaded for the union of the States; so does General Hancock plead to-day. The chief duty is how to preserve what cost so much agony to establish, so much ability to maintain, and so much blood to save.

The distressful past is dead, and nothing of the present is so strong as the fact that to-day there is not a living interest that does not desire the perpetuity of our free institutions, and real fraternity among our people. Those who remember the past only to recall the errors of our forefathers, to stimulate the exasperating memories of the civil war, and re-light fires of savage sectional hatred, are the busy enemies of this great foundation Duty. They have no real concern in union, because they have no real concern in conciliation. They have no interest in peace, because they have no interest in forgiveness. They place party above country, and again seize the Presidential election to open another page of recrimination to prolong the passions which the real founders of the Republican party all tried to subdue before they were called away.

It was a Southern man and a Democrat who taught armed nullification the danger of assailing the Republic, in 1832, and it is a Northern man and a Democrat who in 1880, asked the people of both sections to come together in one mission of brotherhood. Both these men were soldiers: Jackson drove the British invader from the soil of

Louisiana on the 8th of January, 1815; Hancock drove the Confederate invader from the soil of Pennsylvania, on the 3d of July, 1863. The people of the North and South rewarded General Jackson by electing him twice to the Presidency, and now the people of the North and South are about to elect General Hancock to the Presidency, not alone because he was among the bravest of the brave in the hour of direst peril, but was among the most magnanimous, and chiefly because he is now the leader of the only party pledged to peace and prosperity.

I think I have shown clearly that General Hancock's mission has been prepared for him by the events of the last twenty years, by the example and the efforts of the founders of the Republican party, by the guarantees made necessary to clinch and bind and rivet the Union together, by the treaty of Appomattox, and afterwards by the amendments of the Constitution, accepted solemnly by the Democratic party in National convention assembled, and reiterated by the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-president. I have directed attention to the increasing spirit of concord and harmony among the Southern people. I have pointed out the honest and vigorous revival of the national sentiment in the Southern states: the restoration of law and order, the improvement in the whites and the education of the blacks, the freedom of speech, of opinion and of intercourse,

the amazing growth of material development, the complete abandonment of State Rights as paramount to National sovereignty, the growth of the Southern population, the increase of Southern literature, the vast multiplication of social and commercial interests and obligations, and above all, that pride of Union, that love of country, that deep admiration for the dearest memories of the past—all of which had been subordinated and almost fairly blotted out by the hate and recrimition of the Civil War, and the succeeding efforts at reconstruction.

The congenial reader of these pages will see that I have faithfully labored to keep these objects in view. Could there be a nobler duty than that which restores kindness in our National household? Is there on earth a more inspiring spectacle than the reconciliation of families, and the forgiveness of kindred, a purer gospel than that forbearance which never ceases to be a virtue? If one man is happier when he brings two friends long alienated together, what must be the feelings of the patriot who gives himself up to the restoration of love and honor and faith and confidence among forty-eight millions of the best people on earth? Who would not give up party to a mission which has induced thousands to give up their lives? The Americans who fought at Gettysburg and in all the other historic fields of our Civil War, were not kindled into personal hate. Each side contended

for its principal convictions, but all were still at heart loyal citizens of one country in April of 1865.

I was told by General Meade himself, that when there was a pause in the negotiations before the final treaty between Lee and Grant, the terror that prevailed among the opposing lines, between the Union soldiers on the one side, and the Confederate soldiers on the other side, lest there might be some misunderstanding, was akin to the agony of a starving garrison waiting for food and water. And when finally the word was given that truce had been declared, and that peace had come and come to stay, a scene took place that all the inspiration of the orator and the genius of the painter would have been required to describe. The Union veterans poured into the camp of the Confederates, rushed to shake hands with them, took them into their tents, gave them food and refreshment, and so a love-feast and a libation of joy, came after the bloody sacrifice and the prolonged conflict that begun in 1860 and only closed when Abraham Lincoln passed away in Washington, breathing forgiveness to the misguided people of the South.

It is this lesson that I have tried to extract from our Civil War, and if that story should be crowned by the election of General Hancock to the Presidency in next November, we, in 1881, begin a half century of dazzling Freedom

and Peace. It will not be like that which closed in April of 1865, not a half century of heresies, mischievous statesmanship, illogical hatred and merciless sectionalism, assailed motives, quarrelling families, blasted trade, languished commerce, personal government, personal malignity, personal punishment, the elevation of inferior and bad men, the banishment from place of high intellect and ripe experience; but a half century such as alone can come to a people that had got rid of slavery, had saved the only Republic on earth, and laid the foundations of good government deep in the hearts of the people, strong enough to endure all the storms of time.

ROSECRANS ON HANCOCK.

At a great Democratic ratification meeting in San Francisco, June 25, General Rosecrans, as Chairman, being introduced, said: "Fellow-citizens, to preside over an assemblage such as this, composed of men distinguished in all the professions, in commerce, in trade, in the arts—men with patriotism and intelligence, whose purpose in meeting here is so well understood, is certainly a very great honor, but superadded to that honor is also the fact that they assembled here to perform a very great and very solemn duty. They are to give the voice of this great State and express the judgment on behalf of a very vast number of their fellow-citizens upon the selections made in Cincinnati for the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency to be voted for by the Democratic people. That adds to the interest, but neither of these would suffice to have induced me to appear in public—not that I lack interest in the Democracy. Few have made more sacrifices for those principles than I have from the beginning of the war until this day. [Cheers.] Nor would I have been here under any ordinary circumstances, al-

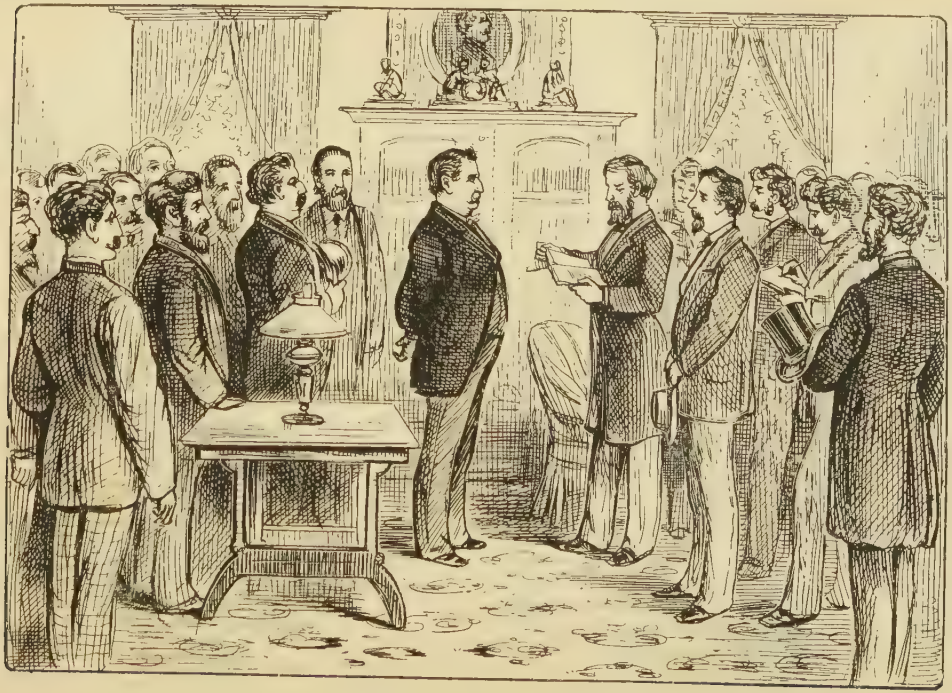
though as a citizen of this republic nothing that concerns its future is indifferent to me; but till now I have not seen a time when it appeared to me a great and solemn duty to stand out in favor of actual Democratic work. The Democratic convention at Cincinnati has proposed a candidate for President of the United States, to whom, when a young man, I taught civil and military engineering, and know him very well. He is a clean man—[loud cheers]—a gallant and prudent commander, and a brave and chivalrous officer. I think the nomination promises to do things for the future which ought to make every patriotic man's heart leap for joy." [Loud cheers.]

GENERAL HANCOCK RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION.

I was looking out of my bay window, corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, on a bright Saturday morning, June 19th, when a band of music, sounding from the east, attracted my attention, and in a few moments the Americus Club, a leading Democratic organization in that city, appeared on the sidewalk, and at the head of it was my old friend, Daniel Dougherty, Esq.

The beautiful day, the stalwart men, the cheering music, the shouting crowds, added somewhat to my surprise, as it did to the evident satisfaction of Dougherty, who kissed his hand as he passed on his way to the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, where, as I have elsewhere written, he made for himself new fame by his great speech in favor of Hancock.

I did not conceal my admiration for Mr. Dougherty's course, nor did I hesitate to express



OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION.

the hope that General Hancock might be made the standard-bearer of my old party for president of the United States.

General Garfield was a relief from the crowd of men who had hounded General Grant at Chicago. I spoke of him as I felt in that spirit, until I saw the lasting record as it was revealed by his own friends, most of which, up to that time, almost entirely unknown to me.

On the 23d of June, 1880, General Hancock was nominated at Cincinnati, and I can well imagine his own emotions when the congratulations upon that event were sent to him at Governor's Island, excited by the unanimity with which his nomination was crowned, glorified by the splendors of the rhetoric of Dougherty and Daniel.

I sent a congratulatory dispatch to Mr. Dougherty before General Hancock's nomination, and when that nomination came I congratulated General Hancock, receiving from him in return a quick and graceful reply.

The magnetism of the nomination, like the magnetism of the man himself, flew like wildfire over the country. It was hailed with delight in Europe by all classes of our visiting countrymen. A correspondent in Paris states that the delight of the Northern and Southern men when the news of Hancock's nomination arrived there, was something like the delight of the North when they heard the war was over, and the surprise of the

South when they heard that General Grant had led the way for their forgiveness.

How it was received in Philadelphia until the ring politicians began to try to convince our people that General Hancock did nothing for them at Gettysburg, on the 3d of July 1863, the world knows. On that 23d of June, 1880, our Bankers recollect that on the 3d of July, 1863, they were packing up their treasures for New York, expecting the arrival of the Confederate Army across the Schuylkill. Our clergy recollect how they had offered thanksgiving to God for the opportune arrival of General Hancock on Cemetery Hill, and even the politicians of the present hour recollect their own joy over the rescue. The halt in this storm over his nomination for the Presidency was, however, a very short one. And now, as I write, the boom which began with Dougherty marching along the streets on the 19th of June is resounding all over the land.

Several weeks after, on Tuesday, July 14th, the committee of the Cincinnati Convention notified General Hancock and Mr. English of their nominations for President and Vice-President, and visited Governor's Island to fulfil that duty. The scene that took place then was in itself so picturesque, that I regret I can give no space to the description.

The following account is taken from the *New York World*, of Wednesday, July 14th.

HANCOCK AND ENGLISH FORMALLY NOTIFIED OF THEIR NOMINATION.

The committee appointed by the Cincinnati Convention to notify General Hancock and Mr. English of their nomination for President and Vice-President of the United States visited Governor's Island yesterday to fulfil that duty. The special committee appointed for the purpose was led by Senator John P. Stockton, its chairman, and had in turn invited the members of the National Committee to go to Governor's Island with them. At 10 o'clock in the morning the sub-commitee on the letters to the two candidates reported to the full committee charged with their presentation, and after official copies had been made, Secretary Bell called the States in alphabetical order and the committee-men signed the letters. Wm. H. Green, of Illinois, was absent and S. S. Marshall signed as his proxy. O. B. Hurd signed for De Forest Sherman, of Indiana, ex-Governor John McEnery for John Clegg, of Louisiana, and J. S. Morton for F. A. Harman, of Nebraska. With these exceptions the letters were signed by the committee-men appointed at Cincinnati. Every State in the Union was represented, and the letters, when signed, bore the names of many men of national reputation.

At 2 o'clock a number of coaches arrived, and the committee-men were conveyed to the foot of West Twenty-third Street, where the Wm. Fletcher lay with colors flying. The members of the National Committee came down from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and said they had had

a short harmonious meeting, and had unanimously and immediately upon assembling chosen Senator W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, Chairman, and Mayor F. O. Prince, of Boston, Secretary. The party on the Fletcher, as she left her pier at 12.45, included all the signing members of the committee and the proxies named, and all of the members of the National Committee. Among others were Milton Sayler, of Ohio; Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, and W. Armstrong, of Pennsylvania. Senator Wm. A. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, was not present, being busy in the city. In all there were about one hundred gentlemen on the boat. At 1 o'clock a landing was made at the steamboat dock on Governor's Island. The military post, which is free to the visit of any person, without pass or permit, was about its business as usual. The sentries passed to and fro, and in the court-martial room the members of the Warren Court of Inquiry were busy reading the record. General Hancock was at home, but in great sorrow at the death of his favorite grandchild, Winfield Scott Hancock, four months old, who had received that name the night before at the hands of the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Trinity Church. The child had died at 6 in the morning, and General Hancock had watched with it most of the night.

The two committees went up the shelving pathway from the landing and up the steps of the parapet landing to the green, headed by John W. Stevenson, Chairman of the Convention, and John P. Stockton, Chairman of the Special Committee. There were already a number of visitors to the island sauntering about on the lawns under the trees, enjoying the shade and the cool breeze. The ceremony was made as brief as possible. General Hancock met the delegation as it entered the house with a "Good-morning, gentlemen," and led the way to the back parlor. This apartment was soon filled, and standing before a dark bookcase at the east end of the room, General Hancock listened to the formal announcement of his nomination. Senator Stockton, who stood beside Mr. Stevenson, said:

"General Hancock, I have the honor to introduce to you Mr. John W. Stevenson, the Chairman of the Democratic National Convention lately held at Cincinnati, and I have the further honor of presenting to you the committee appointed by that body to wait upon you and

notify you of your nomination—your unanimous nomination—for the highest office in the gift of the people. It is a source of great satisfaction to the committee in making this announcement to you to say that your nomination was not secured by the solicitations of personal or political friends, but was the spontaneous choice of that convention, actuated by a patriotic duty. One of the ablest and wisest bodies of your countrymen ever assembled have given you this nomination with perfect unanimity. And, General, since that convention we have been to our homes, and we have seen our friends, we have seen the Democratic masses, and the conservative people of this country, and with one accord they ratify the action of that convention. So that we cannot but believe, as we do, that your election will be an acomplished fact. We cannot doubt it, and we believe that after the election is over the great principle of American liberty will still be the inheritance of the people and established forever. And now in the name of the National Democratic party, and by virtue of the power entrusted to this committee, as its Chairman I have the honor to hand to its Secretary a communication in writing informing you officially of your nomination."

As he finished speaking Senator Stockton handed to Mr. Bell, who stood beside him, the original of the letter from the committee, and it was read as follows:

"NEW YORK, July 13, 1880.

"*Major-General W. S. Hancock,*

"SIR: The National Convention of the Democratic party which assembled at Cincinnati on the 23d of last month unanimously nominated you as their candidate for President of the United States. We have been directed to inform you of the nomination for this exalted trust, and request your acceptance. In accordance with the uniform custom of the Democratic party the convention have announced their views upon the important issues which are before the country in a series of resolutions to which we invite your attention. These resolutions embody the general principles upon which the Democratic party demand that the Government shall be conducted, and they also emphatically condemn the maladministration of the Government by the party in power, its crimes against the Constitution and especially against the rights of the people to choose and install their President, which have wrought so much injury and dishonor to our country. That which chiefly inspired your nomination was the fact that you had conspicuously recognized and exemplified the yearning of the American people for reconciliation and brotherhood under the shield of the Constitution, with all its jealous care and guarantees for the rights of persons and of

States. Your nomination was not made alone because in the midst of arms you illustrated the highest qualities of the soldier, but because, when the war had ended, and when, in recognition of your courage and fidelity you were placed in command of a part of the Union undergoing the process of restoration, and while you were thus clothed with absolute power, you used it not to subvert, but to sustain the civil laws and the rights they were established to protect. Your fidelity to those principles, manifested in the important trusts heretofore confided to your care gives proof that they will control your administration of the National Government, and assures the country that our indissoluble Union of indestructible States and the Constitution with its wise distribution of power and regard for the boundaries of State and Federal authority will not suffer in your hands; that you will maintain the subordination of the military to the civil power, and will accomplish the purification of the public service; and especially that the Government which we love will be free from the reproach or stain of sectional agitation or malice in any shape or form. Rejoicing in common with the masses of the American people upon this bright promise for the future of our country, we wish also to express to you personally the assurance of the general esteem and confidence which have summoned you to this high duty and aid you in its performance. Your fellow-citizens. JOHN W. STEVENSON,

"President of the Convention.

"Nicholas M. Bell, Secretary."

When the reading of the names of the committee-men also signed to the letter was finished, General Hancock turned to the delegates who were crowded into the parlor and about him in a compact group and said:

"*Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee:* I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the Democratic National Convention, lately assembled in Cincinnati, and I thank you for your courtesy in making known that honor to me. As soon as time permits me to give to the subject that careful attention belonging to it I shall prepare and shall send you a reply of a formal nature accepting the nomination tendered me by the Democratic party for the office of President of the United States." (Applause.)

Then General Hancock stepped forward and began shaking hands with the various members of the committee who were known to him, and receiving introductions to others. After a few minutes he retired into the front parlor, and many of the delegates sought the cool piazzas

at the front and rear of the house overlooking one the green and the other the Buttermilk Channel. Presently Senator Stockton asked for Mr. English, and that gentleman, who had been standing among the delegation, took the place recently occupied by General Hancock. General Stockton said to him:

"*Sir:* The Cincinnati Convention, with a unanimity unparalleled, decided upon its nominees, and appointed us as a committee to wait upon you at such time and place as would be most agreeable to you, and inform you in person and in writing of your nomination. We congratulate ourselves and the people on the opportunity of tendering to you the nomination to the office of Vice-President of the United States. The official announcement of your nomination will be read to you by the Secretary."

Mr. Bell then read the following letter:

"*New York,* July 13, 1880.

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH:

Dear Sir: By direction of the National Democratic Convention, which assembled at Cincinnati on June 22d last, it becomes our pleasant duty to notify you that you unanimously were nominated by that body for the office of Vice-President of the United States. Your large experience in the affairs of Government, your able discharge of the many trusts committed to your hands, your steadfast devotion to Democratic principles and the uprightness of your private character gave assurance to the Democracy that you are worthy and well qualified to perform the duties of that high position and commended you to them for the nomination which they conferred. While your personal qualities and your public services well merited this honor, the action of the Convention was no doubt designed not only to vindicate their appreciation of yourself, but as well to testify their profound respect for the Democracy of Indiana your native state, with whose manly struggles you have been so long identified and in whose glorious achievements you have shared. The Convention set forth its views upon the leading political issues which are now before the people in a series of resolutions, a copy of which we have the honor to present to you and to which your attention is respectfully requested. It is our earnest hope that these views may meet with your approbation, and that you will accept the nomination which is now tendered. With sentiments of high esteem, we are, respectfully yours,

"JOHN W. STEVENSON, *President of Convention,*

"NICHOLAS M. Bell, *Secretary.*"

This letter, like the letter to General Hancock, was accompanied by an engrossed copy of the platform of the Convention, arranged to fold with the letter into a red Russia case. Upon receiving the packet, Mr. English bowed and said:

"*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee:* As a practical business-man, not much accustomed to indirection of action or circumlocution of speech, I will say briefly and in a few words that I accept the high trust which you have tendered me, with feelings of profound gratitude, and that I will at an early date formally and in writing make the acceptance which I am informed is usual on such occasions. In doing this, I fully realize the great responsibility of the situation, the care, the turmoil, the anxiety, the misrepresentation, and the abuse which are certain to follow, and I understand thoroughly that all the resources and power of our political foes from all parts of the land will be concentrated against us in Indiana, my native State, where the first grand battle—and probably the most important of all—is to be fought. But there are great occasions where the discharge of high patriotic duties are to be considered above all personal considerations, and I shall not disregard the unanimous voice of the representatives of a majority of the American people, which you speak here to-day. (Applause.) I am profoundly grateful for the high honor which has been conferred upon me, and I have an abiding faith that with the favor of God and of the people we shall succeed in this conflict." (Applause.)

Half an hour had been consumed in thus performing the duties imposed upon the committee by the Convention. The committee-men and Mr. English bade adieu to General Hancock, and at 2.15 the steamboat Fletcher and the Kiley, the regular ferry boat, took them back to the city. Many of them went at once to Manhattan Beach.

NEARLY THREE MILLION SOLDIERS.

George Jacob Holyoke, a recent English traveler, refers in his subsequent letters to one hundred thousand office-holders, each having at least nine dependents to work to keep him where he is, a statement nearer the truth than most foreigners attain when writing about the United States—but a rough

text to arouse serious apprehension in many minds. And yet, how far inferior this large army of placemen and their adherents, is, when compared with the 2,678,967 Americans who fought to maintain the government between 1861 and 1865. Many of this multitude have been called to their long homes, but their survivors and their own posterity are still the real defenders of the Republic. I give the official figures in the statement which follows, and direct attention, not only to the fact that Pennsylvania put into the service, during our civil war, over 366,000 of her citizens, while New York contributed 467,047, to which the same rule may be applied, to those who survive, and to the posterity of those who have gone.

THE NUMBER FURNISHED BY EACH STATE AND TERRITORY DURING THE REBELLION,

A statement has been issued by the War Department giving the number of men furnished the Union Army by each State and Territory and the District of Columbia from April 15th, 1861, to the close of the war of the rebellion. It shows that the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, divided as follows:

Maine,	72,114
New Hampshire,	36,629
Vermont,	35,262
Massachusetts,	152,048
Rhode Island,	23,699
Connecticut,	57,379
New York,	467,047

New Jersey,	81,010
Pennsylvania,	366,107
Delaware,	13,670
Maryland,	50.316
West Virginia,	32,068
District of Columbia,	16,872
Ohio	319,659
Indiana,	197,147
Illinois,	259,147
Michigan,	89,372
Wisconsin,	96,424
Minnesota,	25,052
Iowa,	76,309
Missouri,	109,111
Kentucky,	79,025
Kansas,	20,151
Tennessee,	31,092
Arkansas,	8,289
North Carolina,	3,156
California,	15,725
Nevada,	1,080
Oregon,	1,810
Washington Territory,	964
Nebraska Territory,	3,157
Colorado Territory,	4,903
Dakota Territory,	206
New Mexico Territory,	6,561
Alabama,	2,576
Florida,	1,290
Louisiana,	8,224
Mississippi,	545
Texas,	1,965
Indian Nation,	35,030

Subjoined also is a statement showing how many regiments in Pennsylvania that fought under Hancock at Gettysburg, on the 3d of July, 1868.

SECOND ARMY CORPS.

MAJ. GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

After the death of Gen. Reynolds, Gen. Hancock was assigned to the command of all the troops on the field of battle, relieving Gen. Howard, who had succeeded Gen. Reynolds. Gen. Gibbon, of the Second Division, assumed command of the corps. These assignments terminated on the evening of July 1st. Similar changes in commanders occurred during the battle of the 2d, when Gen. Hancock was put in command of the Third Corps, in addition to that of his own.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN C. CALDWELL.

First Brigade.

(1) Col. E. E. Cross.
(2) Col. H. B. McKeen.
5th New Hampshire.
61st New York.
81st Pennsylvania.
148th Pennsylvania.

Second Brigade.

Col. Patrick Kelly.
28th Massachusetts.
63d New York.
69th New York.
88th New York.
116th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.

(1) Brig. Gen. S. K. Zook.
(2) Lieut. Col. John Fraser,
52d New York.
57th New York.
66th New York.
140th Pennsylvania.

Fourth Brigade.

Col. John R. Brooke.
27th Connecticut.
64th New York.
53d Pennsylvania.
145th Pennsylvania.
2d Delaware.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. ALEXANDER HAYS.

First Brigade.

Col. S. S. Carroll.
4th Ohio.
8th Ohio.
14th Indiana.
7th Virginia.

Second Brigade.

(1) Col. Thomas A. Smyth.
(2) Lieut. Col. F. E. Pierce.
14th Connecticut.
10th New York (battalion).
108th New York.
12th New Jersey.
1st Delaware.

Third Brigade.

(1) Col. G. S. Willard.
(2) Col. Eliakim Sherrill.
(3) Lieut. Col. James M. Bull.
39th New York.
111th New York.
125th New York.
126th New York.

Artillery Brigade.

Captain J. G. Hazard,
A, 1st Rhode Island.
B, 1st Rhode Island.
I, 1st United States.
A, 4th United States.

Cavalry Squadron.

Captain Riley Johnson.
D and K 6th New York.

Second Division.

(1) Brig. Gen. John Gibbon.
(2) Brig. Gen. Wm. Harrow.

First Brigade.

(1) Brig. Gen. Wm. Harrow.
(2) Col. Francis E. Heath.
19th Maine.
15th Massachusetts.
82d New York.
1st Minnesota.

Second Brigade.

Brig. Gen. A. S. Webb.
69th Pennsylvania.
71st Pennsylvania.
72d Pennsylvania.
106th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.

Col. N. J. Hall.
19th Massachusetts.
20th Massachusetts.
42d New York.
59th New York,
7th Michigan.

Unattached.

Andrew Sharpshooters.

Of all this enormous mass of the living, and of the children of the dead, there is not one who does not take an interest in the pending struggle for the Presidency, and who, whatever political party he belongs to, will not weigh with more or less consideration the arguments addressed to his reason and his prejudice—a far more efficient grand jury than the placemen and their dependents, because much more disinterested.

The question above all others that concerns the soldier, after his own sense of honor and his unforgetting love of his associates, is that which relates to peace between the sections. A good soldier does not cease to be a citizen when the war is over. He rather remembers his early politics, regardless only of local prejudices, and cherishing with more fervor the broader views implanted by his travels and his perils. Of these more than two millions and a half, many of those who were Democrats became Republicans before the civil was was over, and those who entered as Republicans became tolerant, not only of those who differed from them them in their own army, but of those who were forced into the other or Southern army. Hence these classes recoil; first, from the visible attempt of the present Republican politicians to renew strife between the Sections; second, to put a brand uponGeneral Hancock because he is a Democrat; and lastly, to suppose that every Republican soldier is bound to vote to keep the Republican politicians in office, who never had any higher motive for public service than that of putting public money into their pockets.

MILITARY RECORD OF GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

Cadet of the U. S. Military Academy from July 1, 1840, to July 1, 1844, when he was graduated and promoted to the army to Brev. Second Lieutenant, 6th Infantry, July 1, 1844.

Served on frontier duty at Fort Towson, I. T., 1844–45; and at Fort

Wachita, I. T., 1845–47; on recruiting service, 1847; in the war with Mexico

(Second Lieutenant of Sixth Infantry, June 18, 1846,)

1847–48, being engaged in the defense of Convoy at the National Bridge, August 12, 1847,—skirmish at Plan del Rio, August 15, 1847,—capture of San Antonio, August 20, 1847,—battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847, —battle of

(Bvt. First Lieutenant, August 20, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico,)

Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, and assault and capture of the City of Mexico, September 13–14, 1847; in garrison at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, 1848; as Quartermaster, Sixth Infantry, June 30, 1848, to October 1, 1849, and Adjutant, October 1, 1849, to November 7, 1855; at regimental headquarters at Fort Crawford, Iowa, 1848-1849,—St. Louis, Missouri, 1849-51, and Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, 1851-52

(First Lieutenant Sixth Infantry, January 27, 1853, to June 5, 1860,)

1852–55; as Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of the West, headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, June 19 to November 27, 1855; and on Quartermaster duty at

(Captain Staff—Assistant Quartermaster, November 7, 1855,)

Fort Myers, Florida, 1856–57, during hostilities against the Seminole Indians; Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with troops quelling Kansas disturbances, August 1, to December 31, 1857, and at Depot, January 1, to March 31, 1858; at headquarters of Utah reinforcements, May 15, to July 15, 1858; on march with Sixth Infantry from Fort Bridger, Utah, to California, August 13, to November 15, 1858, and Chief Quartermaster of Southern District of California, at Los Angelos, May 5, 1859, to August 3, 1861.

Served during the Rebellion of the seceding States, 1861–66, in the defenses of Washington, D. C., September, 1861,—March, 1862, in the Virginia Peninsula

(Brigadier General U. S. Volunteers, September 23, 1861,)

campaign (Army of the Potomac) March,—August, 1862, being engaged in the siege of Yorktown, April 5 to May 4, 1862,—battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862,—battle of Chickahominy, June 27, 1862, action of Golding's Farm, June 28, 1862,—battle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862,—battle of White Oak Swamp, June 30, 1862,—and retreat to Harrison's Landing, July 1,-4, 1862; on the movement to Centreville, Virginia, August,-September, 1862; in the Maryland campaign (Army of the Potomac), September,-November, 1862, being engaged in the battle of Crampton's Pass, South Mountain, September 14, 1862,—reconnoisance from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, Virginia, October 10-11, 1862,—and march to Falmouth, Virginia, October-November, 1862; in the Rappahannock

(Major General U. S. Volunteers, Nov. 29, 1862, to July 26, 1866,)

campaign (Army of the Potomac), December, 1862,-June, 1863, being engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862,—and battle of Chancellorsville, May 2-4, 1863; in the Pennsylvania campaign, June-July, 1863, in command of Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac, being engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, where he was severely wounded in the repulse of Longstreet's attack upon our left centre, which he at the time commanded.

On sick leave of absence, disabled by wound, July 4,-December 27, 1863;

(Major Staff Quartermaster, U. S. Army, Nov. 30, 1863,)

in command of, and recruiting Second Army Corps, January-March 1864; in the Richmond campaign, commanding Second Corps of Army of the Potomac, being engaged in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5-6, 1864,—Battles of Spottsylvania, May 9-20, 1864,—Battle of North Anna, May 23-24, 1864,—Battle of Tolopotomy, May 29-31, 1864,—Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, and operations in its vicinity, June 3-12, 1864,—march to James River, June 12-15, 1864,—and Battle before Petersburg, June 16-18, 1864; on sick leave of absence on account of breaking out of Gettysburg wound, June 19-27, 1864; in

operations about Petersburg, in command of Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, being engaged in the battles of Deep Bottom (in command), July 27–29, and

(Brigadier General, U. S. Army, August 12, 1864,)

August 15–20, 1864,—Battle of Ream's Station (in command), August 25, 1864,—Battle of Boydton Plank Road (in command), October 27, 1864,—and siege of Petersburg, June 15-November 26, 1864; at Washington, D. C., organizing the First Army Corps of Veterans, November 27, 1864, to February 27, 1865; in command of Department of West Virginia, and temporarily of the Middle Military Division and Army of the Shenandoah, February 27 to July 18, 1865;

(Bvt. Major General, U. S. Army, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services at the Battle of Spottsylvania, Virginia,)

of the Middle Department, July 18, 1865, to August 10, 1866;

(Major General U. S. Army, July 26, 1866,)

on Board for retiring disabled officers, at Philadelphia, Pa., November 27, 1865 to August 30, 1866, and on Board to make recommendations in regard to ordnance, January 30 to June 4, 1866; in command of the Department of Missouri, August 20, 1866, to September 12, 1867, being engaged on expedition against the Indians of the plains; in command of the Fifth Military District, November 29, 1867, to March 16, 1868,—of the Division of the Atlantic, March 31, 1868, to March 5, 1869,—of the Department of Dakota, May 17, 1869, to December 3, 1872,—of the Division of the Atlantic, headquarters New York City, December 16, 1872, and of the Department of the East, December 16, 1872, to October 29, 1873, and November 8, 1877; Member of the Court of Inquiry in the case of General Dyer, November 9, 1868, to May 15, 1869,—and of Board to examine officers unfit for the proper discharge of their duties, etc., October 17, 1870, to June 3, 1871.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

FROM the earliest days of civilization, woman has figured prominently in society and government. The records of female influence in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, are simply delightful. And while this sort of literature is universally sought from many motives, the women most conspicuous in history are those that are renowned for virtue as well as beauty, though there are thousands of instances proving the last more potent than the first.

Modern experience discloses a severer state of female morality in foreign governments. Queen Victoria, ex-Empress Eugenie, the beautiful Queen of Italy, the new Queen of Spain, the wife of the President of France (Madame Grevy), the *equestrienne* Queen of Austria, the venerable Empress of Germany, and the Crown Princess, the daughter of Victoria—are types of a better era and a higher culture.

When we turn to our own country, nothing is more creditable to republican institutions than the ladies of our early and recent Chief Magistrates. From Colonial days, from Mrs. Martha Washington, from the brilliant entertainment in Washington's camp, near Middlebrook, in celebration of the anniversary of the American alliance with France, and the subscription balls in Philadelphia, down to her last appearance, when she retired to private life, she was accustomed to speak of her public days in New York and Philadelphia as her "lost days," preferring home comfort and seclusion to the dazzle and dress of public life.

Strange to say, the wife of John Hancock, the great Boston patriot, who was noted for his genial home, open house, and sumptuous table, was a woman almost as full of energy as her husband, and an amusing story is told of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Hancock, who were very intimate friends. Mrs. Washington would say to Mrs. Hancock: "There is a difference in our stations; your husband is in the cabinet, but mine is on the battle-field." As showing the habits of those days, so different from our own, and forming such a contrast to the plain dignity and quiet elegance of General Hancock and his family at Governor's Island, it is related that the first Mrs. Hancock's wedding fan was from Paris, made of white kid, painted with appropriate designs. Fan-mounting was then done in this country by ladies. The

christening suit of her baby came from England, and was of embroidered linen, and stomacher of muslin and brocaded lace.

After John Hancock's death, she was one of the wonders of the age, and as his widow was visited, until the close of her life, by distinguished persons from foreign countries, as well as her own.

An amusing incident is told of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. As the Governor, Hancock, was one day driving out with his wife, he met Sam. Adams walking, with the Sheriff beside him. Hancock asked, "Why, what is the matter?" Adams replied, "I am going to jail, as I cannot satisfy the demands of my creditors." The Governor settled the demands and bade the Sheriff leave his prisoner. Many a time was his purse opened for Sam. Adams' benefit under similar circumstances, and many a time did he help the poor and the needy.

The Boston Mrs. Hancock was acknowledged to possess rare beauty, a courtly manner, a high-toned spirit, fine powers of conversation, dressed with care and very dignified. She was one of the Quincys.

But notwithstanding the hyper-criticisms of the Mawworms of the day, the fact is growing clearer that the American women are becoming more interested in public affairs every day; and it is pleasant to be reminded, that the wives of the two chief candidates for President for 1880 are espe-

cially cultivated and sensible. The modern newspaper reporter has become a sort of Christopher Columbus, ever looking for new characters, as the world-seeking Genoese sought for new worlds. Nothing escapes these ubiquitous inquirers. Presidential aspirants are examined with as merciless a severity as if they were candidates for pope, while all their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts, and notably their wives, are subjected to a similar inventory. It was not so in the olden time, save as to the men. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant, were very thoroughly overhauled, privately and publicly; but the ladies of the White House, with two or three exceptions, have, as a rule, passed the ordeal of public life tranquilly and easily.

Strickland's "Queens of England" is rather the polished adulation of a courtier; but in this country, the writer who undertakes to characterize the wives of the Presidents has little material to work upon; and generally little pay.

The best book on the Presidents' wives is that of Mrs. Laura Carter Holloway, published in 1870; and to that, with other materials at my command, I refer for a running commentary upon the twenty-six or twenty-seven gentlewomen who have periodically played in the four or eight years drama, and sometimes for a shorter interval, in what the foreigner has amusingly called "the presidential palace of the republicans."

Having known most of the ladies, and many of their associates, who have figured in and flitted out of the White House since 1840, a brief reference to the long procession since Mrs. Martha Washington, in 1789, by way of introduction to the accomplished woman who will, I believe, succeed Mrs. Hayes on the 4th of March, 1881, will be a pleasing exception to the heavier parts of this volume. Women in society are a later growth than women in political power, just as kings and queens are older than the best of our inventions and discoveries in science and in art. And when we remember that even Shakespeare's plays were for many years enacted by boys, we may, perhaps, make some allowance for the accomplished woman, who, in a recent popular magazine, takes up the cudgels against her sex, and, at least to her own satisfaction, proves that all the great things in our civilization have been produced by men, and that the best and most distinguished women of the present day are simply the proofs and products of a superior masculine system. We can not look for such high culture, and inbred greatness, in the wives of our American chief magistrates as are found scattered through the royal houses of the Old World, and for an obvious reason. Our Presidents do not inherit their titles, and their places. They are never trained for high offices. In the average, the chief magistrate is an accident; there is no incident of a cradled ruler,

or an embryo executive, in this country; whereas, elsewhere the nurse of the infant frequently knows that infant may or must become a future king or queen; and all the curled darlings of the courts grow up in the reasonable certainty that their lot is not the lot of other people; but that other people are reared with equal or more certainty of being "hewers of wood, and drawers of water." And as with our Presidents, so with our Presidents' wives.

First, Miss Martha Dandridge, then the widow Mrs. Custis, and last Mrs. Martha Washington, was extremely plain in her dress, quite domestic, wore clothes woven by her own servants, and her husband, the General, appeared at his inauguration, in 1789, in a suit of fine cloth, the handiwork of his own household.

Her first husband was rich, her second richer; and in early life she was regarded as remarkably handsome. She had her own trials, as the wife of the great President; and once passing through Philadelphia, was insulted, by the ladies there, for some reason, who declined extending her any civilities. She was a thorough housekeeper, and on one occasion, as the best proof of her skill in domestic manufactures, two of her dresses, worn at receptions, were composed of cotton striped with silk, and entirely home-made. She had no children by Washington, but two by her first husband. Her levees, held at No. 3 Franklin Square, New

York, were numerously attended. Her levees in Philadelphia were held in Market street between Fifth and Sixth, on the south side, in a house rented from Robert Morris, who had furnished it handsomely, but not gorgeously. Washington died on the 14th of December, 1799; and on the 31st, Mrs. Martha Washington answered the resolutions of condolence passed by the Congress of the United States in a grateful letter. She died in the spring of 1801, in the seventy-first year of her age.

Mrs. Washington had been a very handsome woman, when she married Colonel Washington, and in the admirable picture of her by Woolston, painted about the same time, we see something of that pleasing grace which is said to have been her distinction. Born of a good family and heiress of a liberal fortune, Martha Dandridge had troops of suitors before her first marriage, at seventeen, and when a few years after, as the richest and handsomest widow in Virginia, Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis attracted the tender regard of the young soldier of Mount Vernon, there was, of course, abundant competition; but only the brave deserve the fair, and in this case only the bravest could win the fairest. "Like her illustrious husband," we learn from the journals of the day, "she was clothed in the manufactures of our own country in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to advantage." She came to Philadelphia from Gray's Ferry; Mrs. Robert Morris occupied

a seat beside Mrs. Washington, who was to be her guest, resigning her own carriage to young Custis, and at about two o'clock the procession entered High street, near her residence, greeted by the ringing of bells, the discharge of thirteen guns from the park of artillery under Captain Fisher, and the cheering shouts of an immense concourse of joyous people. Here Mrs. Washington, taking leave of her escort, thanked the troops and citizens in the most gracious manner for their polite attention.

Though Mrs. Washington is said by some people who have written descriptions or memoirs of her, to have been a very notable housewife, it does not appear from any correspondence or other documents which have fallen under my observation, that she ever did much to relieve the General of the trouble of household affairs. They evidently lived together on very excellent terms, though she sometimes was disposed to quarrel with him about her grand-children, who, he insisted, should be under thorough disciplinarians as well as competent teachers when they were sent from home to be educated.

The higher domestic life of that period, as revealed in all we know of its refinement and elegance, its dignified courtesy and inflexible morality, can be contemplated with only a respectful admiration. It was in keeping with the frankness and sincerity of ascendant politics.

Women unhesitatingly evinced their sympathies with whatever was generous and honorable in public conduct, but rarely if ever in forgetfulness of the requirements of feminine propriety. Though patriotic they were content to be women still, and were anxious for the distinction of delicacy and grace. They perceived that it was their nobility not to be men, but to be women worthy of men. In possession of every right with which they were endowed by nature, they had no desire to exercise men's prerogatives. There were indeed some shameless females, not unwilling to exhibit mortification at having been created of a sex whose finer attributes were beyond their emulation, and all the poor stuff which this class now displays in periodical offences against decency, was spoken and written till it grew too stale even for derision; but these creatures were not in society; they were regarded only as curious monsters. Such wives as those of Washington, Adams, Jay, Wolcott, Bradford, and King, had no desire, as Montaigne expresses it, "to cover their beauties under others that were none of theirs."

A very different person was Mrs. John Adams, the wife of the second President of the United States, one of the class whom her grandson, Charles Francis Adams, said, "were more remarkable for their letter-writing propensities than the novel-reading and more pretending daughters of this era." She was Abigail Smith, married to

John Adams when she was twenty years old, in 1764, and in 1775 was at her home charged with the sole care of her little brood of children; frugal, kind, working with her own hands, often at the spinning-wheel, and learning French as if in expectation of her destiny. She was a New England fighting woman, for when the Revolution came on, she wrote of the English: "Let us separate, they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them, and instead of suplications, as formerly for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to b lsat their counsels and bring to naught all their devices." She was the first representative of her sex from the United States at the court of Great Britain with her husband, John Adams. She saw George IV and the Queen, and soon became a notoriety by her frank and peculiar manners. Afterwards, as the wife of the second President, she opened the first New Year's reception in the White House in 1801, and her description of Washington City in 1800 is very amusing; she wrote: "You cannot see wood for trees. Congress comes in but to shiver, shiver, shiver. No woodcutters or carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania wagoner to bring us through in the treasury office—a cord and a half of wood, which is all we have in this house where twelve fires are constantly required, where we are told the roads will soon be so bad it cannot be drawn." Her health was too poor to entertain

much, and so she returned to Quincy after being mistress of the White House for less than half a year. She died on the 18th of October, 1818, seventy-four years old.

Mrs. Adams was one of the remarkable characters of her age. She was not without tenderness and womanly grace, but her distinction was a masculine understanding, energy, and decision, fitting her for the bravest or most delicate parts in affairs, and in an eminent degree for that domestic relation continued harmonious through so many changeful years, herself unchanged always, and making her own life a portion of her husband's in a manner that illustrates the noblest ideas we have of marriage.

The third President of the United States was a widower, Mrs. Jefferson, the wife of the author of the Declaration of Independence, having died nineteen years before his election. She was a widow, Mrs. Skelton, at the time of their marriage, 1772. Jefferson was a true Democrat. He held no formal receptions, and his daughters were only with him twice during his eight years Presidency at Washington.

Mr. Jefferson, after a very pleasant passage, arrived at Norfolk, from France, on the 23d of November, 1789, and in 1801 he was elected President after filling other high and important offices. His wife had been dead many years, but his two daughters, whom he had educated very carefully

in their native country and in Europe, were now grown to womanhood, and the eldest of them had been waiting his return to be married to Mr. Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe, whom he describes as "a young gentleman of genius, science, and honorable mind, who afterwards filled a dignified station in the general government, and the most dignified in his own state." On the 1st of March, he left home for the seat of government, to assume his duties as Secretary of State.

The fourth President of the United States, James Madison, also married a widow, Mrs. Todd, who became the famous Dolly Payne Madison. Her courtly manners and personal charms made her a universal favorite. In her thirty-seventh year she entered the White House, having dispensed the hospitalities of her husband's house while he was Secretary of State for eight years, making everybody happy with her bright and cheerful manners. Her chief trait was her table, which was so plenteous that it was more like a harvest home supper than the entertainment of a Secretary of State, which she answered by saying that "she thought abundance preferable to elegance, that circumstances formed customs and customs formed tastes, and as profusion was repugnant to foreign customs, from the circumstances of the superabundance of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant but more liberal fashion of

Virginia." But she did not stay long in the White House. The second war with Great Britain came on, the British burned that and the Capitol, and the President and his household had to fly. When in Paris, I heard Dr. Evans describe the troubles of the fugitive Queen Eugenie as she fled from Paris after the fall of Sedan, I thought of the suffering of Mrs. Madison when the British drove her from Washington after destroying the President's house. She had to fly in disguise and in the most dreadful storm of the period, sought in vain for a place wherein to rest her head. After the retirement of the English, the President rented the house owned by Col. Tayloe, which I distinctly remember, on the corner of New York Avenue and 18th Street, Washington City. At her last New Year's reception, the President was dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture made of the wool of Merinos raised in the United States. She was not a learned woman but had great natural talents. In 1817 President Madison's term expired. She lived to a great age, dying on the 12th of July, 1849, at her residence in Washington City, southeast corner of Eighth St. and Madison Place.

The next lady of the White House was Mrs. James Monroe. She married Senator Monroe in 1789 and came to Philadelphia with her husband to take his seat in the Senate of the United States. He was afterwards appointed American Minister to France, where they remained five years, a fact

enabling her to enjoy society and study French character. She was tall and gracefully formed, polished and elegant, and as the wife of a Virginia senator, independent by her fortune, surrounded by luxury and prosperity. While she was abroad, La Fayette was captured by the Austrians and thrown into a Prussian dungeon at Wesel on the Rhine, where he was terribly treated. Mrs. Monroe took a deep interest in the illustrious prisoner, and resolved to secure an interview between the General and his wife, who had herself been condemned to death. La Fayette was released from prison at the end of five years, and his wife at the end of twenty-two months. In 1817 President Monroe, after his election, removed to the White House where he and his wife continued to reside during his eight years term. They had brought with them certain foreign customs and manners, and their levees were quite distinguished, although very democratic. Foreigners spoke of the cordiality of the President and his wife. After he retired from office, President Monroe was engaged with the other two ex-presidents, Jefferson and Madison, in establishing the University of Virginia, and Mrs. Monroe was never so happy as when entertaining the throng of visitors who delighted to do honor to the three ex-presidents of the United States, the sons of the old Commonwealth of Virginia, as they met together under her roof. She died suddenly in 1830, at an advanced age.

Mrs. Louisa Catherine Adams, wife of John Quincy Adams, was the sixth lady of the White House, and with her closed the list of the official women of the American Revolution. She was born in the city of London, February 11th, 1775, her father, Mr. Johnson of Maryland, then living in England. Like her husband's mother, she was what might be called a public woman from her marriage, and this will account for their uncommon posterity. John Quincy Adams first saw her in her father's house, in 1794. On the 26th of July, 1797, they were married at the church of All Hallows. In 1801, after the birth of her first child, she embarked with her husband on his return to the United States, having settled in Boston, where she determined to live, but her husband was elected United States Senator, and she removed with him to Washington, then a primitive and ill-conditioned place. Her husband, John Quincy Adams, was sent out as Minister to Russia, and she accompanied him, remaining six years in St. Petersburg, where they lived frugally and made the basis of a very comfortable competency in America.

The second war between England and America broke out while Mr. Adams was in Russia, and the Emperor prepared the way for the return of John Quincy Adams and his wife, by offering to mediate between the two countries. The commissioners were royally entertained at St. Petersburg,

much to the delight of Mrs. Adams, who then saw high society at its best. John Quincy Adams was elected President of the United States, after filling various high cabinet positions, in 1824, and was inaugurated March 4th, 1825, with considerable ceremony, Mrs. Adams giving up the comforts of a home for the thankless trials of a lady of the White House, where she remained four years, returning to Quincy to be recalled to Washington by the election of her husband as member of the House of Representatives shortly after. He held his seat in the House for fifteen years. His wife remained with him all the time down to his death on February 21st, 1848, when she, like Mrs. Washington, answered the resolutions of Congress in a letter of excellent taste. She died on the 14th of May, 1852, about seventy-seven years of age. There were four children, three sons and a daughter, the only survivor, I believe, being Charles Francis Adams, now living near Boston, in his seventy-fourth year.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson was never in the White House, having died in three months before his inauguration as the seventh President of the United States. A stormy life, the wife of another man, and hardly divorced when General Jackson paid attention to her, she passed away on the 23d of December, 1828, leaving the future mistress of the White House, Rachel Donelson, who afterwards married the adopted son of Andrew Jackson, a

black-haired, sprightly, pretty child of twelve years at that time. Of Mrs. Jackson, herself, it need only be said she was a plain woman, not beautiful. Terror-stricken at the idea of going into the White House, she purchased all the clothing and household articles both for herself and her servants' use, and was defended by old Hickory, with a knightly gallantry all his own. There were two ladies of the White House, during General Jackson's term of eight years, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Donelson, who presided at the receptions and who died young, of consumption, and Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., the wife of President Jackson's foster son, who was the second mistress of the Presidential Mansion. This lady was the daughter of Peter York of Philadelphia, whose grandfather, Judge York, held an appointment under the crown of Great Britain prior to the Revolution. While she was presiding at the White House in Washington, General Jackson said to a deputation from the Keystone State, "Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you, for I am much indebted to Pennsylvania. She has given me a daughter who is a great comfort to her father." She lived at the Hermitage after the death of General Jackson and Mrs. Donelson for many years, and was an excellent woman. She died shortly after our unhappy civil war,

Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the United States, lost his wife in 1819, seventeen years before his election to the Presidency. The

mistress of the White House was Mrs. Abraham Van Buren, who married Colonel Van Buren, President Van Buren's oldest son, in 1838. She was a South Carolina lady, irresistibly beautiful in form and deportment. She and her husband remained abroad for some years in the family of Andrew Stevenson, her uncle, then United States Minister to England. They remained with the President during the last year or two of his term of office, and then lived with him at Lindenwald, after his retirement until death.

Anna Semmes, the wife of the ninth President of the United States, Mrs. William Henry Harrison, was born the famous year of American Independence, near Morristown, N. J. She became the wife of Captain Harrison in 1795. She never saw the White House, detained at her husband's home by her own illness, where she heard of his death on the 4th of April, 1841. She remained at her old home, where the happiest years of her life had been spent, until 1855, when she removed to the residence of her only surviving son, the Hon. A. Scott Harrison, five miles below North Bend, Indiana, dying on the 25th of February, 1864, in the eighty-ninth year of age.

Now we reach John Tyler, who became the tenth President of the United States by the death of General Harrison. His first wife was the daughter of Robert Christian of Virginia. She died on the 19th of September, 1842. The President mar-

ried again Miss Julia Gardner on the 26th of June, 1844, at the Church of the Ascension, New York City. For a period of eight months this beautiful lady did the honors of the Executive Mansion with success. I think she is still alive.

Mrs. James K. Polk, daughter of Captain Joel and Elizabeth Childress, was born near Murfresboro, Tennessee, on the 4th of September, 1804, and is still living at Nashville, in the beautiful home of her husband. I know this estimable lady well. More than once I attended her receptions. A stately, attractive, exceedingly well balanced and well preserved Southern woman, she was also a Christian and a patriot down to, and after her husband's death. Her hair was very black, her dark eye and complexion reminded me of the Spanish type of beauty. While Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State, I had many opportunities of seeing this excellent woman, and during the Centennial year had quite an agreeable correspondence with her, when I invited her to become my guest, but she was compelled to decline.

Mrs. Zachary Taylor was another of the ladies who never presided at or managed the White House. Her plain, heroic and unpretending husband was elected President of the United States in 1848, she having bitterly opposed his candidacy. When it was understood that she would not assume the responsibility of going to Washington as its presiding divinity, her daughter, Elizabeth Taylor,

twenty-two years of age, was announced as her mother's substitute. When she took possession, she had just been married to Major Bliss of the regular army. She was educated in Philadelphia. The inauguration of "old Rough and Ready" was one of the most brilliant ever seen in Washington, the Whigs having mounted into power after a long absence from office. Her mother, Mrs. Taylor, was never visible in the reception rooms. She received her visitors in her private apartments, and so escaped observation. The political revolution made the receptions of Mrs. Bliss very attractive, and the old hero President surprised his friends by his courtliness and dignity. But this administration only lasted a year, for on the 9th of July, 1850, he was overheated at a celebration and died, in the sixty-third year of his age. Thus terminated the public career of Mrs. Bliss. Mrs. Taylor survived until August 22, 1850, and Major Bliss soon followed, leaving his wife without children, to become the wife of another husband, under whose name her historic connection passed away.

Mrs. Millard Fillmore, wife of the new President, the former Vice-president, was born in 1798, and made a most acceptable mistress of the Presidential mansion, dying at Willard's Hotel, Washington City, on the 30th of March, 1853, a few weeks after the termination of her husband's administration. During her illness the lady of the

White House was the only daughter of President Fillmore, Miss Abigail Fillmore, and she died on the 28th of July, 1854.

Mrs. Franklin Pierce, the wife of the next President of the United States, was Jane Means Appleton, of Hampton, New Hampshire, born March 12th, 1806. She was married to Franklin Pierce at the age of twenty-eight, in 1834, and was an amiable person, whose husband was one of the truest men and altogether the most perfect official person I ever knew. She was in ill health when he was elected President, in 1852, and had been the mother of three children. While going to Washington, on the 5th of January, 1853, with her husband, the President-elect, and her only boy, an accident occurred on the Boston and Maine Railroad, throwing the cars down a steep embankment, in which their bright little son lost his life. Thus she began her experience in the White House under a cloud, which seemed to rest upon her for four years. She would appear at some of the receptions and state dinners, but preferred retirement. She remained in Washington until the termination of her husband's administration, when she made the European tour with him. She survived till the 2d of September, 1863, and died at Andover, Mass.

Now I come to a lady, still living in Baltimore, of whom it may be said that no one ever filled the position at the head of a great establishment with

more delicacy, dignity, and refinement. I mean Harriet Lane, the niece of James Buchanan, the succeeding President of the United States, now Harriet Lane Johnson. Having differed from her uncle early in his administration, after having given the best years of my life to make him President, and never having but once crossed his threshold during his administration, I am glad to say that the recollection of her many excellent traits and sweet courtesy, and the fragrant memory of her dear sister, Mary, her brother Eskdridge, and all her kindred, including her father and her Uncle Lane, is one of the memories I love to dwell upon. She accompanied Mr. Buchanan abroad as Minister to England, and was the lady of the White House during four years, from 1857 to 1861. She now temporarily resides, during the summer, at Wheatland or at Bedford, and is the mother of several children, comforted, says her biographer, in the great work of training up her boy to be worthy of the name of James Buchanan Johnston.

Of Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of the murdered President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, I do not allow myself to write at length. Her life was so eventful, and so full of trials, and at the last so saddened by the terrible tragedy of our age, that I cannot lift the curtain to revive the memories of the great civil war, with which Mr. Lincoln's administration opened, and with which it closed. One incident I may mention: After his

assassination, she remained behind in the White House (while President Johnson occupied other quarters), with her little son, Thaddeus or "Tad," as he was more frequently called. My dear friend, Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, still living, had sent me a check for ten thousand dollars to administer to her immediate wants, as a genuine evidence of his kind and thoughtful nature. She was in her bed-room when I asked to be admitted, to hand her this welcome contribution, and the poor little boy, since called to his home, a curious, quaint child and witty and winning, crawled into my arms and pointed the way to his mother. The double agony, the wild animal-like grief of the elfin child, the deep horror of the stricken mother, with the fresh memory of the murdered father, made up altogether such a scene as can neither be described nor forgotten. Mrs. Lincoln is still living, having only one child left, her accomplished and gifted son, Robert T. Lincoln, a member of the Cook County Bar in the City of Chicago.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson, like Mrs. Zachary Taylor, and very like Mrs. Franklin Pierce and Mrs. Fillmore, recalling also the early death of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, came to Washington with her husband, but was rarely seen. She never appeared in society at Washington. Her very existence was almost a myth. She was last seen at a party given to her grand-children: she was seated in one

of the reception court-chairs of satin and ebony. She did not rise when the children and her guests were presented to her, but simply said: "I am an invalid, my dears." Her two daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, attended to the duties of hostess of the White House, the last succeeding the first. When Mrs. Senator Patterson found herself the first lady in the land, she made the remark, which at the time struck me to the heart: "We are plain people from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust too much will not be expected of us." And when poor Anna Surratt threw herself prostrate on the floor of the White House begging to see Mrs. Patterson, she said, "Tell the girl she has my sympathy and my tears, but I have no more right to speak than the servants of the White House." It must not be forgotten, that when Mrs. Surratt was executed, that act was demanded by the ravenous cry of a great party, if not a great people, and the most resolute in yielding to the popular wish was the President.

No lady ever followed a chief magistracy into the White House more surrounded with temptations and more envied than Mrs. Grant, Miss Dent when she married the young lieutenant, Ulysses S. Grant, and none I am sure ever passed over its portals with the good opinion of more people, and with the fine consolation that she had done her best to help ease her husband's labors,

and to contribute to the happiness of others. Among the most pleasant souvenirs of the Presidential Mansion, from 1869 to 1876, were the evenings I was permitted to spend with the father of Mrs. Grant, the venerable Mr. Dent. He lived in his son-in-law's family during several of the years of his administration, and was present at the public and private dinners. The frank and fearless and amusing utterances of the old gentleman were so indulgently listened to by his daughter and by the President, and were generally so original as to leave a deep impression. More than once when I met him in the presence of the Chief Magistrate, Ulysses S. Grant, he would say, "Well, I was always a Democrat; I was in favor of putting down the Rebellion, but I never had any confidence in these modern Republicans, and I do not believe that you can forget the old Democratic party, neither you nor Ulysses," pointing at him. Nobody ever lost his temper, nobody attempted to stop the fine old man, and there was such an air of independence about him that I do not know whether I liked most the way in which he talked himself, or the affectionate manner in which Mrs. Grant and the General listened to him.

Of Mrs. Hayes, the present lady of the White House, I can only say that judged by public information she is the model priestess of a new system. For the first time in the history of the

Government, the principles of Father Matthew have been sanctified into a custom in the mansion of the President of the United States. This itself, if not an act of high courtesy, is certainly an achievement of rare courage.

All our Presidents, from Washington down, liked a glass of wine. Washington affected Madeira; Jefferson the thin wine of France; Monroe and Madison were the Virginia statesmen of the old school, not averse to a little apple toddy; John Quincy Adams had a quarrel and a bitter quarrel, as he tells us in his memoirs, with a certain politician, whom he had to tell that he did not know anything about the celebrated vintage called Tokay. Andrew Jackson dearly loved his gin-sling. Franklin Pierce was a most graceful host at his own or at any other table I ever knew. John Tyler liked his cock-tail. James Buchanan was a connoisseur of old rye and good Madeira. Abraham Lincoln was a natural Temperance man, not so much because he made it a form, as because, perhaps, he had found "to what base uses men will come" who abuse the berry. Andrew Johnson was sometimes over fond of an extra dram. Grant never denied his army education, and was true to the last to his colors alike of society and of war, while I must say that even Mr. Hayes, pure as the water he prefers, and abstemious according to the new dispensation at Washington, did take a glass of champagne wine with me at the Union

League several years ago, before he entered into the presidency.

After this long list of ladies of the White House, so many of them Southern women, I reprint what, when I said it, was roundly denounced, by a clergyman, last Decoration Day, May 29, 1880, who had not yet learned to forget and forgive:—

"To chronicle the good done for the cause of the Union by the women of America would be like chronicling the stars. As well call from their dusty graves, by name, the million of Union and Confederate dead, known and unkown, that now sleep between the lakes of the North and the gulf of the South. We stand appalled before the living! Why ask the censor? Why vex ourselves about the dead? But here, in this sweet sanctuary, as I talk to the survivors, vainly hoping that the dull, cold ears of your dead comrades may hear my voice, may I not say something to you about the women of the South? They, too, have had their dead. Alas! they had a longer catalogue of agony than our women. Do we ever think of their dead hopes, their perished pleasures, their destroyed homes, their revolutionized customs? I constantly put myself in their place, and I am often moved to inexpressible grief as I think of them. The Southern women are our sisters; but they are different from our Northern sisters. Among their peculiarities is their sensitiveness to our sympathy. They recoil from pity, they scorn consolation, they hug their dead to their hearts, and seem envious if others attempt to share their sorrows. A Northern woman is rarely a politician, while the most delicate of the gentler sex of the South imbibe their politics with all their teachings, and often dim their beauty in the angry impulse of the moment. And yet I speak whereof I know, there is no malignity in the heart of a true Southern woman. She is full of the theories of her father and brother, but she is not insensible to the gentle ministrations of her Northern daughters. During the war we heard much of the ferocity of the Southern ladies, and doubtless many were deeply wounded by its necessary rigors; but now holier impulses

are producing a natural harvest. The unruffled courtesy of the best women of the North, the wider dissemination of the best culture, the wonderful improvement of the Southern newspapers, the rapid spread of a higher female education, the astounding growth of Southern railroads, and the unseen forces of example, like the magical processes of a restless assimulation, are gradually moulding, not only the women, but the men of the South, iuto a better condition of life.

"But if these ministrations were not within themselves so potent, there is the ennobling example of the men who survive to tell of the battles they fought in the opposing armies. The proud disdain of partison politics by the true soldier is a spectacle fit for the gods. The noisy, like the mousing partisan, is always a trader for office or was a very poor fighting man. Bravery is twinned with modesty always, as silence is the best badge of the soldier. The proud warrior like Grant or Lee, like Sheridan or Joe Johnston, talks with his sword, and shuns the loud declaimer as he does the drunken bully. These are your genuine missionaries.

And what makes these gallant missionaries so effective among the women, North and South, is their presence at the memorial days in both sections. It is the province of the brave and fair to honor real grief over the monuments of their loving dead. Hate dies before the tomb; the flowers of forgiveness bloom on the sepulchre. Even love has been consecrated as men and women shed mutual tears over the dear departed. Over all shines the supreme star that, in a reunited country, you cannot maintain a divided people. There is an omnipresence in this age that defeats alienation. The nations are coming together; continents are neighbored by steam and electricity. Distance is annihilated, and men and women speak across the ocean, make love by the telephone, and marry by photograph. How then to keep the North and South separate? It can no more be done with the living than it can be done with the dead. The hearts of the first will throb in unison as surely as the ashes of the last mingle together.

When brave men to battle go,
They fight as foe fights foe,

And then forget the blow.
Sometimes, indeed, the girls
Refuse to follow; the proud lip curls,
And the sweet voice bitter accents hurls;
But it will happen, in this earnest life,
Even in the trials of our civil strife,
Where sisters quarrel, and where the Southern wife
Is sometimes ready to employ the knife
Against her foe; that there is a rest,
A pause, when the wild bosom heaves,
Takes counsel, and the hurt heart grieves
Over quick temper; and this relieves
The surcharged spirit, like leaves
That fall, the ripest fruit to show,
To feed the hungry multitude below.
Sometimes their too fiery anger,
Like all passion, dies in languor;
And then these most lovely foemen
Forget their hate, remembering they are women.
So illogical is a passionate word,
Like a keen and always noiseless sword,
Only a hint is needed to the female heart
To sheathe the sword, and make tears to start;
And then almost as quick as Spring-like weather,
The angry women melt, and fondly come together.

Mrs. Hancock, who in all probability will preside in the establishment of the next President of the United States, was formerly Miss Russell. She is a woman of fine physique and beauty of face. She is several years younger than her husband, who is nearly fifty-seven. The pictures of her, taken some years ago, before the death of her only daughter, whose loss was a severe blow to

her, are very pleasing. Neither sorrow nor time, however, have altered her much, and the Mrs. Hancock of to-day is charming. She is slightly above medium height, and has a winsome way of her own which nobody who comes in contact with her tries to resist.

And now, I close these sketches of the ladies of the White House, the wives or daughters or relatives of the twenty-eight Presidents of the United States since 1789, those elected by the people to that high office and those filling the vacancies created by death. The following tribute to Mrs. General Hancock, the hostess at Governor's Island, New York, will show how she is estimated by one of her own sex, and how, in the event of the choice of her husband to the Presidency, she is qualified to walk in the footsteps of her predecessors:

"It has been my special privilege and good fortune to have known for many years Mrs, Hancock, the wife of our distinguished General, and I cannot resist the influence that inspires present meditation to add my tribute to a character combining such rare excellence of heart and mind. Possessed of intelligence and perception of an unusual order, quick at *reparte*, fascinating in conversation, of wondrous adaptability, companionable alike to youth and age, she cannot fail to be a favorite with all. She is eminently fitted to adorn the most exalted position to which she might be

called—an accomplished musician, it was indeed a rare treat to hear her, but this pleasure within the last few years I have not been permitted to enjoy. Since the loss of her dearly-loved and only daughter, much of the sunshine which brightened her life has departed, leaving upon her face, which has an incomparable charm for me (in my opinion is the surest indication of character), the impress of a great sorrow; and as I see an occasional thread of silver in her golden red hair, I realize it is in truth the sorrowful heart that changes youth to age.

"Transcendent above all else with this accomplished and amiable lady, is the kindly generous nature with which she is richly endowed. Loyal and just, replete with every noble impulse, she is ever striving to ameliorate the condition of others less favored than herself, a heart responsive to every charitable demand, with words of sympathy and cheer for earth's afflicted ones, her sympathy falls like dew upon their blighted hearts. A mantle of inheritance has fallen on her; the generous hospitality which characterized her dear father and mother, and made their home near St. Louis one long to be remembered, is her special gift. The recipients of her bounteous kindness, for they are a legion, will renew with heartfelt pleasure the happy hour she has given, and the cordial welcome always extended to them. She is in my regard the peer of her good husband, and the embodiment of the exquisite sentiment:

'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.'"

As Mrs. Hancock and Mrs Garfield study the twenty-eight lives of the ladies who came in and passed out of the respective administrations of this government, since Washington's first term, in 1789, they will gather nothing to discourage them. I do not think as much as can be said of the queens of foreign dynasties before the reign of Queen Victoria, and I am proudly sure that the fact is at least as strong in regard to all our American Presidents. Since the First English George no other European power has presented so marvellous a succession of good rulers as the United States; and, I may add, not all the dynasties since Alfred, have shown so much integrity and capacity. Generals Hancock and Garfield may also think of this with satisfaction.

W. H. ENGLISH.

HON. W. H. ENGLISH,

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

IN the cemetery of the thriving but rather quiet town of Carrollton, the county seat of Greene County, Ill., there is, or was some years ago, an humble monument standing by two graves, bearing the following inscriptions:

In memory of Elisha English, born March 2, 1768, near Laurel, Sussex County, Del. Married Sarah Wharton, Dec. 10, 1788. Removed to Kentucky in 1790, and to Greene County, Illinois, in 1830. Died at Louisville, Ky., March 7, 1857. He was a faithful husband, a kind father, and an honest man.

In memory of Sarah Wharton, wife of Elisha English. Died November 27, 1849, in the eighty-second year of her age. She was kind to her neighbors, devoted to her family, and a noble woman in all the relations of life.

My father and my mother. They lived lovingly together as husband and wife over sixty years, and, before the tie was broken, could number 200 living descendants. Their fourteen children all married and had children before a death occurred in the family. This monument is erected to their memory by Elisha G. English, of Indiana.

These are the grand-parents, on the father's side, of the subject of this sketch, the Hon. William H. English, and the facts disclosed by these inscriptions embody the most that is known of their history.

On the mother's side his grandparents sleep their last sleep in the Riker's Ridge (or Hill's) burying-ground, a romantic spot near the Ohio river, a few miles northeast of Madison, Indiana, and again recourse is had to a monument which marks their graves as containing an epitome of the most that is known of their history:

In memory of Philip Eastin, a Lieutenant in the Fourth Virginia Regiment in the war of the American Revolution, who was buried in this secluded spot in the year 1817, leaving his widow and a large family of children to mourn his loss. "He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle." Honor his memory, for he was one of the brave and true men whose gallant deeds gave freedom and independence to our country.

In memory of Sarah Smith Eastin, who died near this place and was buried here in the year 1843. She was married to Lieutenant Philip Eastin at Winchester, Va., in 1782, near which place she was born, being a descendant of the Hite family, who first settled that valley. The prosperity of early life gave place in her old age to poverty and the hardships of rearing a large family in a new country; but she acted her part well under all circumstances, and died with the respect and love of all who knew her. Now that the joys and sorrows of a long and eventful life are over, they sleep well. May they rest in peace. This monument is erected to their memory by their grandson, William H. English.

Of the seventeen children born to this pair, Mahala, the mother of our subject, first saw the light

in Fayette County, Ky., and now resides with her distinguished son and only surviving child at Indianapolis, in the eighty-second year of her age, retaining in a remarkable degree her health and all her faculties.

As an element of character, and one which all good persons recognize as essential to greatness, not one can be named so well calculated to inspire respect as a profound veneration for ancestors, especially when its development draws the children more to parents as the weight of years increase. This trait of character was never more beautifully exhibited than in Mr. English's devotion to his parents. His honors and his prosperity only vitalized his affections for them, and in his elegant home, with all the refinements, comforts and luxuries wealth could command, he demonstrated the goodness of his heart, the warmth of his affections and the nobility of his character. Indiana, among all her society, presents no more beautiful picture of a son's devotion than is to be found in the residence of Mr. English, where his mother, now over four-score years of age, is enjoying all the care that affection can bestow.

I met William H. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, in 1852, while he was a member for Indiana, in the House of Representatives of the United States, and I was clerk of that body, elected in 1851 and re-elected in 1853. He was born in Scott county, Ind., August 7, 1822,

received a good education, and spent three years at the University of South Hanover, then studied law and was admitted to practice in 1840. In 1843 he was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives of Indiana, and Clerk of the State Constitutional Convention in 1850, and in 1851 was Speaker of the House of Representatives of his state, and after his re-election to Congress, was made a regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

Very agreeable, painstaking, and exact in business and full of work, was Mr. English. He was among the early supporters of Judge Douglas, and was among the leaders of the popular sovereignty party in Congress. If there is one doctrine that has triumphed over all opposition, it is the doctrine that the people of the territories, like the people of the states, should adjust all their internal affairs, slavery inclusive. And although Mr. Garfield, in one of his speeches in the House of Representatives, recently took occasion to ask what had become of popular sovereignty, thereby classing it among the perished dogmas of the last twenty years, if he should now go to Kansas, he would there find two likenesses, one on canvas and the other in marble, the one of Andrew H. Reeder of Pennsylvania, and the other of Eli Thayer of Massachusetts. Both of them are cherished in the innermost heart of the people of that great state, because they were the successful champions of popular sovereignty. Reeder is dead, but if he

were now living, I do not think he would be found against the great soldier, the Democratic candidate for President, and his associate, Mr. English of Indiana. But Eli Thayer is still living at Worcester, Mass., a Republican advocate of General Hancock, and his proudest title to distinction is the fact that he organized the first emigrant aid company that made Kansas free, and that he was literally turned out of the Republican party in Massachusetts because he preferred the rule of the people in the territories to the rule of Congress, or the dogma of the Wilmot proviso. While I write this tribute to Mr. English, my old friend, Mr. Thayer, comes into my office and enunciates his favorite text, namely: "The Emigrant Aid Company was the first organization of the kind, and it was the first time in the history of the world that the strength of free labor was organized to oppose physically the imbecility of slavery."

Observing the effort to prove that Mr. English belongs to the monied class, it may be worth something to know he is supported with great resolution and willingness by the old Republican leader of Massachusetts, the friend of freedom and the laboring man.

The exciting struggle in the national legislature over the admission of Kansas is no longer a text for party quarrels or a pretext for sectional hatred. Never has any doctrine born riper or richer fruits than popular sovereignty in Kansas and Nebraska.

And to-day, if Stephen A. Douglas were living, he would not only rally to the standard of Winfield S. Hancock as the flag that leads to conciliation and peace in the Southern country, the pledge of brotherhood with the North and the South, but he would be among the first to pay an earnest tribute to William H. English.

There were very many differences before the Kansas question was settled, and from 1854 to the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State in 1860, but it is profitable to remember that the Lecompton Constitution, which was the invention of the extreme men at that time, was regarded as so unjust and unfair among liberal Southern statesmen that they did not hesitate to denounce it as unspeakably contemptible and dishonorable.

The remark that General Hancock is not a statesman of the modern type, but a soldier after the model of Washington, Harrison, Taylor and Grant, ought to be supplemented by the remark that General Garfield is one of the modern dilettante who talk of civil service and do not practice it, and regard the protection of American industry as one of the vulgar ideas of the day. They therefore incline to the theories of the Cobden Club. Garfield may be healthfully contrasted with the fact that William H. English combines a good deal of the practical, every-day habits of Winfield S. Hancock, and at the same time a large consideration for polite literature. No man can be elected

Regent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington without having considerable taste for science; no man could be a successful practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States for many years without being something of a lawyer; and no man can be a prosperous banker without a large knowledge of American finance. Mr. English is two years older than General Hancock.

Those who remember the excitement prior to the admission of Kansas as a free State, in obedience to the popular will, will accept the philosophical truth that "time at last makes all things equal." And now, when Kansas is one of the grandest commonwealths in the world, and when popular sovereignty has proved itself to be the real remedy for all local faults, and has been incorporated into the whole organism of the country; adjusting and settling all territorial difficulties, it seems difficult to believe that so much acrimony should have existed between the North and the South on this question, and not only between the North and the South, but between individual members of the Northern Democratic Party.

The relation of Mr. English to the bill that bore his name has ceased to be misrepresented, and his after life shows that when finally war broke out, he was on the side of that portion of our people that were ready to make any sacrifices for the preservation of the Union.

Alluding to the folly of the South, when they threatened to break up the Union because of the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, he declared that "not a corporal's guard of Northern men would go out of the Union for such a cause, and that his constituency would only march under the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

Preserving a complete identity with his party as a Democrat, however, he never sustained a defeat before the people, but retired in the full meridian of success to private life, just at the beginning of the War. Sharing the confidence of the leaders of his own party, he was also the intimate personal friend of the Republican Governor of Indiana, Oliver Perry Morton, another of the Democrats who associated with the Republican party to put down the institution of slavery. He offered the command of a regiment to Mr. English, in full confidence that he was anxious to serve the country and put down the authors of our Civil War. In a speech made by Mr. English, at Madison, Ind., the *Madison Courier*, of that place, a paper not of Mr. English's politics, said:

"Mr. English spoke for over an hour, and declared himself opposed to the Republican doctrines, and should boldly assail Mr. Lincoln's policy whenever he thought it wrong; but as a native of Indiana, thoroughly identified with Free State interests, he felt his allegiance was exclusively due to the State of Indiana and the Government of the United States, and he should accordingly abide in good faith by their laws, and stand under the time-honored flag."

In 1863 he became associated with the Hon. Hugh McCullough, then entering upon the duties of comptroller of the currency, and the great bankers, J. F. Lanier, of New York, and George W. Riggs, of Washington, in the banking business. Under such auspices, he organized the First National Bank of Indianapolis, which ultimately became one of the most solvent and substantial institutions in the West. Under his administration as president, the bank began with a capital of $150,000, and during his admirable management the capital was increased to a million with $150,000 surplus; for over fourteen years Mr. English presided with remarkable ability and fidelity. Governor Morton, George W. Riggs, Thomas A. Hendricks, Hon. J. Cravin, and Hon. Franklin Landers, were directors.

In 1877 he resigned the presidency of this bank, when the stockholders and directors paid him the high compliment of passing the following resolution:

"That the Executive Committee of the Board be directed to have prepared and present to Mr. English a suitable testimonial and memento of our personal regard and esteem, and that he carry with him our most sincere wishes for a long life of usefulness and happiness."

After retiring from the bank, Mr. English sold out all his stock, and that of the street companies and other railways, and does not now own a dollar in any corporation. A clear-headed man of business, a lover of books, a sound lawyer and a good speaker, logical rather than ornate, he has pre-

served his credit like his integrity, to the end, and has always been the bold advocate of honest money and a sound conservative national system of finance.

Mr. English was married on the 17th of November, 1847, in the city of Baltimore, M. D., the Rev. Henry Slicer, Chaplain of the United States Senate, Washington, performing the ceremony. On the 14th of November, 1876, Mr. English became a widower. His son and daughter are both living and both married. The fine residence of the Democratic candidate for Vice–President, in Indianapolis, is pointed out because it was originally intended for the site of the residence of the Governor of that great State. His wealth is large, his taste refined, and his position among the first, socially and commercially.

At this moment he is Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of Indiana, the duties of which he continues to discharge as not inconsistent with his tastes and opinions.

Born at the village of Lexington, Scott County, in Kentucky, August 27, 1822, he may be said to have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of a great commonwealth. When his father first settled in Indiana, the valley of the Mississippi, now an empire in wealth and population, was comparatively a wilderness, the home of savage beasts, and roving bands of scarcely less savage men. Now it contains a popu-

lation of two millions and is full of the promise of a wonderful future.

Mr. English has been a consistent member of the Democratic party, was an open adversary of Know-nothingism, a hearty sympathizer with popular sovereignty, but never allowed himself to go to the extremes of those who made the question of free Kansas a leading object of their political lives. He was never a Lecompton Democrat, yet not of those who wished to cripple the administration or break up the Democratic organization. And this is the way he talked to the Southern men who forced the disruption of the Democratic party on the question of slavery, twenty-two years ago. The two extracts from his speeches will show exactly where he stood on that question.

"I think before Kansas is admitted, her people ought to ratify, or, at least, have a fair opportunity to vote upon the constitution under which it is proposed to admit her: at the same time, I am not so wedded to any particular plan that I may not, for the sake of harmony and as a choice of evils, make reasonable concessions, provided the substance would be secured, which is the making of the constitution, at an early day, conform to the public will, or, at least, that the privilege and opportunity of so making it be secured to the people beyond all question. Less than this would not satisfy the expectations of my constituents, and I would not betray their wishes for any earthly considerations. If, on the other hand, all reasonable compromises are voted down, and I am brought to vote upon the naked and unqualified admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution, I distinctly declare that I can not, in conscience, vote for it."

During the long and exciting contest over this

question, which has seldom before been equaled in bitterness, and was really the prelude to the terrible civil war, Mr. English never departed from the position taken in this speech. As a party man he was anxious to heal the divisions that had sprung up among his political friends upon this question, and to relieve the Administration and the South from the position they had taken, which Mr. English, in his heart, considered impolitic and dangerous.

He was "Anti-Lecompton," but not one of those who wished to cripple the Administration or break up the Democratic organization. He boldly and eloquently appealed to his Southern colleages. Alluding to the recent defeats of the Democracy at the North, he said:

"It should not be forgotten, that when we men of the North went forth to encounter this fearful army of fanatics, this great army of Abolitionists, Know-nothings and Republicans combined, you, gentlemen of the South were at home at your ease, because you had not run counter to the sympathies and popular sentiments of your people; you went with the current, we against it. We risked everything, you comparatively nothing; and now I appeal to you whether, for the sake of an empty triumph of no permanent benefit to you or your 'peculiar institution,' you will turn a deaf ear to our earnest entreaties for such an adjustment of this question as will enable us to respect the wishes of our constituents and maintain the union and integrity of our party at home? Look to it, ye men of the South, that you do not, for a mere shadow, strike down or drive from you your only effective support outside the limits of your own States."

There is no better way to study character than

by the Plutarch method of parallels. How Mr. English was valued is shown by the following testimonials. President Buchanan wrote to him as follows:—

"It was your fate to end a dangerous agitation, to confer lasting benefits upon your country, and to make your character historical. I shall remain always your friend. If I had a thousand votes you should have them all with a hearty good will."

And now let us see what his constituents said when he retired from office. The Convention which nominated his successor in Congress adopted unanimously the following resolution:

Resolved, That in selecting a candidate to represent this District in the Thirty-seventh Congress, we deem it a proper occasion to express the respect and esteem we entertain for our present member, Hon. W. H. English, and our confidence in him as a public officer. In his retirement, in accordance with his well known wishes, from the position of Representative, which he has so long filled with credit to himself and benefit to the country, we heartily greet him with the plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

Again: Mr. English was for fifteen years intrusted with the management of one of the most important financial institutions in the West, from which he voluntarily retired with the thanks of the directors and stockholders.

"For the very great financial ability, constant watchfulness and perfect fidelity with which he has managed it from its organization to the present time."

And this resolution was offered by Colonel John C. New, now the Chairman of the Indiana Republican Central Committee.

Now note the career of the Republican Candidate for Vice-President, Chester Arthur:

Mr. Arthur was entrusted with the collection of the United States revenue at the city of New York. Was he faithful to that trust? This question has been answered in the negative by the highest Republican testimony in the land, and it is too clear and emphatic to be called in question or explained away.

Here is what President Hayes and John Sherman said of Mr. Arthur when he was removed from the post of Collector of New York. It is Republican testimony, and should not be questioned by Republicans.

"With a deep sense of my obligations under the Constitution, I regard it as my plain duty to suspend you *in order that the office may be honestly administered.*"—R. B. Hayes to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.

"Gross abuses of administration have continued and increased during your incumbency."—Sherman to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.

"Persons have been regularly paid by you who have rendered little or no service; the expenses of your office have increased, while its receipts have diminished. *Bribes, or gratuities in the shape of bribes, have been received by your subordinates in several branches of the Custom House and you have in no case supported the effort to correct these abuses.*"—Secretary Sherman to Collector Arthur, January 31, 1879.

HANCOCK